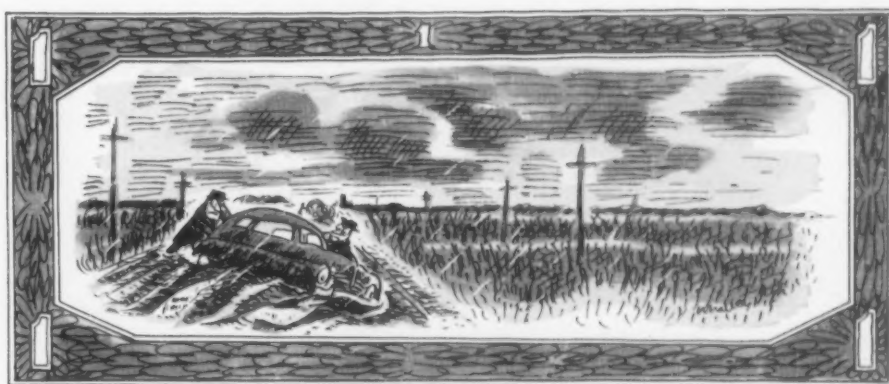


**SHOULD WE KICK  
HAL BANKS  
OUT OF CANADA?**

BY SIDNEY KATZ See Page 11

# MACLEAN'S

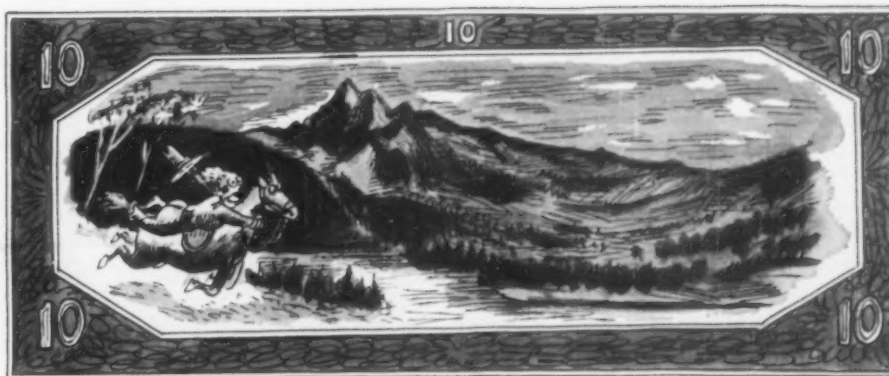
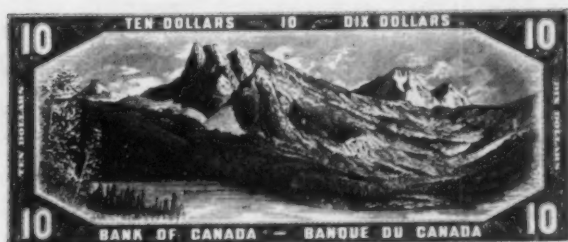
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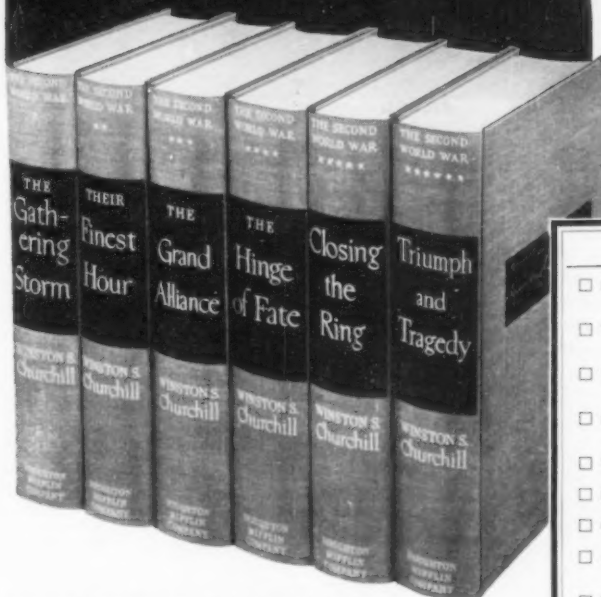


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### AN EDITORIAL BY BLAIR FRASER

## The Core of the Quarrel in Asia

**C**RITICS IN Western countries of United States policy in Asia are fond of calling it naive and unrealistic. It isn't.

Far from being naive, Americans in the Far East are disconcertingly hard-boiled and darkly pessimistic. They think a major war with Red China within the next five years is extremely probable. Not inevitable, perhaps, but so likely that foreign policy must be based on that fundamental assumption.

If you accept that premise it determines your view of such matters as the control of Formosa, support for Chiang Kai-shek, military aid for Pakistan and Thailand. Chiang Kai-shek has six hundred thousand troops, mostly infantry. Their quality may be debatable, but few would deny they are better than nothing; also, Formosa has several modern airports and some useful harbors. If the American appraisal turns out to be right and we do have to fight the Chinese before long, it would be folly to give up these military assets.

When other allied governments disagree, as they do, with U. S. policy it's not because they challenge this logic. It's because they don't share the premise. They think war with China is unlikely, and they're alarmed by measures that might conceivably provoke one.

Americans, in their turn, call this naive and unrealistic. Red China has proven herself our enemy; why should we think she is peaceable?

In fact the other allies are not naive or unrealistic, either. They think China won't start a war, not because the Chinese Communists are peaceable folk but because Communism in Asia stands to gain more by political than by military attack.

Asia in this respect is very different from Europe. In Europe the Red Army with its hundreds of divisions and its thousands of bombers is a formidable military threat. As a political threat, on the other hand, Soviet Russia is relatively feeble because Communist pretensions are laughable. In Europe, everybody knows the Russians dare not let go of Austria

and East Germany because the people would turn instantly against them. Everybody knows the effect of the Communist capture of eastern Europe was a sudden and drastic drop in the standard of living there. Communist propaganda in Europe has a hollow ring that's audible to most ordinary people.

In Asia this situation is precisely reversed. Militarily, Red China is a third-class power—formidable enough at close quarters in limited wars like the Korean, but no real threat abroad. But politically, Communism has a strength in Asia that it lacks in Europe, abetted by the blind intransigence of colonial powers like France. Aided also by fantastic extremes of wealth for few and poverty for many, Communism has been able to harness the motive power of nationalism and of warranted discontent.

It happens that, in several parts of Asia, the military assets so prized by the United States are political liabilities. Military aid to potential allies means, in these cases, the arming of decadent ruling classes and the endorsement of obsolete social orders. If the critics of the United States prove to be right and the struggle remains political rather than military, some of the things the U. S. is doing for military ends will certainly be self-defeating.

This is the core of the policy dispute about Asia among the free nations. It is a real dispute and a grave one, but it is not one to be improved by invective or solved by simple decision. To a very large extent, each side concedes the other's position. Nobody contends that there is no military threat in Asia, or that nothing whatever should be done to repel aggression. Nobody contends that there is no political threat, nor that political considerations should be ignored.

The problem is to achieve the maximum of military protection for the minimum political price. If we can just keep the argument in those terms, and remember that there is some reason and some right on both sides, we may yet achieve an agreed policy in Asia.

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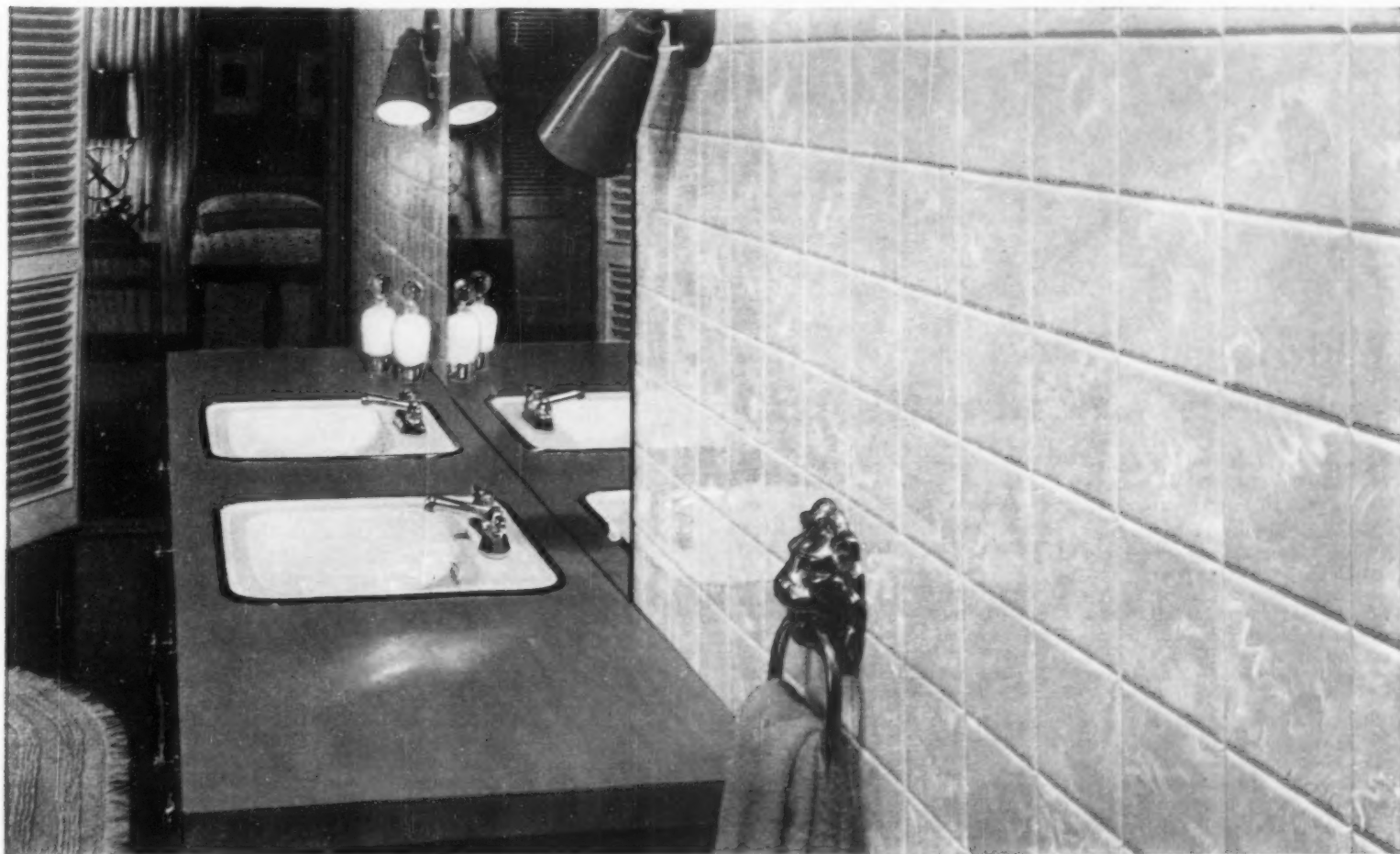
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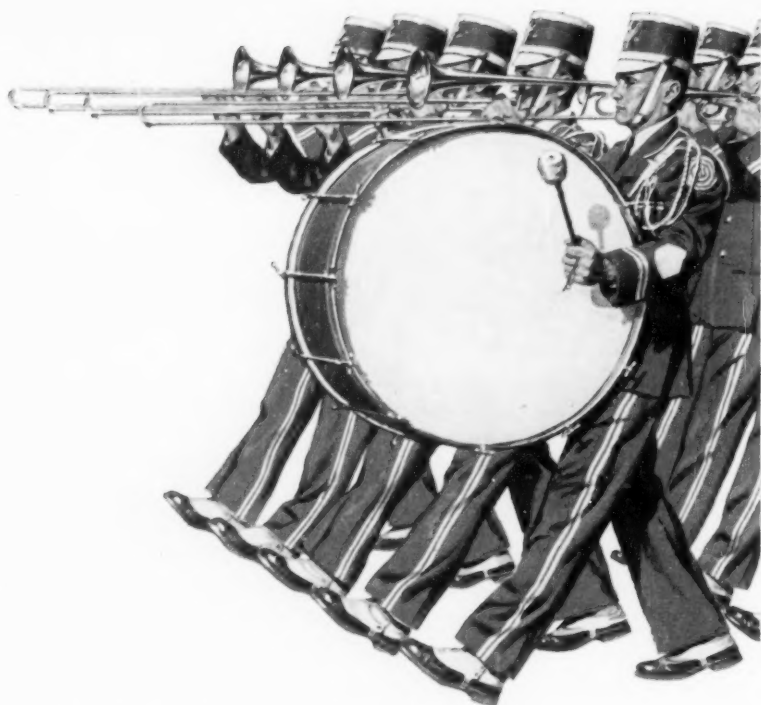
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WHEN a march is played in standard marching time, the bass drummer beats his drum around 70 times a minute.

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Multiply the heart's hourly output of work by the days, months and years that it functions during an average lifetime, and you will realize how wonderfully sturdy and efficient the healthy heart is.

The heart also has remarkable reserves of strength and recuperative powers. Even after it has been seriously impaired, the heart is often capable of continuing its work for years... if care and discretion are taken not to overburden it.

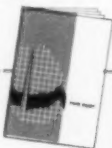
Yet, despite the strength of the heart, diseases of this organ lead all other causes of death.

There are many reasons why fatalities from heart disease have mounted. For example, more and more people are living to older ages when hearts naturally lose their ability to carry on. New methods of diagnosis have also brought to light certain heart disorders that were once erroneously regarded as "acute indigestion" or some other vague condition.

If you would keep your heart working efficiently throughout life, never wait for symptoms to jolt you into giving it the consideration it deserves. Indeed, if you are approaching middle age, *now* is the time to help your heart by following such safeguards as these:

1. **Have regular, thorough health examinations.** These are important not only for detecting heart trouble early, but also for detecting other diseases that could affect the heart.
2. **Slow down after 40.** Make a determined effort to eliminate hurry, bustle and over-exertion from your daily life. If you want to continue sports, don't overdo them.
3. **Don't overeat.** Mortality from heart disease occurs one and one half times more often among overweight people than among those of normal weight. This is reason enough for keeping your weight down.
4. **Get the rest you need.** Plenty of sleep and relaxation contribute much to both your physical and mental health. When you relax, so does your heart.

Should heart disease occur, it should not necessarily mean the end of useful, rewarding activity. In fact, even a damaged heart may outlast a much stancher heart that is abused, providing a person really takes care of his or her heart and protects it against undue strain.



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## LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



### Should Attlee Merge with the Liberals?

IF YOU can imagine such a paradox, we Conservatives in Great Britain are becoming worried about the health of the Labour Party.

I do not mean that we lie awake at nights wondering whether Mr. Attlee is apt to catch a chill, or Aneurin Bevan burst a blood vessel. Man is but mortal, a truth which at least Mr. Attlee accepts. Each of us in his turn lights a candle which must flicker sometime to its end. I must say, though, that politicians keep glowing longer than most people.

Quite frankly the Tories in Britain are suffering from a split mind about the socialists. We definitely do not want them to win the next election. On the other hand we are worried about what will happen to the Labour Party if once more it goes down to defeat.

Only twice in its history has the Labour Party held absolute power in Britain. That was in the five-year period following the amazing election of 1945 when the Conservatives were hurled out of office with the force of a hurricane. Then there followed that uneasy one year when the Labour majority was reduced to a corporal's guard in the election of 1950.

To complete the historical survey, there were short periods when Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister—but even then he was the prisoner of the Tories.

Therefore it is a historic fact that over a period of thirty-three years, from 1922 to 1955, the Tories have dominated the situation, either by sole power or coalitions, in all but the six years of socialist government following the Hitler war.

It is hard on the morale of the socialists—and particularly hard on those who have served as ministers. Imagine the position of a man like Herbert Morrison. When in office he drew five thousand pounds a year as a cabinet minister. Then there comes disaster at the polls, and overnight he reverts to his MP's pay of one thousand pounds a year. Yet the surtax on his ministerial salary has still to be paid because it is always a year late.

I hope I am not disclosing a confidence in stating that Sir Winston Churchill was deeply worried about the plight of the socialist ministers after the 1951 defeat. I lunched with him on the Queen Mary not long after he had been returned to power in that election and he talked with the greatest sympathy and understanding about the problem.

"I wish I could arrange it," he said, "so that there would be no collection of surtax on ex-ministers' salaries following an electoral defeat." It was typical of the man that with his sensitive mind and warm nature he could visualize the plight of his opponents and want to help them.


It is equally typical of some diehard Tories, and we have quite a number of them, to have no sympathy at all for the fallen ministers. "They don't have to be politicians" is the usual smug pronouncement on the subject. It would be a bad day, and a retrograde moment in history, if political life were open only to

*Continued on page 71*



Cheerful Labour leaders in 1953 (Morrison, Phillips, Greenwood, Attlee). Baxter says the party is waning and suggests a way to widen its appeal.





## What is your child's special talent?

Mary may have a gift for drawing or dancing. Perhaps Bill is mechanically inclined. But it will take lessons, books, materials—and *your* financial backing—to help them develop their natural talents. You'll find it a lot easier to provide for their training if you open a special Royal Bank savings account for the purpose, then deposit so much a week. In fact, you'll find this a good way to save, whatever your goal may be. You can open an account in a matter of minutes at any Royal Bank branch.

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BLAIR FRASER

## BACKSTAGE

In Pakistan



Cartoon by Grassick

### Can a constitution make a nation?

**KARACHI**  
**O**NE THING about expecting the worst, you won't be disappointed and you may be pleasantly surprised, even by a bad situation. This is what happens to the visitor in Pakistan these days.

The situation is bad all right. Parliament suspended and the Constituent Assembly dissolved in eastern and western wings of this divided country; cabinets and governors arbitrarily appointed by the Governor-General, with no legislature to which they are responsible; the commander-in-chief of the army firmly seated in the cabinet itself, helping to run what looks very like a military dictatorship; the Press censored, assembly restricted, a provincial premier under house arrest—all this makes it look as if democracy had been abolished in Pakistan and a military fascism had triumphed.

But on examination you find that democracy hasn't exactly been abolished, because it never did exist here. Pakistan has never had a national general election. The central Constituent Assembly, which the Governor-General dissolved last October, was not a real popular legislature; it was a self-perpetuating chamber of Moslem League politicians, one of whose last acts was to repeal a law under which they could be ousted for graft and corruption. The regime set up by the Governor-General is hardly more dictatorial than the oligarchy it replaced. At least it has promised a national general election as soon as possible, and no such prospect existed before.

Altogether the outlook is probably no worse than it was a year ago, and may turn out to be a little better. Pakistan still faces a staggering set of

problems both political and economic, and so far she hasn't solved any of them, but she hasn't given up either.

To get a notion of the political difficulties of Pakistan, imagine that Canada consists not of the whole top half of the North American Continent, but of two chunks on east and west coasts. French-speaking Quebec is East Canada; Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon-Mackenzie district are West Canada, speaking mostly English but several Indian languages as well. Ontario, Manitoba and the Maritimes are part of the United States.

To complete the analogy you must suppose the people of West Canada are all Roman Catholics, and that this is their sole bond with Quebec or East Canada. All their normal previous contact has been with the English-speaking Protestants of Manitoba, whose city of Winnipeg has been their economic metropolis. Quebec's has been with eastern Ontario, which you must imagine to be wholly populated by French-speaking Protestants.

This is approximately what happened when Pakistan was created by the partition of India in 1947. East Pakistan, or East Bengal, is a thousand miles from West Pakistan and the whole of India lies between them. It is desperately poor, much poorer than the western provinces, and it has no heavy industry and no military strength or resources. In population, though, it makes up fifty-five percent of all Pakistan, and in a parliament elected solely on a basis of population East Bengal would always be the dominating bloc. But since East Bengal can neither support nor

Continued on page 50



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1955



**MACLEAN'S**  
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# Should We Kick Hal Banks Out of Canada?



Centre of controversies involving everyone from cabinet ministers to goon squads, Hal Banks singlehandedly runs a union he nursed from 700 to 9,000 members.

**His rivals call him a dictator who blacklists his union enemies. Some politicians say he's an alien racketeer. He claims he's just a tough trouble shooter who drove the Reds off Canadian ships and got his seamen a better deal. Here's the story of Canada's most controversial union boss**

**BY SIDNEY KATZ**

**M**OST UNION leaders in Canada are sober, hard-working citizens who go through life attracting little public attention. When a labor-management crisis forces them into the national limelight, their main aim is to get the business over with as quickly as possible and return to their former anonymity.

A notable exception to this rule is a brawny 44-year-old giant named Harold Chamberlain Banks. Formerly an engineering student, messboy, deck hand, ship's carpenter and convict, Banks is today head of the Seafarers' International Union (Canadian District), an organization of 9,000 lake and deep-sea sailors whose headquarters is in Montreal. Banks himself is a U. S. citizen who has been in this country barely five years. Despite this fact—and the smallness of his union—he is one of the most controversial

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After Banks came here to fight the Red-dominated CSU, shootings and sluggings marked the waterfront scene. Here SIU members take over a ship at Halifax.

## Black eyes, billies and bludgeons marked the beginnings of the Hal Banks regime in the SIU. But

### Should We Kick Hal Banks Out Of Canada?

CONTINUED

figures dominating Canada's labor field today. "I don't need to hire a publicity agent," says Banks. "People are always writing and talking about me anyway."

The most hotly debated issue about Banks is whether or not he has a right to be in Canada at all. This subject has already been discussed in the House of Commons nine times by three cabinet ministers, by the leader of the Opposition and by half a dozen lesser MPs. The Opposition believes that Banks should be deported as an undesirable alien; the Government thinks he should stay. The bare facts of the case are these:

When Banks crossed the border into Canada in 1949 he already had a criminal record in the United States. Because of this, says the parliamentary Opposition, he should have been turned back. In 1952, the RCMP raided Banks' home and found 36,000 American cigarettes hidden in the basement. He was later convicted of being in possession of smuggled cigarettes. The Opposition charges that these were sufficient grounds for promptly shipping Banks back to his native San Francisco. But the Government granted him permanent residence. By May 1957, Banks will be free to apply for his Canadian citizenship papers.

The Government disagrees with Opposition Leader George Drew's view that "It is unlikely that Banks will ever make a good Canadian citizen," so much that when a board of enquiry recommended Banks' deportation in June 1954, the recommendation was not acted on by Walter Harris, then Minister of Citizenship and Immigration.

The Government contends that there is nothing mysterious or sinister about Banks' entry into Canada. It points out that for some years before he was admitted his record was clean. As for the

smuggling charge in Montreal in 1952, Harris says, "We haven't deported people for offenses of that nature."

The Opposition plans to bring the matter up in the House again.

Many people speak well of Banks. Percy Bengough, until recently head of the Trades and Labor Congress, says, "He's done a real job for his boys. The sailors have never been better off." Mel Angus, president of Lunham and Moore, a shipping company in Montreal, recalls that when Banks entered Canada in 1949 our shipping was in a state of chaos because of the Communist-led Canadian Seamen's Union (CSU). "He threw out the Commies and got the ships sailing again," says Angus.

Banks himself is not reluctant to talk about his much-discussed criminal record. "It sounds a lot worse than it actually is," he explains.

### "Somebody was out to get me"

Here are the charges that Banks has faced and his own comment thereon:

1. On February 5, 1930, in Long Beach, California, Banks was convicted of issuing a bad cheque. He received suspended sentence and was put on three years probation.

(Banks: "Sure I wrote a bum cheque. That was during the Depression and a lot of people were doing it.")

2. In September 1930, in Los Angeles, he was sentenced for writing an NSF cheque. Because he was on probation at the time of the offense he was sentenced to fourteen years in San Quentin Penitentiary.

(Banks: "I wrote a cheque for fourteen dollars and before I could get the money in the bank, I was reported. Somebody was out to get me. At the time, I was with the union and we were having a tough fight over getting control of the oil tankers on the Pacific coast. I was sentenced to fourteen years in San Quentin, starting in 1930. After serving three and a half years, I was given a rehabilitation certificate by Governor Earl Warren, released from prison, and then pardoned.")

3. In June 1942, in San Bernardino, Calif., Banks was charged with child stealing. The charge

was either withdrawn or dismissed after a hearing.

(Banks: "My former wife and I had an argument and she took our child and went home to her mother. I got lonesome so I went to my in-laws' place when my wife was out and took my kid home for a while. My mother-in-law had it in for me so she raised a holler and went running to the police. That's all there is to that.")

4. In December, 1947, at Richmond, Calif., Banks was charged as an ex-convict with being in possession of firearms. The charge was dismissed, but on a charge of disturbing the peace he was convicted and fined \$20 or ten days. The fine was paid.

(Banks: "At the time, I was one of twelve tenants living in an apartment house. The place was under rent control but we found out that the landlady was overcharging us. We formed a committee and complained to the rental board. When we came home at six the next night we found that the landlady had locked us out. A bunch of us went around and knocked at her door. She peeked out and slammed the door in our faces.

("The next thing we know, the sirens are blowing and the police come running in. The landlady is yelling, 'They've got guns and they're trying to mob me.' This was pure bunk. The only gun in the building was a hundred-year-old antique that stood over my mantelpiece. It was rusted and didn't even have a trigger. The next day in police station, the charge of being in possession of firearms was thrown out. The police advised us to plead guilty to disturbing the peace. If we hadn't, a lot of our time would have been wasted and we'd have had to pay at least \$50 in lawyers' fees. So we pleaded guilty.")

5. In May, 1949, in Montreal, he was charged with carrying a concealed weapon. The charge was dismissed.

(Banks: "The Commies went and told the police that I went around armed to the teeth. Their lawyer swore out a warrant for me. But they couldn't prove anything. Heck, you can swear out a warrant against anybody for anything! Proving it is something else.")

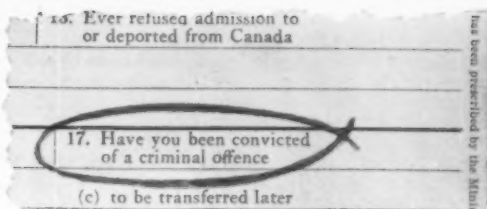
6. In April 1952, Banks was charged in Montreal with being in possession of 36,000 smuggled cigarettes. He was convicted and fined \$200.

(Banks: "A fellow came to my house with these cigarettes and offered them for sale. I bought them.





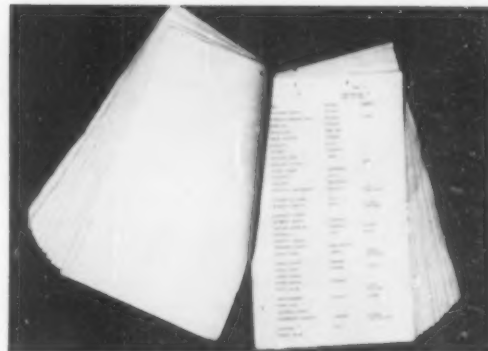
The SIU didn't win all the battles. Seaman John Olson blamed CSU thugs for beating in Montreal.



Canada admitted Banks on a fluke. The immigration form he signed didn't ask about a criminal record.



An anti-Banks pamphlet captioned this photograph of the alien unionist: "California, Here I Come."



He calls the Do Not Ship list an anti-Red measure. His enemies claim it gives him dictatorial power.



Banks insists that all the expenses of his home in fashionable Pointe Claire come out of his salary.

## But when he drove out the Red-led CSU he blossomed out with a Cadillac and a luxury home.

That was a mistake. They weren't for resale—I planned to smoke some and give the rest away. I was framed in this deal. A 'friend' of mine who drank my liquor in my home and smoked my cigarettes, tipped off the RCMP. They came at 2 a.m. and asked, 'Do you have a supply of American cigarettes here?' I said it looked as if they were tipped off so they might as well go and get them. They went down to the exact corner of the basement where I kept them.

("I'm not saying it's right but everyone smokes smuggled cigarettes. I was in a lawyer's office the next day and he says, 'You must be short of smokes

now so take some of mine,' and he offers me a few packs of smuggled smokes. Later that day, I noticed that a member of the RCMP had a half-smoked pack of American cigarettes on his desk. And out in the corridor of the same building everybody was smoking the same.")

7. In January 1954, in Montreal, Banks was charged with intimidation by Byron Ryan, an associate of one of his bitterest enemies in the SIU.

(Banks: "It was a false charge. He never even showed up in court. This fellow claims I drove up in my car and pointed a gun at him as he was walking along the street. Why I've never had a gun in my

automobile in my life! Ryan couldn't have been very frightened of me. It took him a few months to make out the warrant against me.")

Banks' history and present place of residence are by no means the only controversial aspects of his career. He has been accused of running his union like a ruthless iron-fisted dictator. It is claimed that he has gotten rid of union members that have criticized him by putting their names on a blacklist known as the DNS or Do Not Ship list. Once a man's name appears on this list he is barred from sailing out of virtually every port in North America.

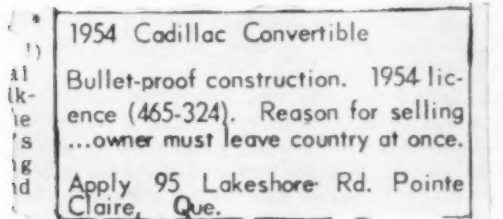
John Droeger, a

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## Now disgruntled members of his own union want him to pack up and go back to the States.



John Droeger is considered Banks' severest critic.



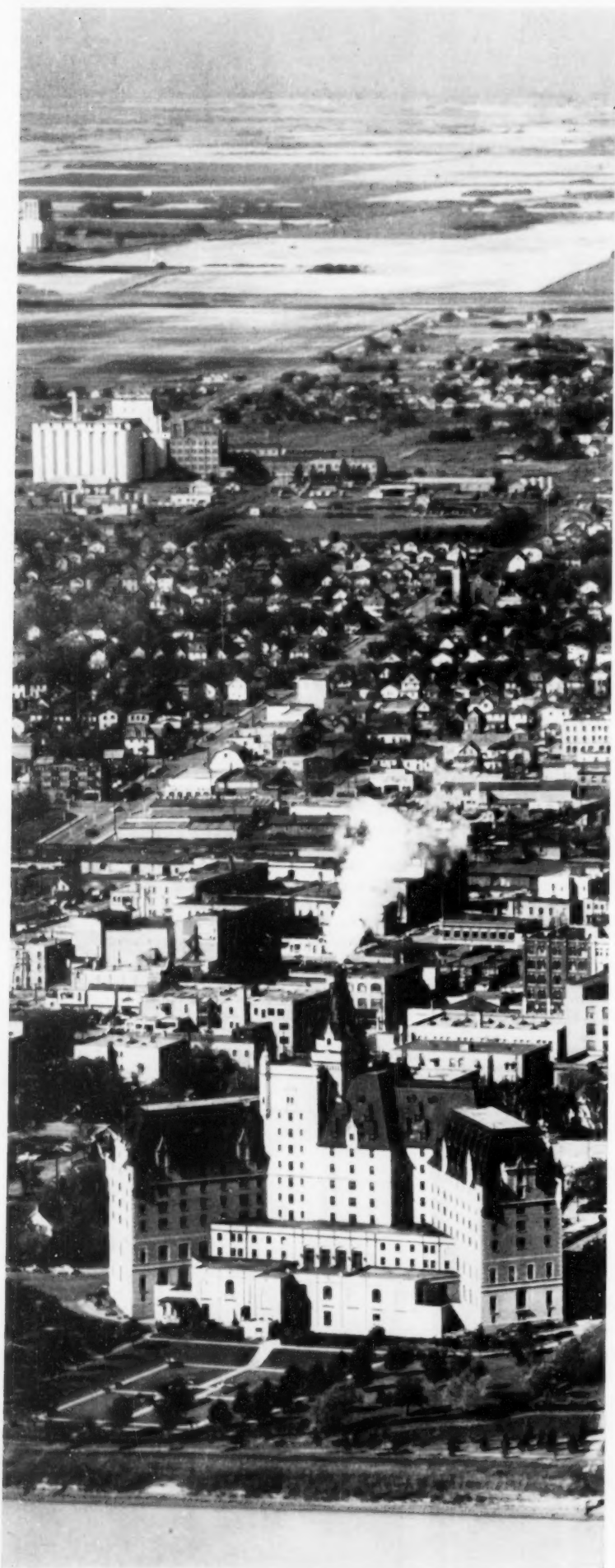
In a gag ad in his pamphlet, Sic Semper Tyrannus, Droeger suggests Banks should return to the U. S.



He joins crewmen from the SS Cheticamp picketing SIU quarters when Banks called them strikebreakers.



To his opponents, the free services provided by the union hall cannot compensate for Banks' autocracy.



The Norman towers of the elegant twelve-story Bess make a surprising and glamorous break in a skyline usually dominated by grain elevators.

# Saskatoon's love affair with a hotel named Bess

Canada's fifteenth city wanted a palace—and got everything except the drawbridge. The Bessborough doesn't make much money but it attracts a million convention dollars each year. There's chicken under glass in the dining room, but most folks prefer the cafeteria



BY LESLIE F. HANNON

EACH OF THE proud cities of the world demands that the visitor pay homage to some venerated landmark. In Paris, it's the Eiffel Tower; in New York, it's the Statue of Liberty; in London, it's Westminster. In Saskatoon, Saskatchewan—no less proud than any of these—it's the Bessborough Hotel.

For a hotel—a dry one, at that—to command this kind of reverence and affection is undoubtedly unusual, yet the intimate relationship between Saskatoon's rugged and close-mouthed citizens and the Gallic elegance of "the Bess" is even more unusual.

The hotel is there because the city pleaded with the CNR to put it there. For twenty-five years—some of them grinding Depression years—the city did not ask for a penny for its treasury from its biggest, most valuable building. To the sixty thousand citizens the twelve-story 256-room edifice with its steep Norman roofs and its medieval pointed towers, is simply "the Bess"—the luxurious community front parlor where guests from the worldly east are dined, and watched carefully from the corner of an eye for reaction to the Renaissance *décor*; where daughters used to the stiffness of blue jeans at forty below trade them for the crispness of marquisette at their first formal; where the city's births, graduations, engagements, weddings and anniversaries are celebrated under the fractured brilliance of the chandeliers.



More than any other hotel in any other Canadian city, the Bessborough is the social hub of Saskatoon, its front door, its linchpin and its arbiter. To be welcomed by name by the captain of the main dining room, where even ebullient politicians like James Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, dine in napkined silence, is to have Arrived. To be a familiar at the Saturday night dances is the young matron's dream.

Excepting the majestic, if muddy, sweep of the South Saskatchewan River that divides it in two, there's not much within the prosaic confines of Saskatoon to dim the glamour of the Bessborough. One of the largest of the other hotels, the old 100-room Empire is still advertising that it has elevators; in most of these brick or frame structures, room service means sending the bellhop down to the corner drugstore for a sandwich. But the special lure of the Bess has hooked travelers who have known the deft caresses of Claridge's and the Waldorf.

Last fall in Toronto Neil Leroy asked the members of his panel in radio's Court of Opinion to name their favorite city. They had the world to choose from.

Kate Aitken replied without hesitation: "Saskatoon."

Prepared for Budapests, Rios, or even Torontos, Leroy was patently surprised. "Why, Kate?" he asked.

"Because of the Bessborough," said the much-traveled Mrs. A. She quickly sketched a picture of the hotel standing in its own lawns, its finely chiseled stone face looking down 21st Street, its back not impolitely turned to the broad river that bore the city's founding fathers to the spot, its flanking rose gardens and parks, the true western hospitality to be found on its thick broadlombs, the parade of interesting people through the lobby and salons.

Mrs. Aitken, scouring Canada for copy for her books, radio and TV shows, has stayed at the Bessborough more than thirty times. Room 431 is always made available for her. From its windows, high above the river, she can look across to the scenic campus of the University of Saskatchewan and, in summer, see groups of children hunting along the river banks for the few Saskatoon-berry bushes that still survive, and men casting for the occasional goldeye.

Locking itself even more tightly in local affection, the hotel makes a point of starring Saskatoon pie on its August menus. It was this berry—somewhat larger than a blueberry and stronger in flavor—that gave the city its name. The Indians used to call the place Minnetonka.

### Charles Laughton Liked the View

Claude Finlay, who has managed the Bessborough since 1951, didn't hear Mrs. Aitken plugging his hotel coast to coast. But, at sixty-two, he has grown grey and content managing CNR hotels like the Prince Edward at Brandon and the Macdonald at Edmonton, and he can accept such compliments without flinching. Charles Laughton once told him that the view from his riverside window was the most pleasing scene he'd known in a lifetime of hotel living.

Finlay is a key figure in the quiet romance between Saskatoon and its Bess, perhaps for the very reason that he has none of the outward embellishments of the big-hotel manager. When he walks through the eighty-foot lobby in an undistinguished blue suit he looks as though he's a few minutes late for the Kinsmen luncheon on the second floor. Not even the most self-conscious Ukrainian farmer, polished and shoved into a dark suit to celebrate his daughter's new BA, would feel awed in his company. And the horny-handed farmer gets the same welcome as Vincent Massey.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, arrived at the Bessborough last August, Finlay met him at the front door, then, later, at the entrance to the banquet room.

"Who are you?" Fisher asked. "Haven't I met you before?"

"I'm the hotel manager, sir," Finlay reminded him.

"Oh, I thought you were one of these lay preachers."

If Finlay makes Saskatonians feel at home, Bernard Kluskyens, a towering hawk-nosed Netherlander, gives them a whiff of continental sophistication as *maitre d'hôtel*. At hotel school in Lausanne he learned how to line up chairs with a string for formal dinners and to find out in advance the height of an important diner so that the table could be adjusted accordingly. But he was born with the peculiar attributes of the good *maitre d'*—a blend of friendly condescension, a delicate touch with feminine foible and masculine ego, a passion for fine food, and a great energy to add the finishing touches.

When Kluskyens was planning the dinner the city gave to the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association two years ago he decided to serve the one hundred and fifty diners Baked Alaska for dessert. He figured it would be a conversation piece for the delegates from abroad. Then he decided to top himself and serve it *en flambeaux*. But he had no straight alcohol. The Saskatchewan Liquor Commission restricts any single buyer to two forty-ounce bottles of whisky a day.

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Homey manager Claude Finlay helps his wife at her loom in their suite.



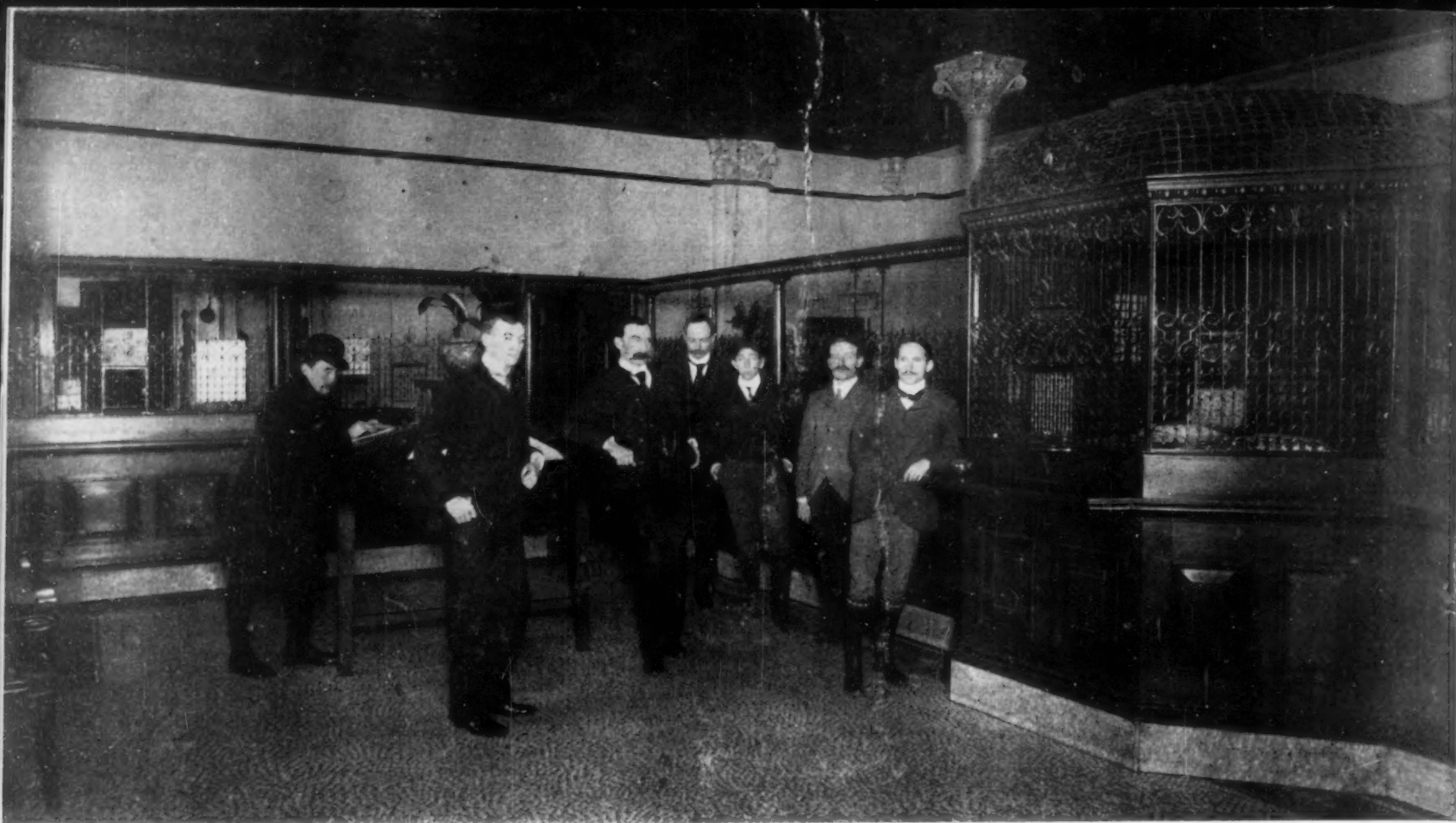
The New Year's Eve dinner is a traditional gala for Saskatoon children.



Chefs delight in dishes like sucking pig but diners seldom order them.



While the lavish dining room is often empty, the cafeteria is jammed.



THE OLD: With heavy grilles and counters the Halifax Merchants Bank was the acme of stability in 1880. Fifty years later some banks looked just the same.

## What's happened to the Bankers?

THE NEW: The Royal Bank's latest building in Montreal shows how today's bankers are going all-out to attract the customer's eye as well as his account.





**They've thrown out the silk hats and the wire cages. They've loosened up on loans. They've even hired press agents. They're competing like used-car salesmen in buildings that look like supermarkets. Here's the tale of a minor revolution in a very unradical business**



This was how bankers dressed in the last century. Now shirt-sleeve informality is the rule for tellers.



Drive-ins — like this Bank of Commerce in Toronto — are the latest idea in the new approach.

**A** SHORT time ago a grim-faced man stepped from a taxi at Windsor Station in Montreal fifteen minutes before the Chicago train was due. Suddenly he stiffened like a pointing bird dog. He had recognized a familiar figure standing at the gate through which the incoming Chicago passengers would soon move. A look of dismay on the newcomer's face was quickly replaced by one of cunning. He glanced at the ARRIVALS board and found that the train would be a few minutes late.

In another instant he was in a taxi careening to Montreal West, the second to last station at which the train would stop before reaching the Windsor terminus. He threw a bill to the driver, raced to the platform and swung aboard the train just as it began to move. Hurrying through the cars he soon came upon the Chicago passenger he was seeking.

There was a handclasp and a hurried conversation. He told the visitor he had a hotel suite engaged for him; any hotel reservations the Chicagoan had made could be cancelled. He also pointed out that it would be more convenient to get off the train at Westmount, the next stop, than to go on to Windsor Station and fight the crowds and traffic of midtown Montreal. At Westmount they left the train. The man at the gate in Windsor Station realized, when the last of the Chicago passengers filed past him, that the man he had hoped to meet had been abducted by a rival.

The men who went to meet the train were not spies in the pay of foreign powers. They were representatives of two of our chartered banks. The man on the train was not carrying guided-missile blueprints for sale to the highest bidder. He was from a large U. S. company about to build a Canadian plant. All the bank representatives wanted

## BY FRANK CROFT

was first chance to secure the firm's banking business in Canada. The episode had a cloak-and-dagger flavor, but was not unique.

This kind of competition for new business is only one of the ways in which Canada's chartered banks have changed their methods in recent years. Most of the nine million people who keep their five billion dollars in savings in the banks' forty-one hundred branches, don't even know about it.

But other changes are apparent. Modern bank interiors have changed from gloomy, forbidding places in which employees lurked behind iron bars and frosted-glass barriers to bright cheerful spots where customer and employee face each other across blond maple counters. The change in exterior design is just as radical. New bank buildings no longer look like mausoleums but like ultra-modern chain stores, with less masonry and more plate glass. Gone are the massive pillars, the classical stone carvings, wrought-iron and studded doors.

Thinking has changed since the Royal visit in 1939 when buildings on a Vancouver street on the Royal route were being given an exterior cleaning by sand. A bank on the street agreed to the treatment only under pressure, after arguing that its coating of grime gave it an appearance of age and stability and should be left intact.

It was in Vancouver, eleven years later, that the first drive-in bank in Canada was built by the Bank of Montreal. Other banks have followed suit in

other cities; now there are a dozen drive-ins scattered across the country, and more are planned. It's part of the banks' policy of making things easier for the customer to do business. At a drive-in he sweeps into a curved driveway and stops opposite a teller who is behind a sheet of bullet-proof glass. They talk over an inter-communication system. Without leaving his car the customer puts his money and passbook (or his cheque for a withdrawal) in a two-way drawer which the teller shoves out to him. The drawer is pulled in and the teller records the transaction. The customer thus does his banking on the run.

In other ways too the banker's bid for the depositor's dollar has become as forthright as that of any other business. Until a few years ago bank advertising was as austere as a calling card; now it's competing for eye appeal with ads by brewers and car manufacturers. Under the National Housing Act the banks are lending money to home builders; not so long ago this would have been considered much too risky. Bank employees are more adequately paid and their working conditions are better.

The banks are not only cuddling up to the public with bright offices, pens that don't scratch, catchy advertising and winning smiles. Since 1944 they have increased the interest paid depositors from one and a half to two percent and have lowered the maximum rate on loans from seven percent to six. And they have made small loans easier to get. At the close of 1954 the chartered banks had \$683 millions on the books in loans of less than \$500 to people for their personal needs, other than business. Of that amount more than half—\$352 millions—was granted without

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In Leacock's day this was Judge McCosh's place. His initials are still on the door. In fiction Leacock called the judge Pepperleigh.

# There's still a lot of Leacock in Orillia

By BARNEY MILFORD

*With pictures posed by the cast of Sunshine Town, Mavor Moore's musical based on Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, and photographed by Paul Rockett.*

This is the place our greatest humorist immortalized as Mariposa. It's bigger now, but the old Mariposa spirit still lingers. Take Stephen Leacock, for instance: he's their most famous export but half the folks today don't know who he was and the rest don't care

MacIsaac, armed with a letter from Stevie Leacock's lawyer which stated the house was for sale for fifty thousand dollars, read three letters to the council. These were from Louis Blake Duff of Welland, and William Arthur Deacon and Gladstone Murray of Toronto. They commended the Leacock plan and expressed the hope the council would authorize a fifteen-thousand-dollar contribution over a three-year period "to assist in preserving the Leacock estate as a literary shrine and a tourist attraction."

The council chamber began to rumble. There were snorts of laughter.

"Were any cheques attached to their letters?" called Deputy Reeve Thomas Lambrick.

"We've been worrying about raising a thousand

**A**S MOST Canadians know, the Town of Stephen Leacock's immortal Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town is not the pleasant place Leacock called Mariposa, but the equally pleasant place called Orillia. The two towns, of course, were never quite identical, and they're even less so now. But it remains one of the heartening facts of Canadian life and letters that if there was a lot of Orillia in the Mariposa of forty years ago, there's still a lot of Mariposa in the Orillia of today.

Oh, physically Orillia is twice as large (well, almost twice as large) as it was in 1912. And, although it's still seventy-five miles north of Toronto, the automobile has shortened the distance so much that in summer tourists threaten to crowd the natives right off the sidewalks. The people have grown too sophisticated to hurry down to the station when the transcontinental whooshes through, as they did in Mariposa. There are five banks within a single block on the main street, instead of two. Where there were once eight public drinking houses there are now none. And if Josh Smith, the Mariposa saloonkeeper, John Henry Bagshaw, the MP, and Golgotha Gingham, the undertaker, have left direct descendants in Orillia,

they are pale and circumspect copies of the originals. For all that, if Leacock, who died on March 28, 1944, at the age of seventy-four, were somehow able to return to Orillia he would not find himself a stranger. He would find many of the things he loved and, to his even greater satisfaction, at least some of the things he loved to spoof.

There would be, for example, the Great Literary Shrine Undertaking, a chapter that would have come right out of Sunshine Sketches. Henry Janes, a former student of Leacock's at McGill University where Leacock was a professor of economics, conceived the idea in 1949. He wanted to turn the Leacock home into a museum for original manuscripts, first printings of about fifty books and other writings. The home, on Old Brewery Bay on the south shore of Lake Couchiching just outside Orillia, is now occupied by Leacock's only child, Stevie, who will be forty this year. It is located on forty-eight acres of beautiful woodland, has fourteen rooms and five bathrooms.

Janes' idea lay dormant until last Oct. 28 when the Orillia Historical Society suggested that the home be purchased and turned into a literary shrine and museum. The next night at a town-council meeting Orillia's big implacable mayor, John



ORILLIA HOUSE is a link with the past but local option ended most early-day hotels. Leacock's famous fiction inn was Josh Smith's.





Strolling on main street are Alan Anderson, who is barber Thorpe in Moore's play, Drew Thompson (Dean Drone), Jacqueline Smith (Zena Pepperleigh), Joseph Runner (bank clerk Pupkin), Pegi Brown (Lilian Drone), Bob Goulet (reporter Tompkins), Edward Holmes (undertaker Gingham).

dollars to do some work on the Barrie road," observed Alderman Gordon Hammond. "Where are we going to get five thousand a year for the next three years?"

"If it runs at a loss and becomes a public trust," posed Alderman William Brown, "the citizens will have to look after it."

"The tourist business is an important one," Alderman Ken Curtis demurred. "It benefits everyone."

"The tourist business is overrated and gets all the publicity," retorted Alderman Brown. "People forget that there are good stable industries that are the backbone of the town, and they don't get any publicity."

Mayor MacIsaac, pained by the uproar, called

for order. "I don't often take issue with other members of the council, but in this case I feel I have to," he admonished. "I consider it very unfortunate that the council as a whole takes the Leacock proposal as a laughing matter. I consider it a very serious matter."

As recently as last January the issue had not been resolved. In the classic manner of town councils, a special committee was appointed to investigate the matter further and when this article went to press it had made no report.

Leacock might have found last December's mayoralty campaign worthy of his attention. He wrote more than forty years ago: "... the minister says that his sacred calling will not allow him to take part in politics and that his sacred calling pre-

vents him from breathing even a word of harshness against his fellow man, but that when it comes to the elevation of the ungodly into high places then he's not going to allow his sacred calling to prevent him from saying just what he thinks of it."

The election issue last Dec. 6, when Mayor MacIsaac was returned, was, according to the mayor, a matter of religion. "I am a Roman Catholic," he told a reporter. "My worthy opponent, ex-mayor Wilbur Cramp, is a Protestant. In his campaign speeches he claimed that this town couldn't afford to be dominated by Catholics. Then a letter was sent out by the Baptist pastor, Robert Guthrie, stating that Catholicism was on the march in Orillia. It urged people to vote Protestant on Dec. 6. The letter

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CHAMPLAIN'S STATUE is the town's pride. Here the Sunshine players brave snow and cold to steal this park scene from Leacock's rival.



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH. In fiction Leacock had it destroyed by fire and made the pastor, Dean Drone, one of his favorite characters.



THE STATION where Leacock characters waved in the daily trains is now a Legion hall and cars carry most people to Orillia.

# Why can't India and the U. S. end their spat?

**BLAIR FRASER, after three months in Asia, turns his spotlight on one problem that surely can be solved—the growing breach between these two world leaders that makes things easier for the Communists**

**A**FTER THREE MONTHS of travel in eleven countries of Asia a reporter becomes inured to the insoluble. Starvation, ignorance and disease; political instability and economic crisis; the threat of chaos and the certainty of want—all these are manifest from Jordan to Japan and back again, and each creates a problem of staggering difficulty and complexity.

In all Asia only one major problem stands out as relatively easy, relatively simple, something that could perhaps be solved by an act of will. This is the growing estrangement between India, natural leader of free Asia, and the United States, leader of the whole free world—a breach that goes far beyond India alone and affects the struggle against Communism all over Asia.

No visitor to either country can doubt that the estrangement exists and is growing wider. American press and public, even American officials, speak of India almost as an enemy. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, whose own people tend to regard him as an infallible superman, appears to many Americans a fellow traveler or a fool, or both.

In fact, of course, Nehru is a great man of proven courage and wisdom, but also of proven human frailty. His foreign policy is "non-alignment," which Americans prefer to call "neutralism"—a deliberate attempt to stand between the two great power blocs and take sides as seldom as possible. Nehru argues that it's more important to keep one major nation uncommitted, and with some claim to impartiality, than it is to present a common front on every international issue however trivial. In application, though, his policy often strikes even his best friends as a willingness to condone the Communist conspiracy while magnifying every mote in the eye of Western democracy.

But Nehru does speak as the authentic voice of India, and India is the only free and stable democracy between the Mediterranean and the eastern shores of the Pacific. India has a strong government whose hold on the people's loyalty is unquestionable, and an economy which though still in difficulty is making visible progress. No other Asian country has both these advantages and most of them have neither.

India with her 350-odd million people is bigger than the rest of Free Asia put together. Indeed it is hardly an exaggeration to say that India is Free Asia—that if we haven't got India on our side we haven't got Asia at all.

Most observers from Canada and other allied countries wish the U. S. were more inclined to share this view. They think Washington should put more value on the friendship of India, less on a rabble of puppets and pensioners like Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee and the preposterous gangsters of South Viet Nam.

What really annoys them, though, is the

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India's top UN delegate, Krishna Menon, talks to Henry Cabot Lodge of the U. S. Fiercely anti-American, Menon is a favorite of Prime Minister Nehru.



Nehru with Red China's Premier Chou En-lai (right). Many Americans think they're friends, but Nehru has denounced India's native Communists.





In her office at Universal Personal Services Natalie Bartlett handles two phones with ease. Clients ask her to find them parts for a bulldozer or a job in Nigeria.

## She's the busiest business woman in B. C.

By McKENZIE PORTER

Natalie Bartlett's  
business is everything:  
She'll  
mind your baby,  
walk your dog,  
teach you to rumba,  
mend your marriage,  
find you a butler  
or go away with  
your mother-in-law.  
Nobody knows exactly  
what the firm does—but  
it keeps getting bigger  
and richer

**I**N VANCOUVER, simply by getting in touch with the right person, you can send flowers to a sick relative, buy theatre tickets, get a job in South Africa, learn how to dress for a party, find parts for an obsolete bulldozer and sell the sabre your great grandfather brandished in the Crimean War.

The right person in all these—and many other—cases is a buxom ebullient middle-aged woman named Natalie Bartlett. Nine years ago she started a small-chores business called United Personal Services Limited; today it does just about everything for anyone, and furthermore claims to be able to do it anywhere and anytime.

Take the Toronto businessman who transferred to Vancouver a few months ago and couldn't find a suitable home. He got in touch with Natalie Bartlett. She consulted the man's wife in Toronto, found a house, decorated it and arranged furniture according to the wife's tastes. When the family was finally reunited there were groceries on the shelves, milk, butter and eggs in the refrigerator, flowers in the vases and hot tea for the wife and cold milk for the children the instant they stepped in the door.

When a woman painter from Edinburgh wanted a job where she could sketch scenes characteristic of Canada Natalie Bartlett sent her in turn to a Rocky Mountain ski lodge as a hostess, to a Cariboo

ranch as a housekeeper and to a Laurentian resort as a riding instructor.

She has located Italian tiles to decorate a floor and an Italian to lay them, sold heirlooms by the trunkful and found jobs for Canadians in Australia and for Australians in Canada. Once when an import firm was unable to sell thousands of dollars worth of Holland bulbs she got on the phone and sold them all to wealthy and influential friends.

Natalie Bartlett had a suitable schooling for her many-sided business. She was born Natasha Orestina Durneva, the daughter of a Russian army colonel. She tried acting for movies, running a restaurant, selling real estate and broadcasting advice to the lovelorn—all with singular lack of success until she lumped all her interests together and started her personal services.

Now, in a small three-room office above a shop on Robson Street in downtown Vancouver, she runs one of Canada's strangest and busiest businesses. There, on the average day, most of the rules of efficient business management are violated and a tremendous amount of work is done. The box-like waiting room is usually filled with clients—many of them seeking jobs through UPS—who sit huddled among the close-packed chairs and tables.

When they get in to see Natasha (she prefers her original name to the

*Continued on page 39*



THE

# Baffling

CASE

OF

MISS SHOPISHNOK'S

CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Sam wanted the lighter to impress his fellow diners at the Widgeon Room. Little did he think it would involve him with blondes, bruisers and spies who spoke in rhyme

BY MAX SHULMAN ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

SAM THOUGHT of himself as a wage slave, a victim of circumstance. He thought it only just to take as much advantage as he could of his boss, Rupert Mashoulam, in whose establishment, the Ne Plus Ultra Cleaning and Pressing Shop, he was employed as a tailor's goose. He dipped, when he could, into the cash register; he ate the dill pickles from the sandwiches for which Mashoulam sent him at noon; in a thousand small ways he attempted to make up what he considered the unfair differential in his wages.

One afternoon he saw a cigarette lighter lying on the floor beside the rack where newly cleaned clothes were hung until their owners called for them. Sam approached the lighter warily. It was a handsome thing, he could see even from several feet away. It was of shiny black material and on its front were graven two Percheron mares in white onyx. With one covetous eye on the lighter, the other cautiously looking about him, he stooped quickly and scooped the lighter into his pocket in a single deft motion.

"What you got there?" said Mashoulam in a tone that boded no good for Sam.

"Nothing," Sam answered, examining his nails with a great show of nonchalance.

"I seen you pick it up," Mashoulam insisted. "What you got there?"

"Where?"

"In your pocket. I'll give you where."

Sam reluctantly showed him the lighter. "I found it," he said.

"I'll give you I found it," said Mashoulam. "Let me see it."

He took it from Sam's lingering grasp and examined it. "Sure," he said. "I know who it belongs to. It's Miss Shopishnok's, the tall, black-haired Russian girl comes in here all the time. It must have dropped out of her coat pocket. She had it cleaned last week. I'll look it up

where she lives, and you take it back to her. You hear?"

"Very well," said Sam resignedly.

"I'll give you very well. Take it right back, no monkey business should be."

He looked up her address, told it to Sam, made Sam repeat it, and sent him out.

Sam arrived at Miss Shopishnok's residence and rang the bell. The landlady came out, an elderly woman with a brownstone front. "Yes?" she asked.

"I'm looking for Miss Shopishnok."

"That one ain't here any more, glory be to God," said the landlady. "I got rid of her last week."

"What's the matter?" asked Sam.

"Same old thing," said the landlady sadly. "Back aches, can't get out of bed in the morning, can't get to sleep at night, no pep."

"Kidneys?" asked Sam.

"I don't rightly know," said the landlady.

"You ought to find out. Kidneys can be serious. Do you know you have in your body a hundred and twenty miles of kidney tubes that have to be flushed, jerked, cleaned and pressed daily?"

"The hell!" said the landlady.

"Now, about Miss Shopishnok—" said Sam.

"Oh, that one. Threw her out, I did. The idea! Kept bees in the room, she did. Bees!"

"Do you know where she went?"

"Said she was going back to Russia. And good riddance."

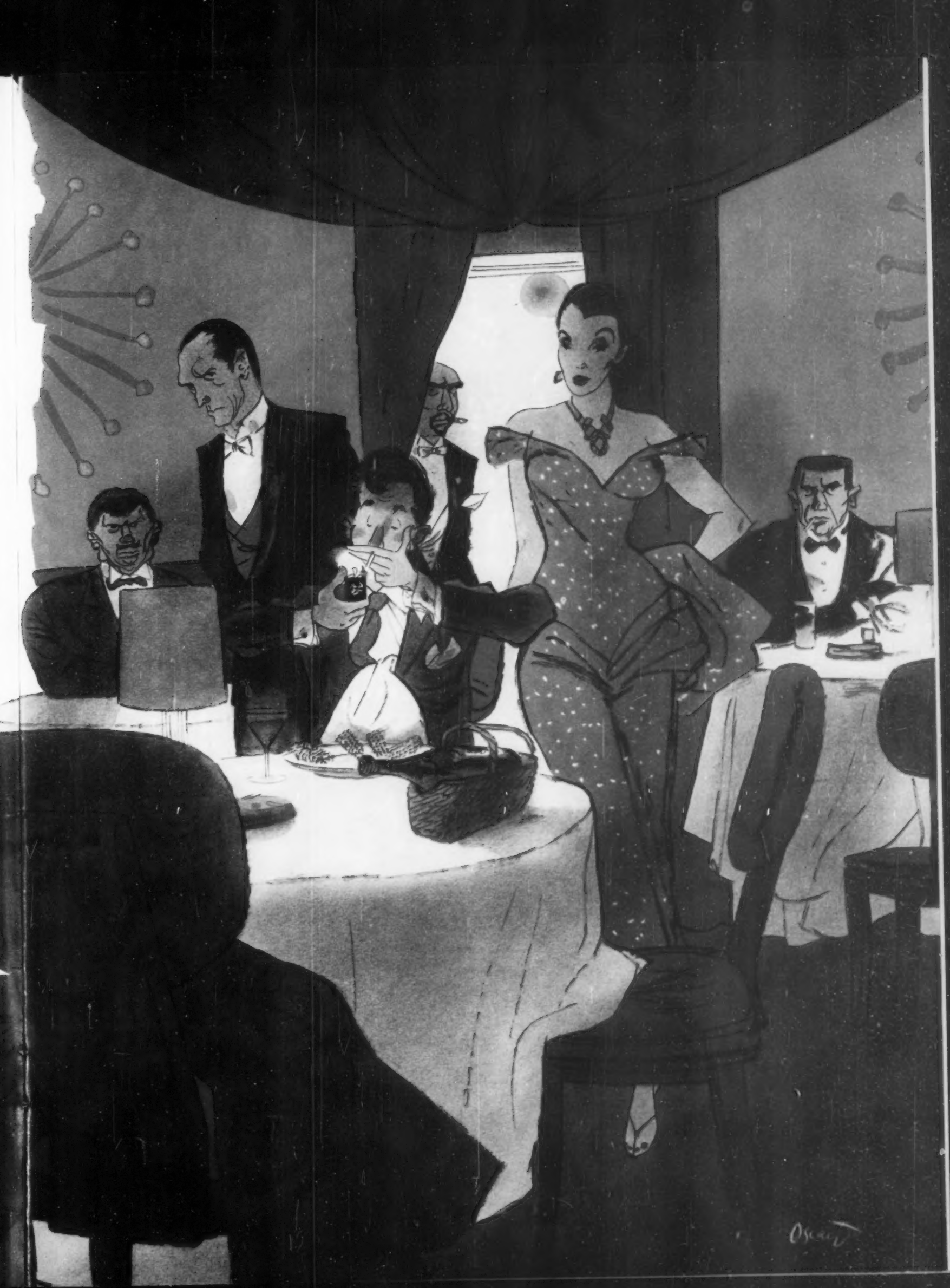
Sam thanked her and left. Russia was a long way off, he was thinking. He fondled the lighter in his pocket and smiled.

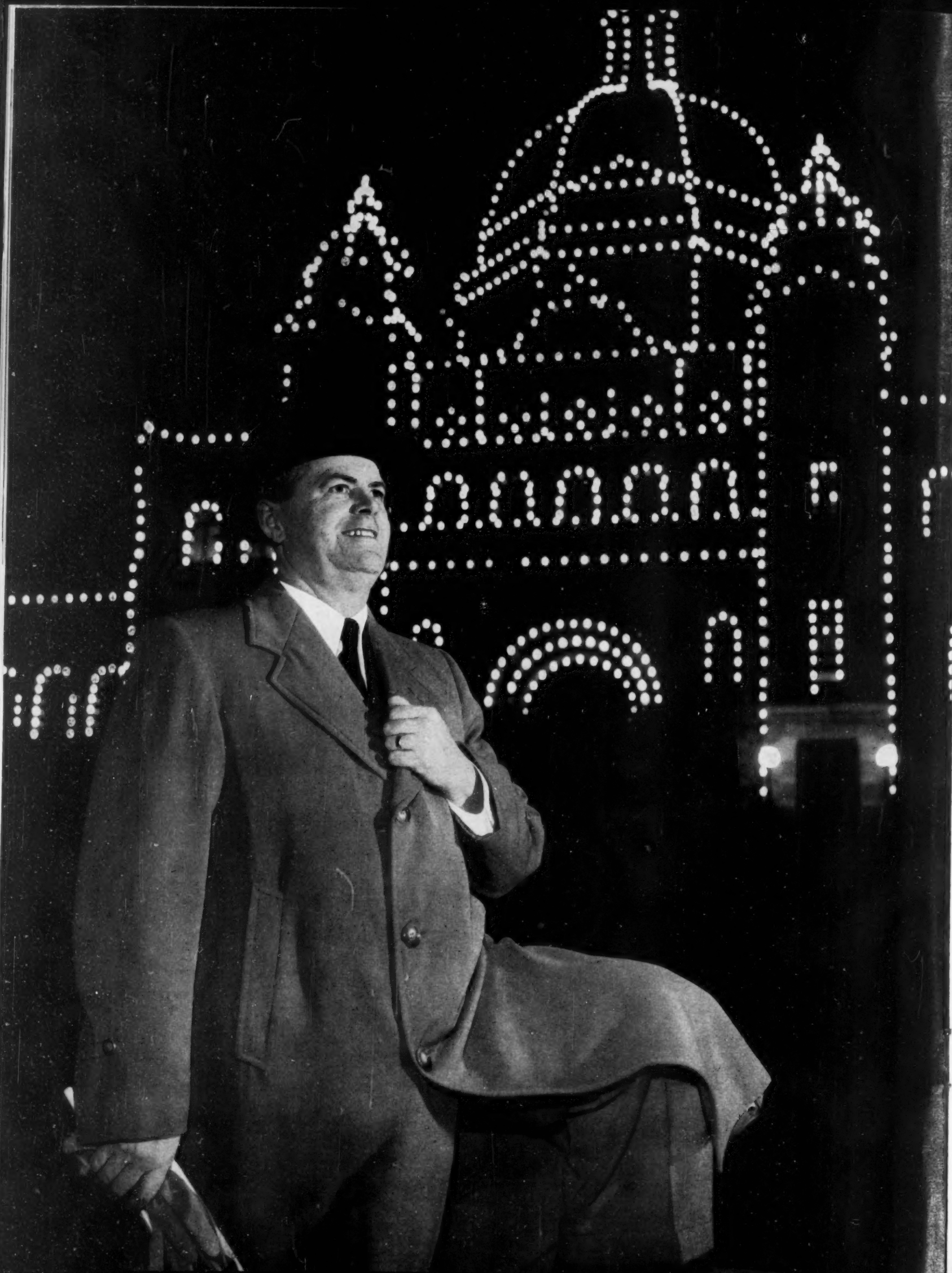
When he got back to the shop, he told Mashoulam that the lighter had been returned. He spent the rest of the afternoon basting a blue camisole for a Mrs. Feeny, a widow woman up the street who always wore blue under the fond delusion that it made her jaundice

*Continued on page 55*

Slowly and deliberately Sam held the flame to his cigarette. A moment later he felt a faint tap on his shoulder.







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M A



This B.C. hardware merchant always wanted to lead a political party. He got his chance when the Social Crediters scored their famous upset. Now, to everybody's astonishment, he's made himself the undisputed ringmaster of the province's four-ring political circus

# The Remarkable Rise Of Smiling Cece Bennett

ON THE morning of August 2, 1952, William Andrew Cecil Bennett, British Columbia's bumptious new Social Credit Premier, squared his shoulders like a sergeant-major, flashed his habitual smile, marshaled his ten cabinet ministers into a double file and triumphantly marched them from Victoria's Empress Hotel up the long curving driveway to the Legislative Buildings. Thus, with unprecedented dramatics, Canada's second Social Credit government officially took over Canada's third largest province.

It was a typical Bennett performance and for once no one begrudged the Premier his moment of glory. He'd always wanted to lead a political party. This was the grand finale to a summer of circus-style politics and, possibly, to ringmaster Bennett's political career. No matter what developed when the legislature convened, Bennett—a rebel Conservative heading a minority Social Credit government—stood to lose.

His Social Crediters were in a curious position. Starting with no political platform, no experience and no seats in the legislature, they'd embarked on a hymn-singing Scripture-quoting campaign and elected nineteen MLAs—the greatest election upset in B. C. political history. But the CCF held eighteen seats and the Liberals and Conservatives ten. The combined opposition could defeat the government whenever it wished.

Bennett faced this gloomy prospect without many visible means of support. His colleagues—ministers, farmers, schoolteachers and a trolley-bus conductor—were eager but inexperienced. Only Bennett and the late Mrs. Tillie Rolston, a peppery grandmother and also an ex-Conservative, had been in government before. One or two Socreds members hadn't even been in the Legislative Buildings before.

Bennett's followers respected his eleven years of legislative experience but distrusted his Conservative background. When asked to define Social Credit during a campaign speech, Bennett, who formally joined the movement only eight months before, had said evasively, "It's the opposite to socialism." Most of his followers had better answers. Like all orthodox Socreds they want to take over Canada's monetary system. Bennett was

obviously neglecting his doctrinary homework and it appeared that if his enemies didn't oust him, his uneasy friends would.

But to everyone's continuing amazement, Cece Bennett (also called "Wac" or "Wacky" from his initials) wriggled out of this dilemma like a political Houdini. Smiling but unyielding, he has since become the absolute ruler of legislature, cabinet and party. Thirty months ago he was on the verge of becoming a political nobody. Today Bennett is boss of B. C.

Always a first-class salesman—he owns five hardware stores in the Okanagan Valley—the Premier has sold his followers and the province on a highly Conservative brand of Social Credit. His government weathered a second election in 1953 and now holds twenty-seven of the forty-eight provincial seats. He is still vague about Social Credit but has so grown in political strength that if Social Crediters reached Ottawa in his political lifetime he could be a candidate for prime minister.

This remarkable change in Bennett's political fortunes is no accident. It's the logical outcome of a lifetime of study, labor and ambition: an object lesson in how to become a political strong man.

Bennett has also capitalized on his luck, of course. B. C. was ripe for a change when Social Credit came in. People were tired of the bickering and charges of favoritism in the old Coalition Government. Bennett has maintained outward solidarity and has tried carefully to avoid wildly controversial legislation of the sort once feared from Social Credit.

This doesn't mean that there's complete harmony in the cabinet or in the province. The Socreds inherited two knotty problems from the Liberal-Conservative regime—liquor and hospital insurance—and they're still problems. A province-wide plebiscite in 1952 called for liquor by the glass. This was embarrassing for Bennett and many of his followers, who are non-drinkers, but the new

government appointed a three-man commission to investigate the matter. The commission made recommendations, an act was subsequently passed and B. C. has cocktail bars. Bennett squared this with Social Credit teetotalers by explaining that "this is a people's government, carrying out the will of the people."

But the act doesn't carry out the will of the commission report. For example, the commission recommended that liquor, beer and wine be served in restaurants. Under the act, licensed restaurants serve only beer and wine. The commission recommended that cozy public houses—a type of workman's club with light lunches, beer and music—replace beer parlors, but this hasn't happened.

The strangest feature of the act is its ruling on bar names. Drinking places can display no signs other than "Licensed Premises," in letters not more than two inches high. Names like "tavern," "saloon" or "The Horse's Head" are banned, presumably because they're considered a form of advertising.

Naturally, ludicrous incidents have occurred. The owner of the Poodle Dog restaurant in Victoria said when he applied for a liquor license the liquor board wanted him to take down his sign—a trademark for over half a century—of a poodle dog "waiter" carrying a tray and two glasses. The barman in a Victoria hotel dressed his bottles in cardboard skirts for a few days because, he said, an LCB inspector had ordered him to hide the labels—a form of advertising.

Bennett's hospital insurance legislation has also drawn criticism. Under the Coalition, compulsory hospital insurance was always a problem. Premiums were rising; some people couldn't or wouldn't pay and income wasn't meeting the cost. Bennett abolished the premiums and raised the three-percent provincial sales tax to five percent. The extra two percent goes for hospitalization and gives the government about eight million dollars more than the old premium system. Still, the heavy tax is frequently criticized in the Press and even Social Credit rank and filers, at their annual convention last October, presented a motion to remove it.

The Premier gently but firmly squelched the motion and, in fact, dominated the entire convention. There was no doubt *Continued on page 58*

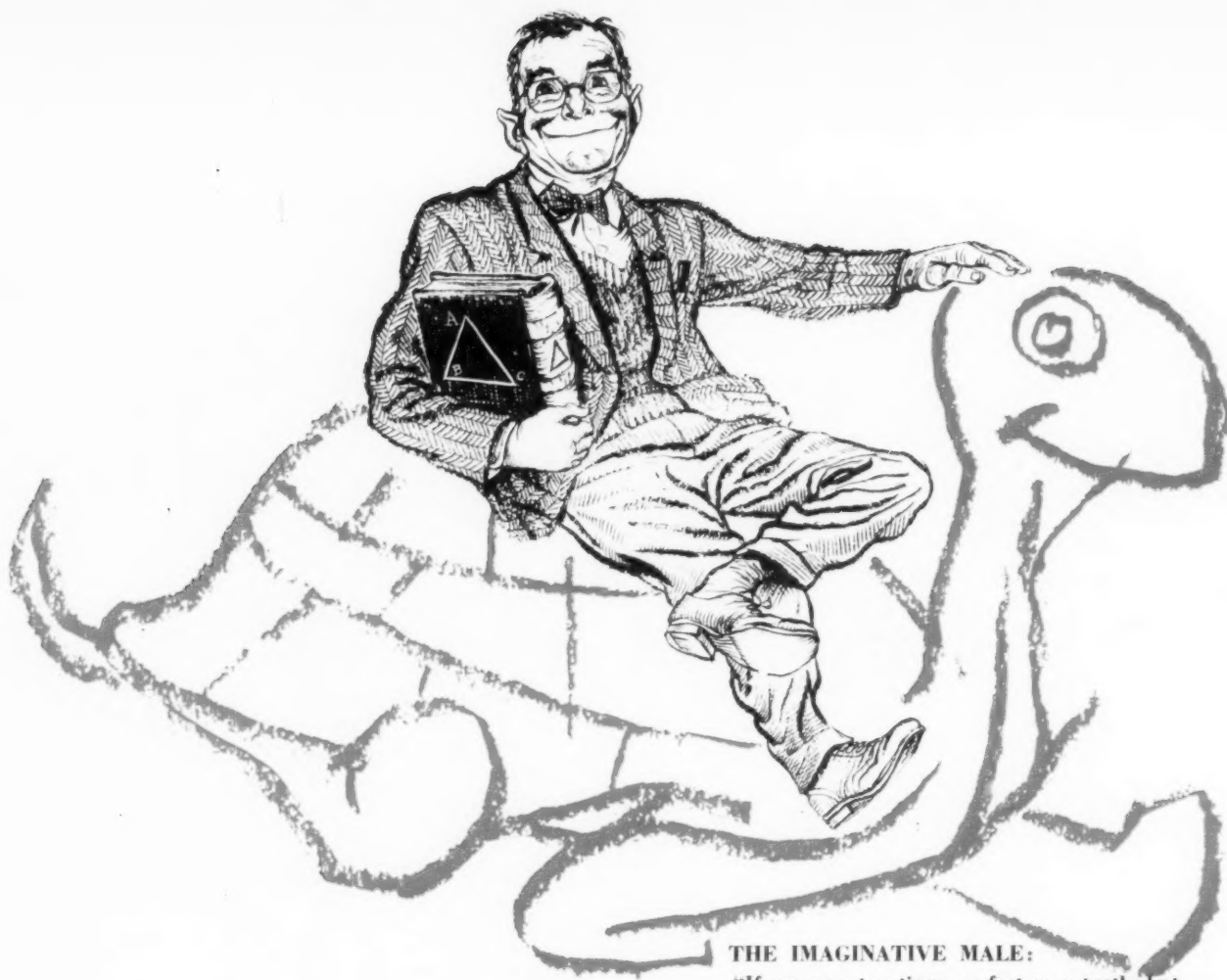
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BY ROBERT COLLINS

PHOTO BY BILL HALKETT

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His face lit up like the Legislative Buildings behind him, Bennett stands at the peak of the spectacular spiral that began when he switched from Tory to Socred.



THE IMAGINATIVE MALE:

"If you ran ten times as fast as a turtle but started ten feet behind, you'd never catch it."

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

# Women Just

When it comes to babies or bedspreads a woman has a mind like a steel trap and talks like a Greek orator. But have you ever tried her on anything else? Bob says it's like stepping on a rake in a dark driveway

**I**F THERE'S one thing that baffles me about women more than another it's the fact that they have no imagination. As long as the conversation moves along well-worn routes—from clothes to cake mix, from babies to bedspreads—a woman is right with you. But turn along any side paths of imagination and you find yourself alone, although you can sometimes go on talking and pointing out the view for quite a while before you realize it.

A few nights ago at the supper table I told my wife and two daughters something I'd read in a book on the mathematics of probability.

"Do you know," I said, "that, according to the laws of chance, any event will happen in an unlimited time. If you chained a monkey to a piano so that he poked the keys for billions of years he'd eventually play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

My wife and daughters looked at me in deadpan silence. Then Jane, my eldest, turned to her mother and said: "Kathie Baumgartner deliberately stayed out in the hall today because she didn't do her homework."

"If that Linda Tewpis," Mary, my younger daughter said, "doesn't stop kicking my lunch pail off the seat in the school bus I'm going to punch her."

My wife looked thoughtfully at their little chests. "You'll both have to change your blouses tomorrow," she said.

"LOOK! For the —!" I squealed. "Does anybody happen to recall that I made a statement about mathematics?"

My wife brought me into focus. "I thought you were just being funny," she said. "I didn't know you asked me anything."

"I just happened to mention one of the most staggering concepts of the human brain," I told her. "I thought you were talking about a monkey."

"I WAS TALKING ABOUT MATHEMATICS—NOT MONKEYS!"

"If you're going to start roaring, let's just drop the subject," my wife said.

"DROP it," I yelled. "We haven't even picked it UP yet."

"May I be excused?" Jane said.

I whipped around at her. "NO, YOU MAY NOT!" You may sit there and listen to your mother and me have a friendly discussion."

"For heaven's sake," my wife said. "Get it over with. What was it about a monkey?"

By then, of course, I was about as far from the calculus of probabilities as a pair of pinkie shears. Getting enthusiastic about an abstract subject



around three women of any age is like stepping on a rake in a dark driveway.

I'll say, "I wonder if we all see the world the same way. Maybe what you call red is different from what I call red."

"How could it be," my wife will say, "if it's red." "Well, I mean, maybe when I say 'That coat is red' maybe to me it looks green, only I call green red."

"That reminds me," my wife will say. "That coat of yours should go to the cleaners. It makes you look like the man in those ads who didn't take out insurance."

To be perfectly fair, I don't think it's exactly that a woman *has* no imagination. What makes her keep snapping back to solid earth as if she were attached to it by her hose supports is that she just can't disassociate ideas from people.

My wife never attacks a question. She attacks me, with little verbal egg lifters and banana peels.

"If a man and a turtle started a race," I said one night when I was full of Martinis and the paradoxes of Zeno, which I'd just been reading, "and the man could run ten times faster than the turtle but started ten feet behind it, he could never catch the turtle. By the time the man had run ten feet, the turtle would have run a foot. By the time the man had run a foot, the turtle would have run a tenth of a foot. You just keep dividing by ten to prove the man will never catch him."

I could mention this to any four guys, any time, from morning coffee to a late beer and half of them would at least sit there thinking about it for a while, the other half would take out their pencils and start doing algebra.

My wife looked at Jane, frowned, jerked her shoulders back in a signal for Jane to straighten up,

slapped Mary's elbow off the table, folded her hands in her lap, looked at me for a moment until she remembered what I said, then said: "Of all the men in the world, I had to marry one who believes a man can't run as fast as a turtle."

I closed my eyes and slapped my forehead. "Believe it!" I chanted. "What difference does it make whether I *believe* it. What's wrong with the reasoning, that's what I want to know?"

When I opened my eyes, my wife had turned pink.

"You're so smart," she said, "but when I left you to put the stew on to simmer today you took it off, turned the back burner on full and set the tea cosy on fire."

"What——! What's that got to do with what we're talking about?"

"Because you think that I'm stupid but you think a man can't catch a turtle."

"I don't think a man can't catch a turtle."

"Then why are you trying to prove it?"

"BECAUSE IN THEORY A MAN CAN'T CATCH A TURTLE."

"Oh. In theory."

My wife uses the word theory the way I use the word bum.

A woman, before she's married, appreciates speculative ideas, but only because she knows they have a lot of men attached to them. She appreciates the internal-combustion engine too but only because it goes with a car. She doesn't know nor care whether it's blue, square, soft, made up of octaves, old nails or works like a waffle iron.

I knew a six-foot-six young PhD. with a high thin neck, a deep voice and long bony arms that he used to wave like a praying mantis whenever he got enthusiastic about some abstruse bit of reasoning,

then he'd sprinkle cigarette ashes all over everything, including his girl friend, a blonde who used to sit at his feet looking up at him with shining eyes.

"What I like about her," he'd boom at the guys afterward, sounding as if he were inside a barrel, "is that she's interested in the sort of thing I'm interested in."

The things he thought she was interested in were the physical basis of the major diatonic scale and its relation to Pythagorean mathematics, whether there could be infinite division of finite space, the essence of man, and a theory of his about making a perfect vacuum by standing on top of Mount Everest and doing something with a long tube.

What made his girl friend's eyes shine, of course, was the thought of those long arms attached to mops, rakes, hammers and paint brushes. It was like getting a vacuum cleaner with all the attachments. I have never called on them since that he wasn't knocking out a wall between two rooms or putting one back, or painting something.

A man moves in a world bounded only by his thoughts. A woman's world is three dimensional, firmly fixed in time, and consists of things you can paint, plug in, switch off, wear, eat or drive off in.

She just isn't interested in what's going on inside her head, or inside anyone else's. It's almost impossible for her to imagine herself in someone else's shoes. It makes her look a bit cold-blooded at times. Actually she's not to blame. A man can identify himself with his fellow creatures because he can afford to spread his compassion as thinly as he wants. A woman has to pile it thick in one place: her family. A single session trying to get a thirteen-year-old daughter to dress in a way that won't have her picked up by the squad car would exhaust a man's lifetime

*Continued on page 70*

# Have No Imagination



THE UNIMAGINATIVE FEMALE:

"Of all the men in the world, I had to marry one who believes a man can't outrun a turtle."

ILLUSTRATED BY  
Mapher Son



Sam Langford, the Negro kid who ran away

from home in Weymouth, N.S.,

became the terror of the world's prize rings.

Now blind and broke, he sits

rocking slowly in his chair while

sportswriters still

claim he was

# The Greatest Fighter who ever Lived

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK • BY TRENT FRAYNE

**U**PSTAIRS in a venerable boardinghouse in an ancient section of Boston a blind old Negro sits all day rocking backward and forward in a creaking wooden chair. His sightless eyes are masked by a pair of cheap plastic-rimmed spectacles, long since scratched and smudged by age. His greying bullet head is covered by a faded maroon baseball cap and his lean ageing body swaddled in a nondescript bathrobe. He is a man with many ailments, few hopes and only one amusement: On Wednesday nights, when the fights come on the little mantel radio, as they do on radios all over the continent, his head cocks and his face lights up as he lives once again in a golden past.

For this is Sam Langford, a living legend from Weymouth, Nova Scotia, and perhaps the greatest fighter of his size who ever lived.

Hype Igoe, the most renowned of all boxing writers, made no bones about it in the old New York Journal. "Langford is the greatest fighter, pound for pound, who ever lived," he wrote. Just this year, Joe Williams, the respected sports columnist of the New York World-Telegram, echoed Igoe's words. "Langford was probably the best the ring ever saw," he wrote in his current TV boxing book. The great Grantland Rice described Langford as "about the best fighting man I've ever watched."

Langford's old manager, Joe Woodman, put it a little more colorfully last month. "At 'seventy-two,' " he said, meaning 172 pounds, "he'd have eaten Joe Louis."

Langford was a small man—five feet

*Continued on page 63*

PHOTO BY WERNER WOLFF







"Open Sunday" signs are familiar today. Modern Canadians wouldn't recognize the old-fashioned Sunday when some people wouldn't even whistle or cook meals.

# They're Fighting To Save What's Left of Sunday

By JOHN GRAY

PHOTOS BY HUGH ROBERTSON

**Beleaguered but embattled in winters of Sunday hockey and summers of Sunday resort crowds, the Lord's Day Alliance still spends forty thousand a year on trying to salvage the blue laws it sponsored fifty years ago**



**A**S A westbound train neared the Rockies late on a Saturday night in 1903, passengers were astonished to see the Rev. W. J. MacKenzie don hat and overcoat and reach down his bag. His fellow travelers knew from conversations during the journey from Toronto that MacKenzie was a missionary on his way to Vancouver to take ship for Korea. So one passenger asked the minister why he was making preparations to get off the train now.

"Sir," MacKenzie answered firmly, "it will be midnight soon after this train leaves the next station. I, of course, have no intention of traveling on the Sabbath." Minutes later he stepped out into the darkness as the train paused briefly at a desolate way station.

As recorded in the *Lord's Day Advocate*, published by the Lord's Day Alliance, a national body militant for the preservation of the closed Sunday, the minister's deed was only an incidental cause for commendation; the report goes on to tell how MacKenzie discovered that the only accommodation was a ramshackle hotel full of roistering guests—whom he reduced to penitence and signed to the pledge before continuing his journey on the Monday.

A half century later even the embattled and beleaguered members of the Lord's Day Alliance would not expect the Reverend MacKenzie to get off the train. The Alliance knows the Sunday of fifty years ago is gone forever and concentrates on doing what it can to protect the Sunday of today and prevent the Sunday of fifty years from now from becoming a carbon copy of Saturday. Its efforts, as they have done since the 1880s, will play a large part in determining how Canadians live, work and play on what, to many of them, is still the most important day of the week.

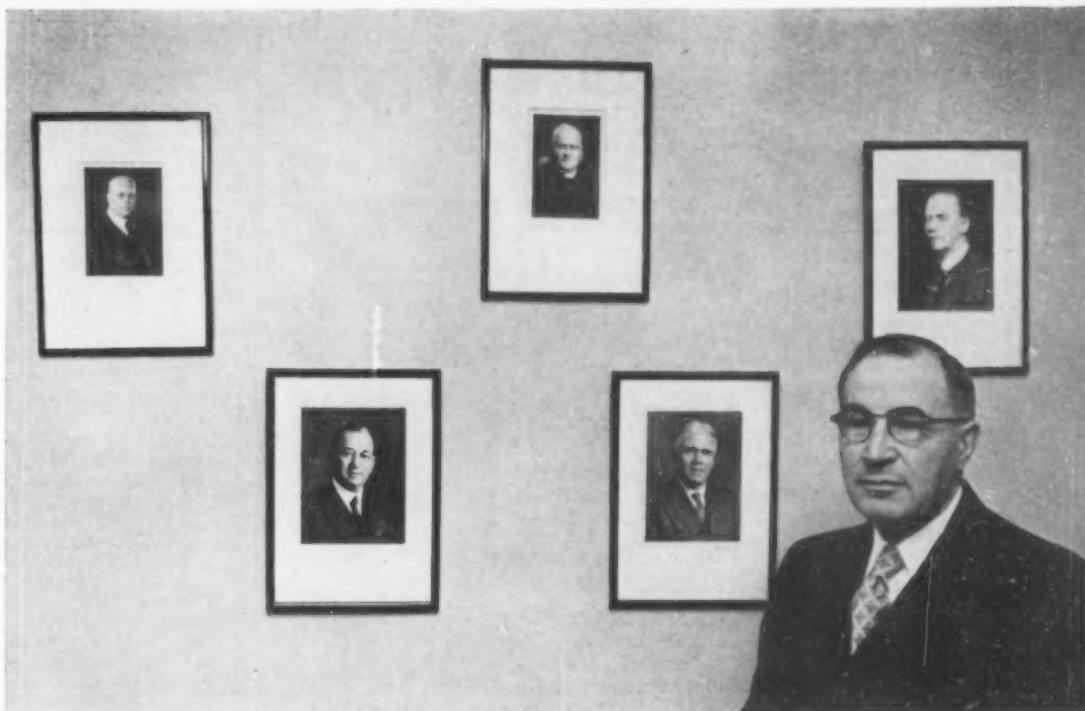
At the time of MacKenzie's interrupted train ride the Canadian Sunday was largely a reflection of the influence of church, family—and of sixty years of Victorian morality—on public opinion. Three years later, apparently fearing that the self-imposed closed Sunday was endangered by the new-fangled ideas of the brash new century, the Lord's Day Alliance succeeded in having the morality of 1906 frozen into a federal law known as the Lord's Day Act. This was accomplished by collecting more than one hundred thousand signatures—each from a male over twenty-one—on a petition to parliament demanding such a law. (Women didn't have the vote in 1906 and were presumably considered to have no influence on MPs or senators.)

The Lord's Day Act, which might be described in a nutshell as prohibiting most forms of work, and therefore the presentation of amusements, entertainments, sports and almost all commerce from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday, is still on the statutes today. If it were fully and literally enforced several hundred thousand Canadians would face fines or jail every week of the year.

Not even the worst enemy of the Alliance could honestly claim that the effect of the organization and the law it brought into being have been wholly repressive. The truth is that among underprivileged manual laborers and service and industrial workers—and that description covered the major portion of the population fifty years ago—the implacable Alliance's activities have been a godsend. By the time the Act had been in force one year, the Alliance estimated it had freed eighty thousand Canadians from Sunday labor.

The organization grew out of a request made by a number of railway workers to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Hamilton in 1886. The railway workers asked the church to do something about excessive Sunday work on the railroads. The Presbyterians asked the Anglicans, Methodists and Baptists to a meeting in Ottawa in 1888 to discuss the problem and the result was the Lord's Day Alliance. Since then the Alliance has done as much as it could to keep Sunday free of work. Its crowning achievement, the Lord's Day Act, has been successful in keeping the Canadian Sunday relatively non-commercial. Compared with Sunday in any other English-speaking country the Canadian Sunday is remarkably free from work. Factories, offices and

*Continued on next page*



Rev. A. S. McGrath leads the Lord's Day Alliance fight to keep Sunday closed. Pictures are predecessors.

## Some of the things you do that break the law on Sunday



Hiring a gardener (or any workman) on a Sunday is against the Lord's Day Act. It's okay to garden yourself.



It's against the law to buy a house on Sunday. But it's still the busiest day in real estate.



You break the law if you buy magazines on Sunday. So do druggists who sell them. But they can sell medicine.



In Toronto the *Globe and Mail* is sold on Sunday night. But the law says it's illegal.

# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

## BEST BET

**THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS:** The story (two warmhearted troupers and their stage-struck children wind up in merry unison after various family crises) is almost as old as the California hills. But Irving Berlin's fine songs and a passel of flavorsome performances (Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Mitzi Gaynor, Donald O'Connor, Marilyn Monroe) make this CinemaScope job one of the season's brighter musicals.



**THE BEACHCOMBER:** Robert Newton, in a screen role originated by Charles Laughton in 1938, is hammy but often quite funny in a farfetched farce about a drunken bouncer and a prim spinster (Glynis Johns) on a tropical island.

**THE BELLES OF ST. TRINIAN'S:** Ronald Searle's cartoons about a deplorable school for girls inspired this wacky English comedy—repetitive in style but highly enjoyable nonetheless. The stately headmistress and her bookie brother are both played by Alastair Sim.

**CREST OF THE WAVE:** The suspense is too artificially prolonged as a dogged American (Gene Kelly) helps British naval scientists in testing a super-power torpedo.

**HANSEL AND GRETEL:** A charming puppet fantasy for children, based on the Humperdinck opera. Canada's Anna Russell supplies, with gusto, the voice of the witch in the gingerbread house.

**SO THIS IS PARIS:** Everybody is ferociously "gay" in a Tony Curtis musical about three sailors who invade naughty Páree. A couple of the big numbers are fairly lively.

**THREE RING CIRCUS:** My own non-enthusiasm over the antics of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis is as pallid as ever after sitting through this Big Top charade, but the boys' diehard admirers seem to find it chucklesome.

**TROUBLE IN THE GLEN:** A sickly-sweet little girl with a mincing voice is among the several drawbacks to be noted in this British comedy-drama about a stubborn laird (Orson Welles) and his defiant neighbors in a Scottish village.

**YOUNG AT HEART:** A remake of *Four Daughters* (1943), with Frank Sinatra in the old John Garfield role as a self-pitying musician. Sinatra and Doris Day sing appetizingly, but the story is sometimes hard to swallow.

## Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aida: Opera. Excellent.  
The Barefoot Contessa: Drama. Good.  
Beau Brummell: Costume drama. Fair.  
Bengal Brigade: Adventure. Fair.  
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.  
The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.  
Brigadoon: Fantasy-musical. Fair.  
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.  
A Bullet Is Waiting: Western. Fair.  
The Caine Mutiny: Drama. Good.  
Deep in My Heart: Musical. Fair.  
Desirée: Historical drama. Fair.  
Dragnet: Brutal whodunit. Fair.  
Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good.  
Duel in the Jungle: Drama. Poor.  
The Egyptian: Drama. Fair.  
Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.  
Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.  
Final Test: British comedy. Good.  
Fire Over Africa: Drama. Poor.  
Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair.  
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.  
Human Desire: Sex drama. Poor.  
The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.  
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.  
The Last Time I Saw Paris: Drama. Fair.

Lease of Life: Drama. Good.  
Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.  
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.  
Magnificent Adventure: Drama. Fair.  
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.  
Modern Times (reissue): Comedy by Charlie Chaplin. Excellent.  
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.  
Operation Manhunt: Drama. Good.  
Passion: Revenge drama. Poor.  
Pushover: Crime & suspense. Good.  
The Raid: Action drama. Good.  
Rainbow Jacket: British comedy. Fair.  
Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.  
Ring of Fear: Circus drama. Fair.  
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.  
Sabrina: Comedy. Excellent.  
The Sleeping Tiger: Drama. Poor.  
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.  
The Student Prince: Musical. Fair.  
Suddenly: Suspense drama. Good.  
This Is My Love: Drama. Poor.  
Three Hours to Kill: Drama. Fair.  
Twist of Fate: Drama. Poor.  
The Vanishing Prairie: Walt Disney wildlife feature. Excellent.  
West of Zanzibar: Jungle drama. Fair.  
Woman's World: Comedy-drama. Good.

most businesses are closed. Transport trucks stay in their terminals. The CBC, though not affected by the Act, tries to keep commercials to a minimum and runs a whole network (the Trans-Canada) without a Sunday commercial. Except in Ontario and Quebec there is no commercial Sunday sport. There are no Sunday movies, except in Quebec. Legitimate theatres (where they exist) are closed, even in Quebec. Even where Sunday work is admittedly necessary, as in the sale of gasoline, many municipalities have local bylaws regulating Sunday opening. The Alliance does not claim direct credit for all these things, but it has undoubtedly helped maintain an atmosphere in which they are possible.

But the Alliance did not confine itself to fighting obvious abuses in the working hours of railway employees. For six years after 1891 the hottest political issue in Toronto was whether or not Sunday streetcars should run in Toronto; the Alliance wasn't voted down until 1897. In general, the Alliance upheld with every means in its considerable power the Victorian Canadian Sunday which came into being in the last half of the nineteenth century.

In those days the Canadian Sunday was one of the most strictly regulated in the Christian world, vying with that of Scotland for harshness. The accepted Sunday activity was worship and as far as humanly possible everything else was to stop. Some families were so strict that all food to be eaten on Sunday was cooked on Saturday. In some homes children were not allowed to whistle or play noisy games, and weekday toys and books were replaced by special Sunday toys and books. These books were crammed with reading considered suitable for Sunday—great, heavy tomes that still occasionally turn up today in the secondhand bookshops.

## A Bitter Pill for Sunday

As far as custom or law could accomplish it everything was closed; some stores drew curtains across their windows—a practice continued to this day by the T. Eaton Co. Libraries, museums and art galleries were closed. In 1903 Col. C. C. Grant of the Hamilton Scientific Association said he felt that "the old tyrannical element is too powerful at the present time in the province to permit the opening of museums on Sunday to the public."

Specifically written into the Lord's Day Act was the banishment of Sunday newspapers in Canada, with the result that since 1907 there have been no Canadian newspapers dated on a Sunday. Even the morning *Globe and Mail* in a city like Toronto beats the Sunday curfew by only a couple of hours with its Monday edition. Instead of Canadian Sunday papers, thousands of New York Times and Herald-Tribunes, Detroit, Chicago and Buffalo Sunday papers are rushed to Toronto and other communities handy to the border and sold from great stacks (illegally) in drugstores as early as 1.30 p.m. Sunday.

This widespread sale of newspapers, albeit American imports, must be a bitter pill to the Alliance, whose very first triumph under its Lord's Day Act was its prosecution, just three days after the Act came into force, of one Louis Burke of Hamilton, Ont., for selling newspapers on a Sunday. The newsdealer's ingenious but futile defense was that he hadn't sold newspapers—just "leased" them. The magistrate was not impressed and fined Burke.

Some early commentators viewed such developments with alarm. T. Hadley McGinnis, who didn't like

Canadian customs anyway, wrote in an 1893 volume titled *Canadian Notes*:

Religious rule has made Sunday a terror to the poor, unless one happens to enjoy going to church, walking about the quiet streets, reading or sleeping. If one is poor, no opportunities for pleasure are had. If one is rich, however, he may drive about in a carriage . . . Few persons are seen on the street, except in going to or coming from church. On Sunday a Canadian city appears deserted of inhabitants. One may stand on a street corner looking in four directions without seeing a living person or animal.

Most persons disappear for the day, as in a shell, and as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. How they contrive to do this is a mystery. This is considered, especially in Toronto, 'the proper caper.'

It might well be asked how, if the blue laws remain essentially in force in Canada, the Canadian Sunday has changed so greatly—how it comes that one can buy a package of tobacco without jeopardy next Sunday, instead of being haled into court and fined two dollars or one day in jail, as Captain Archibald Pither was in Toronto as recently as 1937. (Pither, commenting that "overseas I had to fight as hard on Sundays as any other day," elected to serve the sentence.) Or why Toronto druggists no longer demand prescriptions for ginger ale on a Sunday—as they once did after nineteen were fined in a body for selling pop on the Sabbath.

The answer is that such liberalization of Sunday as has taken part in a few regions of Canada is due (a) to authorities ignoring the law, (b) to authorities taking advantage of permissive loopholes in the law, and (c) to the passing of rare overriding provincial laws like the one permitting Sunday sports in some Ontario cities (which the Lord's Day Alliance still insists is unconstitutional).

In view of the changes that have taken place in Sunday observance, in spite of the continued existence of a federal "blue" law, many Canadians predict that the trend to an open Sunday will continue to mount until "Sunday becomes just another Saturday." Two years ago the Gallup Poll supplied a straw in the wind: fifty percent of those questioned said they wanted Sunday movies. That represented a rise of six percent in just ten years.

Meanwhile Canadians continue to break the laws regulating Sunday so widely and persistently that if all the offenders on any given Sunday were taken to court the resulting jam wouldn't be cleared for weeks. A Vancouver judge, R. A. Sargent, once commented that if the Lord's Day Act were strictly enforced it would close down Vancouver "so tight that life would be unbearable." Occasionally a crack in the law would be challenged by the alert Lord's Day Alliance, as when in 1925 Manitoba passed an act making Sunday excursions legal. The Alliance challenged the province's right to do so, but lost its case in an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

In Victoria during the past winter there have been Sunday afternoon symphony concerts. But probably the most telling blows against blue Sunday were struck in Toronto. That city had long been regarded as the stronghold of the closed Sabbath in Ontario, Ontario as the stronghold of the blue Sabbath in Canada, and Canada the chief upholder of the closed Sunday in the English-speaking world. For several decades Ontario lived through its Sun-





## Hungry youngsters love "TIME OUT WITH WESTON'S"

"Just how much can a growing youngster eat?" Amazed mothers have never quite answered this question—but they do know that youngsters love to dig into a box of Weston's Golden Brown Sodas at lunchtime and other "Time Out" times. You can't blame them. For these crisp, oven-fresh sodas taste delicious. They're chock-full of wholesome ingredients like shortening, milk, honey and salt—and evenly baked in shiny ovens

to the golden brown crispness that kids love. Good treats indeed—but not the only ones that Weston's bake for your family's enjoyment. There is the famous Weston's bread with its fresh toastable texture. And if you like cake, you'll love the light fluffy Weston's variety.

For mealtimes and other "Time Out" times invite this wholesome family into your home. Look for Weston's when you shop.



ALWAYS BUY THE BEST - BUY

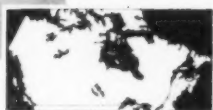
**Weston's**  
BISCUITS BREAD CAKES CANDIES



On radio—"Time Out With Weston's"—  
three 15 minute shows weekly for daytime relaxation.  
See your newspaper for time and station.



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Distance  
costs  
less  
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... use  
it  
often**



\* For instance, do you know it costs only \$3.05 to phone from Montreal to Vancouver? Most people think it costs twice that amount. Use long distance often. It's quick, private and inexpensive. In fact... *It's the next best thing to being there!*

**Look at these typical low rates.**

Regina to Toronto... \$2.20  
Halifax to Winnipeg... \$2.50  
Saint John to Edmonton \$3.00  
Vancouver to Saskatoon \$1.75

Above rates in effect from 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m.  
station to station daily and all day Sunday.



# Trans-Canada Telephone SYSTEM

*"The Trans-Canada Telephone System from Halifax to Victoria is an achievement of no mean significance."  
Governor General Lord Bessborough—January 25th, 1932.*

## "Law or no law, Quebec and Ontario did not have a common standard on Sunday"

days not only under the Lord's Day Act but under an old British law of 1781, plus an Upper Canada provincial Sunday law of 1859. The latter prohibited "skittles" on Sundays, among other provisions, and was invoked some years ago to prosecute nine Sunday billiard players; it was employed, too, to halt an international bowling tournament between Toronto and Buffalo clubs when the final games ran thirty minutes past midnight on a Saturday night and police stepped in, arousing purple wrath in the Buffalo visitors.

The change in Ontario's attitude first became apparent in 1943 when York Township police chief Robert Alexander invoked the Sunday law of 1859 and charged three market gardeners and about thirty of their employees with working on Sunday. There was an immediate public outcry so strong that the charges were dropped and an order-in-council was secured by the Ontario government making it mandatory to get the permission of the provincial attorney-general before starting further such prosecutions. When the war was over Ontario had the 1859 Act repealed, along with the inherited British Sunday law of 1781. In that same year, following a widely publicized "outbreak" of Sunday activity at several Ontario summer resorts, the provincial attorney-general, the Hon. Dana Porter, announced that he would no longer give permission to prosecute "souvenir stands, ice-cream booths, hot-dog and refreshment stands, sale of cigarettes, cigars and tobacco, rental of boats, canoes, horses, bicycles, rides in airplanes, Sunday excursions," grocery and butcher shops at summer resorts and farmers who sell their own produce at the side of the road on Sunday. While in practice the attorneys-general of many provinces try to avoid prosecution for minor offenses, Ontario is the only province that has made public a list of activities exempt from the Act in a formal acknowledgment of what custom has long secured.

Porter, in using his discretion as to what Sunday activities will or will not be prosecuted, is using a provision deliberately written into the Lord's Day Act when it was debated in the federal parliament in the spring and summer of 1906. Opponents of the Lord's Day Bill introduced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government based much of their argument on the fact that the Dominion was interfering in what was, after all, a provincial matter. The French Canadian nationalist, Henri Bourassa, led the assault on the bill and clashed many times with Laurier on its terms.

When the smoke cleared the government recognized the fact that law or no law, as far as Sunday observance was concerned, Quebec and Ontario did not have a common standard and were unlikely to accept one. So the responsibility for enforcement of the law was left in the hands of the provincial attorneys-general, and in practice in the hands of local police forces. What it has meant is that, generally speaking, a municipality gets the kind of Sunday it wants.

The federal government, moreover, made a further loophole in the Lord's Day Act. It provided that the federal statute did not affect provincial laws "now or hereafter in force," a loophole so wide that it seems to mean that the provinces can have just about any kind of Sunday they want.

It was under this loophole that the

province of Quebec took immediate action—action that caused much of the rest of Canada to maintain, in wrath or envy, that Quebec has always managed to maintain a "wide-open" Sunday. What Quebec did was to pass a Lord's Day Act of its own and to proclaim it one day before the proclamation date of the federal act which, passed in 1906, came into force March 1, 1907. The provincial law protects "all such liberties as are recognized by the customs of this province." Under this statute Sunday sport and Sunday movies have long been allowed in Quebec.

On the other hand, Quebec is the largest invoker of those provisions of the federal law dealing with labor abuses on Sunday. In 1950 (the most recent year for which full figures are available), of 2,072 Lord's Day Act prosecutions for Sunday labor in Canada, no fewer than 1,886 were in Quebec.

The aspects of the law that Quebec dodged by its own legislation were only dealt with by Ontario forty-three years after its sister province. In 1950 Ontario's government used the wide-open loophole to act upon plebiscites in Toronto and Windsor which favored Sunday sports. The result was the Lord's Day (Ontario) Act which authorizes municipal authorities in communities which vote in favor of Sunday sport to authorize designated sports (but not horse-racing) between 1.30 and 6 p.m. Sundays.

### Some Big Cities Voted "Nay"

Allan Lamport, former mayor of Toronto and now vice-chairman of the Toronto Transit Commission, is generally credited with breaking the "Toronto Sunday." Undoubtedly Lamport took his political life into his own hands when he dared make an open issue of Sunday sport—to find, somewhat to the city's own surprise, that Toronto was heartily in favor of it. But Lamport himself claims only that he recognized the fact that Toronto's attitude towards Sunday had long been "growing up," as he put it, and was now ready for a more liberal Sunday.

Under the Ontario "Sunday Sports" law, sixty-nine municipalities have held plebiscites, with forty-two favoring sports and twenty-seven turning it down. But the Lord's Day Alliance, still the robust enemy of those who nibble at the Lord's Day Act, denies these figures indicate the true strength of open-Sunday advocates. For of the total votes cast in plebiscites 254,870 have opposed Sunday sport, compared with 223,055 favoring it. These figures reflect the fact that some large cities, including Hamilton and Ottawa, voted "nay."

In spite of the number of voters favoring its stand, the Lord's Day Alliance has lost the majority of battles in Ontario over Sunday sport. But it has not yet conceded the war. It continues to claim that the Ontario Act is unconstitutional, as it did when Manitoba passed its Sunday excursions bill in 1925. But unlike the Manitoba bill the Ontario act hasn't been challenged in the courts.

This recently caused a split between the Alliance and one of its staunchest supporters, the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the United Church of Canada. The Rev. J. R. Mutchmor, secretary of the Board of Evangelism





## ...*"PLUS*—the Safety and Comfort of this new kind of Tire !"

"In all my years as a car salesman, I've never seen any development give so much real blow-out protection as these new DUNLOP Tubeless Tires—and for comfort... you've got to ride on them to appreciate it! In my opinion the fact that they're standard equipment is one of the reasons why these '55 models are the safest, smoothest-riding cars ever built!"

The salesman knows what he is talking about. The plain truth is that the DUNLOP Tubeless Tire gives safety and blow-out protection away ahead of any previous type of tire! Compare these positive advantages of the DUNLOP Tubeless:

**NEW PUNCTURE PROTECTION.** If a nail or other sharp object is driven into the DUNLOP Tubeless, the tire doesn't go flat immediately. Instead the nail is held in place, forming a seal which usually lasts until you can reach tire service facilities.

**NEW BLOW-OUT PROTECTION.** Since the bonded inner liner, unlike a tube, cannot be pinched and blown as a result of sharp impact

against a stone, curb, etc., sudden blow-outs are eliminated. Even when the casing is damaged, air leaks s-l-o-w-l-y, and the driver can maintain full control of the car.

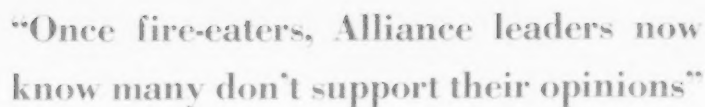
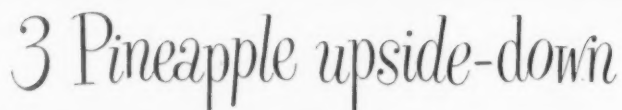
**EASIER STEERING.** Dunlop's exacting bead construction and tightness of fit to the rim provides maximum steering ease and greater tire stability in cornering.

**COOLER RUNNING.** Elimination of tire-tube friction, and the fact that a heat-dissipating metal rim forms 30% of the air chamber, reduces heat build-up, a major cause of tire failure.

**MORE MILEAGE.**—The likelihood of deflation damage is much reduced in the DUNLOP Tubeless; the many troublesome failures connected with tubes are eliminated; and the bonded inner rubber liner holds air better than a conventional tube. All of which adds up to more mileage—better operating conditions—fewer delays—less inconvenience—happier motoring—safer driving with DUNLOP Tubeless Tires.

# DUNLOP **TUBELESS** TIRES

The extra quality — extra life of the DUNLOP Tubeless is backed by an 18 month guarantee against all road hazards



There are provincial boards in all provinces except Quebec and Newfoundland. In Quebec the Alliance co-operates with a small French Canadian group whose objectives are similar to its own, *La Ligue du Dimanche* (The

McGrath is a strong contrast to some of the early fire-eating general secretaries of the Alliance. At fifty-seven he is a persuasive, intense but cautious man, dedicated to his work, yet aware that many Canadians do not share the strong opinions he holds. Slightly stout and young looking for a grandfather, he is a neat, precise man who practices what he preaches—though he is not as strict a Sabbatarian as that earlier hero of the Alliance, the Rev. Mr. MacKenzie. A Baptist minister who served churches in Ottawa and St. Thomas, Ont., before becoming general secretary of the Alliance, he preaches about





Alliance work each Sunday and spends his hours after church reading or playing the violin. At his summer cottage he doesn't object to a swim on a hot Sunday afternoon, and will travel on Sunday if it's essential.

McGrath represents an organization with a genius for stirring passions in ordinarily mild Canadians. In 1907, following the passing of the Lord's Day Act, a Rational Sunday League was formed in Toronto. The League branded the Lord's Day Act "tyrannical and sectarian legislation" and called for Sunday newspapers, the sale of tobacco and cigars, Sunday concerts and Sunday openings of the museums and art galleries. But the League proved far less durable than the Alliance and died within two years.

The Rational Sunday League marked the beginning of the controversy that has swirled around the Alliance for fifty years, an angry sea in which it stands immutable. In 1948 it drew the wrath of the Vancouver Sun by stopping a Sunday concert to raise money to provide a Christmas party for veterans at Shaughnessy Hospital. "The Lord's Day Alliance," said the Sun in an editorial, "which by law is able to inflict a legal but outmoded Sabbath on a long-suffering public, has put its foot down once again in a most inappropriate place."

In 1953 the Alliance claimed that the city of Toronto had acted in a manner "injurious and a danger to Sunday privileges" by declaring Nov. 29 to Dec. 6—a period that included two Sundays—as Jerusalem Week to aid in the sale of State of Israel Bonds. The sale, or offer for sale, of bonds on Sunday was against the Lord's Day Act, the Alliance said. Mayor Allan Lamport, a Protestant, exploded. "Picayune and shameful," he said. Controller David Balfour, a Roman Catholic, agreed: "People who write letters like that must be a bunch of bigots."

In a radio debate on the Lord's Day Act in Vancouver on Nov. 12, 1954, James J. Sutherland, a Vancouver lawyer, said, "I firmly believe that the Lord's Day Alliance is composed of high-minded men and women . . . And one thing that should be brought home to these high-minded men and women is that one of the freedoms we obtained over the centuries with blood and sweat was the privilege of going to hell in ways of our own choosing."

The Very Rev. Northcote Burke, Dean of the Anglican Cathedral in Vancouver, who is completely in sympathy with the objectives of the Alliance and thinks the Lord's Day Act is a good law, still finds that the methods employed by some of the clergy are not to his taste. "The clergy get on every band-wagon to stop people doing things," he says. "The right way to get people to observe Sunday is not by legislation but by teaching."

While it seeks prosecution when it feels it must, the Alliance goes on trying to put its point of view across in less spectacular ways. Alliance secretaries preach regularly in the churches, sometimes covering as many as three or four on a Sunday. The secretaries also provide information and guidance on the law to business, ministers and individuals, as well as outlining to anyone who will listen the manner in which they feel Sunday should be observed.

"The problems and difficulties of our work are on the increase," General Secretary McGrath admits. "The impact of two world wars on thinking and customs, the influence of the United States, the influx of many Europeans familiar with the continental Sunday, the force of a secular attitude toward life—with all that our work is more imperative." ★

# Quick'n Easy Salmon Sandwiches

taste wonderful any time!



The best Salmon Sandwiches  
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# CLOVER LEAF



Fancy Red Sockeye

Most popular  
Canned Salmon  
of them all!

Clover Leaf invites you to enjoy  
"Meet Corliss Archer" on TV each week.  
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Detergent Hands  
are hurt hands...



## help heal them with NOXZEMA

The medicated cream that softens and soothes your hands in seconds!



**Gives you smoother, whiter,  
lovelier-looking hands in 24 hours!**

Red, rough hands . . . chapped hands . . . detergent hands— all need far more than just a perfumed cream or lotion. For skin that is de-fatted and dried out—particularly by detergents—is actually irritated, injured skin. That's why you need the healing, soothing *medication* you get in Noxzema.

Five special medicinal ingredients give Noxzema the outstandingly quick action it's famous for. Just smooth Noxzema on your hands—you can feel the relief almost instantly. And you can see the difference practically overnight. Your hands look smoother, whiter . . . tiny cuts and cracks heal fast . . . the natural loveliness of your skin is restored.

Don't let harsh detergents wash *your* hand beauty down the drain. Use Noxzema every time you put your hands in water!

**Noxzema is wonderful for a host of  
other winter skin problems, too.**

**Snowburn, Windburn.** Noxzema is a special favorite with sports enthusiasts. It helps keep skin soft, smooth, comfortable. It's *greaseless*, doesn't stain.

**Children's Chapped Skin.** No need to worry about the effects of cold and snow on small fry's tender skin. Noxzema helps heal cracked, sore skin *fast*.

**Chapped Lips.** Even he-men suffer from icy winds and snow. Your man will be grateful for the quick comfort Noxzema brings to dry, chapped lips.

**Get Noxzema today.  
\$1.25 at any drug or  
cosmetic counter.**





## The Busiest Business Woman in B. C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

English Natalie) they find her dictating to a tape recorder, riffling through a card index and trying to arrange flowers on her desk—all at the same time. Interviews are interrupted by the incessant ringing of three telephones and the voice of an assistant reminding her of a bewildering variety of business.

These tumultuous goings-on provoke puzzlement or merriment in almost everyone except Natasha, who works best in a constant hubbub. Diane McGougan, a Vancouver housewife who was once her assistant, says: "The first time I walked into her office I started laughing, and I don't believe I stopped." Natasha's third husband, Philip Bartlett, thinks the business is "wildly funny."

Yet business is so brisk that Natasha herself is convinced Universal Personal Services will eventually make her a million dollars. Last fall she installed two extra assistants in a Calgary branch. She is talking of branches in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal. She envisions a firm that will one day girdle the earth and eclipse companies like Cook's Tours and American Express. Talking like Greta Garbo in 'Tovarich', in the sepulchral tone she employs when pondering boundless horizons, Natasha says: "The day will come when the initials UPS will be as familiar as the initials CPR."

### No Job Too Big or Small

UPS admittedly has a long way to go, but it has also come a long way since Natasha launched the firm nine years ago. After the last war she was living in a boardinghouse in Vancouver's old-fashioned West End, a socially prominent widow of an ex-army major George Bury, son of Sir George Bury, a CPR executive. She had two grown sons, but she still played tennis to keep busy. She had been widowed more than a year and her funds were getting low.

Her only serious venture as an independent business woman up to that time had been in a Calgary restaurant that failed. But she decided to try the business world again, although she wasn't sure what the business would be. To start with, however, she rented a corner in an office leased by a group of friends, returned army officers who intended going into the import trade.

"What do you plan to do, Natasha?" they asked, when she rented the space.

"I don't know yet," she replied truthfully. "Give me time."

For a few days she sat at her desk, trying to think while the officers industriously hammered a partition for her office. Then she had a thought: she would do anything anyone needed done. She drew a rough globe—her trade mark—and decided on a slogan—"Anything: Anywhere: Anytime." She named her firm Universal Personal Services Limited, inserted advertisements in the Vancouver Province and Vancouver Sun and waited hopefully for something to happen.

It did—almost immediately. Her first client—a woman—asked by telephone if Natasha would get her some nylon stockings. That was 1946 when nylons were about as plentiful as sweaters woven from spaghetti. She wondered if the call were merely a gag by friends, but her advertisements had said "Leave it to us" so she felt obliged to go ahead. She contacted a friend

## Sore aching muscles

from weekend workout?

Here's quick relief!

When unaccustomed exertion makes every muscle cry for help, reach for Absorbine Jr. and rub it on.

So effectively does this famous treatment warm and soothe—you'll say it's "like a heat lamp in a bottle."

A stand-by for trainers of top athletes for 60 years, Absorbine Jr. gives safe, fast, long-lasting relief from pain at the point of application.

So let Absorbine Jr. soothe away that muscle pain.

Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today—wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Montreal 19, P.Q.

## ABSORBINE JR.



DRESS UP YOUR GARDEN with Pansies

McDONALD'S ROYAL EXHIBITION MIXED:

This choice selection produces prize-winning blooms; consistent winners at leading Canadian and British flower shows. Giant size, perfect formation and rich colour bring a bonus in beauty to any garden.

1/16 oz.—\$1.60—Pkt.—75¢ Prepaid

Carefully selected flowers and vegetables—specially developed strains that grow best in Canadian Soil—are the secret of a truly attractive garden. To grow the finest, plant the finest... seeds, bulbs and roses from McDonald's. McDonald's 1955 catalogue, filled with full colour illustrations and directions on garden and lawn care, can help you plan your garden.

Send for your free copy.

Kenneth McDonald & Sons, Ltd.

32-34 Market Square, Ottawa, Canada



in the clothing business, wheedled two dozen pairs of nylons and sent them to her client.

Other nylon orders followed and more and more people became aware of UPS by the time hosiery was easier to get. Even so Natasha wasn't prepared for her first assignment outside of the small errands she had been doing. A construction man in rural B. C. had seen her advertisements and wrote that he wanted parts for an old bulldozer. He sent specifications. Natasha found a friend who was familiar with old bulldozers, then located the needed parts and sent them to her client.

One day a letter arrived from a woman in the Cariboo district. She was sending a trunk she had brought around Cape Horn in the Eighties. Natasha was instructed to sell the contents. When the trunk arrived she found it filled with crinolines, flannel nightshirts, bedsocks, velvet smoking jackets, button boots, whalebone stays, Nottingham lace curtains and a sabre.

Natasha sold the articles to theatrical costumers for one hundred and sixty dollars and mailed her client a cheque for one hundred and forty-four (her fee for such services is ten percent of the cost of the goods).

At this point another elderly woman telephoned and asked for a companion to travel with her to Toronto. Natasha decided to go herself. Her desk was piled with orders for personal services, so she decided to hire an assistant. Diane McGougan applied for the job and got it. When she arrived for work on her first day she found her boss seated behind a mass of UPS correspondence, which she promptly turned over to her assistant.

"What am I supposed to do with it?" Diane McGougan asked.

"My dear, just do as I do," exclaimed Natasha. "Do your best."

To the new assistant some of the UPS orders seemed strange, but she soon found in the files how to locate a fourth for bridge, make plane reservations at the last moment and find a customer for a man who invented a different toothbrush holder—just a few of the requests by UPS clients.

When Natasha returned to Vancouver she found her landlords—the officers in the import business—in a panic. They had imported several thousand dollars worth of bulbs from Holland, but these had arrived too late. Florists were stocked up for the autumn sales. The bulbs were in danger of rotting on the docks.

Natasha got on the telephone to friends—many of them prominent in Vancouver business and society. She sold bulbs by the hundreds. One of her customers was Clarence Wallace, a shipbuilder and the Lieutenant-Governor of B. C. He took a large order, distributed bulbs to friends and had others planted in provincial government grounds.

The officers salvaged most of the money they had tied up in bulbs, but soon after that they sold their business. Natasha, whose own business demise they had freely predicted, bade them good-bye and moved into new quarters of her own.

Since that time—eight years ago—Natasha has had few idle moments in business and little time for the social activities that once occupied most of her interest. Instead she is constantly busy finding jobs for people and people for jobs (she claims she does not operate an employment agency but renders a personal service to the people concerned); buying and selling goods on request; dealing in real estate for her clients—but most of all doing the things the average person can't do

classic  
as  
the

little  
black  
dress



Tweed . . . the one fragrance  
above all others . . . to wear  
anytime, anywhere.

Tweed Perfume from 2 25 to 74 50

Tweed Cream Sachet Perfume 2 00

3 oz. Bouquet Tweed 1 50

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The best choice in adding machines—  
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG!



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**BURROUGHS DIRECTOR 200**

The new Burroughs TEN KEY offers quick-action keyboard and cushion-quiet operation in a sturdy, compact adding machine. Where work calls for full-keyboard adding and subtracting, there's the Burroughs Director 200 with the famous shortcut keyboard. Your Burroughs dealer or branch has them both. Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited, Windsor.



## I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



**No. 8:  
Memory Training**

himself because he lacks the proper connections.

This knack of knowing the right people was illustrated early in Natasha's do-everything career when an austere-looking man came to her office and announced in a precise English voice that he was an English butler looking for a suitable position. He had heard—ahem—that there were gentlemen of substance in Vancouver, a circumstance—ahem—now unfortunately rare in England, and would madame be so kind as to place him in touch with such a family, at the customary—ahem—fee. Natasha placed him at once.

The day after he got the job another friend phoned. She wanted an English butler too. Through the first butler Natasha got in touch with another in England who agreed to risk life and limb in the Far West. After that Natasha did a regular business in butlers.

Once Natasha suggested to a butler that he take his wife into a home with him as a "domestic couple." He replied that he would sooner dig ditches than work with his wife. Eventually, Natasha found him a job digging ditches.

In addition she found a Scottish housekeeper for a lumber executive and started a minor fad in Vancouver for Scottish housekeepers. When a family in Mexico decided to send their children to boarding schools in Vancouver Natasha found a companion to travel to and fro with the children. For a family that was fed up with a procession of unsatisfactory maids she found a young Yugoslav man who cooks, irons, looks after the children and drives the car. She has provided several wealthy bachelors with Japanese houseboys and a few wealthy dog owners with elderly men who take the dogs for walks.

About half of UPS's business consists of matching employees to employers. Companies like ALCAN, the Royal Bank of Canada, and Admiral Television sometimes ask Natasha for

office personnel. Restaurants like The Steer come to her for cooks and waitresses. In summer she sends hostesses, lifeguards and ski instructors to resorts as far east as the Laurentians.

People seeking work pay Natasha five dollars registration for a period of six months. On top of this they pay ten percent of their first month's wages. Employers of domestic servants register for six months for a flat twenty-five dollars.

Large employers pay twenty-five dollars for each worker they engage through UPS. UPS makes an average of forty dollars every time it places a worker. Since UPS was launched Natasha claims to have found work for five thousand European immigrants. Many appear to be grateful—every day flowers arrive from one or another.

### A Butler from the Navy

Private employment agencies are illegal in B. C. and two years ago Natasha was called by the Provincial Department of Labor to prove that she wasn't running one.

"I am not an employment agency," she said. "People pay me for doing them a personal service. It is true that in many cases that service consists of finding them a job. But I go about this in quite a different way from the Dominion Employment Bureau. I interview each personally and from my knowledge of their character and background fit them into positions offered by employers who have learned to rely on my judgment."

She quoted as an example the case of an English immigrant, a retired Royal Navy commander. Since coming to Canada he'd been unable to find work. He told Natasha that he thought he could handle the duties of a butler. "But," said Natasha, "I knew he would be unhappy. Eventually I got him a job as mate on a tugboat. He was delighted."

The provincial government permit-



ted UPS to continue finding people jobs.

Recently a Vancouver stenographer who had been reading a travel book said she wanted to work in South Africa to learn about the country. Through a friend in South Africa Natasha got several leads. She eventually turned up an employer who had played host during the war to Canadian servicemen and been impressed by their character. Letters and references were exchanged and finally the girl sailed for a job in Cape Town:

By similar methods Natasha has found jobs for clients in Europe, Honolulu, Australia and the Belgian Congo.

Natasha has helped several girls improve their position. Not long ago a waitress said to her: "I've been left a legacy of three hundred and fifty dollars and I want to make it do something for me. What do you suggest?" Natasha helped her spend the money on a wardrobe, then got her a job in a department store. Within six months the girl was a department head. "All I did was make her look as superior as she was," said Natasha.

UPS has also carried Natasha into social welfare. One woman complained that her husband was "running around." Natasha gave her advice about her hair, her clothes, her make-up. The woman's appearance soon improved. The husband must have approved because he stopped running around.

Although UPS is flourishing Natasha frankly admits she has little patience with business detail. Several times when things were busy she has called friends to come down and help out.

John Gray, an insurance underwriter and friend of the family, says with a grin: "Once I popped into UPS to pay a social call. Natasha took one look at me and ordered me to answer a phone. I got involved in a most tangled bit of business about somebody wanting a governess."

Once Natasha asked Gray to deposit some money for her at the bank. He picked up a number of bills and cheques from a basket she indicated. "How much is there here?" he asked. "I don't know," said Natasha. "Let the bank count it. It's their job."

Sometimes Natasha will have her husband and three or four friends in the office late at night helping her to get her books up to date. Then she sends out for Chinese food and gives them dinner on her desk.

Although she's apt to be lax about business routine Natasha is meticulous about the way she looks after clients. One of her peeves is the woman who, after losing a servant, complains that she treated the girl like "one of the family."

Says Natasha: "What impertinence to assume that any servant wishes to be a member of your family! Domestic servants need kindness, firmness, a fair wage, regular hours, fixed days off, and most of all privacy. Making them one of the family is a stupid mistake." ★

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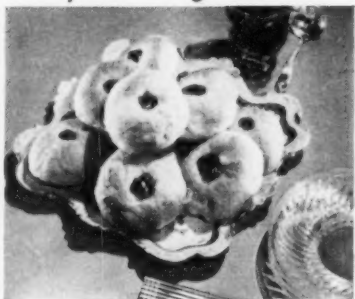
2. Apricot Figure 8



3. Fruit Coil



4. Sugared Jelly Buns



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### Basic COFFEE CAKE Dough

#### Scald

2 cups milk

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk and

4 well-beaten eggs

1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift together twice

7 cups once-sifted bread flour

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1 tablespoon salt

Stir about 4 cups into the yeast mixture; beat until smooth and elastic.

Work in remaining dry ingredients and 2 1/2 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

#### 1. CINNAMON SQUARE

Combine 1/2 cup granulated sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon; sprinkle on board. Place one portion of dough on sugar mixture and roll into a 12-inch square; fold dough from back to front, then from left to right; repeat this rolling and folding twice, using a little flour on the board, if necessary; seal edges. Place in greased 8-inch square pan; press out to edges. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Cream 2 tbsps. butter or margarine, 1/2 cup granulated sugar and 1/2 tsp. cinnamon; mix in 1/4 cup broken walnuts and 1 tsp. milk. Spread over risen dough. Bake at 350°, 30 to 35 mins.

#### 2. APRICOT FIGURE EIGHT

Combine 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. flour, 1/4 tsp. mace and 1/2 cup finely-chopped nuts. Roll out one portion of dough into a rectangle about 22 by 6 inches. Spread with 2 tbsps. soft butter or margarine; sprinkle with nut mixture. Fold dough lengthwise into 3 layers. Twist dough from end to end; form into figure 8 on greased pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, about 30 mins. Fill crevices of hot figure 8 with thick apricot jam; spread other surfaces with white icing; sprinkle with nuts.

#### 3. FRUIT COIL

Knead into one portion of dough, 2 tbsps. grated orange rind, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/4 cup chopped nuts and 1/4 cup well-drained cut-up red and green maraschino cherries. Roll out dough, using the hands, into a rope about 30 inches long. Beginning in the centre of a greased deep 8-inch round pan, swirl rope loosely around and around to edge of pan. Brush with 2 tbsps. melted butter or margarine; sprinkle with mixture of 1/4 cup granulated sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, 35 to 40 mins.

#### 4. SUGARED JELLY BUNS

Cut one portion of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball; roll in melted butter or margarine, then in granulated sugar. Place, well apart, on greased pan; flatten slightly. Cover and let rise until doubled. Form an indentation in the top of each bun by twisting the handle of a knife in the top; fill with jelly. Cover and let rise 15 mins. longer. Bake at 350°, 15 to 18 mins.

## Hal Banks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

29-year-old SIU member, claims that Banks "has only substituted his own dictatorship for a Communist one."

Droeger is perhaps the most troublesome of all Banks' foes. In 1952 he began asking aloud a lot of embarrassing questions about the SIU. He charged there were no regular meetings, no constitution, no strict accounting for expenditures, no election of officers, no fair trial before a member was put on the DNS list and expelled. Droeger was tagged as "an agitator" and put on the DNS list himself. When he persisted in protesting his expulsion to Banks personally, he was ejected from the union hall. Droeger thereupon haled Banks into the District of Montreal Superior Court and Justice Frederick Collins ordered Droeger reinstated.

In spite of the court order Banks insists that he has used the DNS list only to "get rid of Commies, perverts, thieves and winos." He claims it made possible the SIU win over the Communist-led Canadian Seamen's Union in 1949.

Droeger is not the only man on the waterfront who holds sharp opinions about Banks. Captain Herbert McMaster, who heads the rival United Mine Workers Mariners' Division, has his walls plastered with posters describing Banks as "a foreign anti-labor vulture" and "a money-hungry racketeer."

But Banks has some solid achievement to show for his stay in Canada. When the SIU headquarters in San Francisco handed the Canadian District over to him in 1949, the district was dying on its feet. It had only seven hundred members and fifteen thousand dollars in debts. The powerful CSU dominated Canadian shipping.

Under Banks' leadership SIU membership in Canada has climbed from seven hundred to nine thousand and the hopelessly mismanaged CSU has been wiped out. Present assets of the SIU total \$750,000, with an estimated \$500,000 rolling into the union coffers each year.

A good deal of additional criticism of Banks centres on his standard of living. He drives a new Cadillac and lives in the fashionable Montreal suburb of Pointe Claire. Banks claims he manages all this on his \$12,000 salary. "I spend every cent of it," he says.

And he points out that if he lives with a measure of style, so does his union. The SIU in Vancouver used to meet in a dingy walk-up room so ill-equipped that members had to use a washroom in a Chinese laundry four doors up the street. Banks changed all that. Most ports today have SIU halls that are comfortable and some are almost luxurious. The Montreal hall on St. James Street West is his prize exhibit. There a sailor just off a boat can shave, take a shower, shine his shoes, get a haircut and wash and press his clothes.

"Remember," says Banks, "when these fellows blow into town the lieutenant-governor doesn't invite them over. It's our job to make them comfortable."

Most Canadian seamen are comfortable but, Banks' foes point out austere, there aren't nearly so many of them as there used to be. When he arrived in Canada in 1949 the country

had more than a hundred ocean-going vessels; soaring costs have now forced all but a dozen shipowners to transfer their vessels to United Kingdom registry. But Jack Fisher, secretary of the Canadian Shipowners' Association, says that blaming Banks' persistent demand for higher pay for his sailors for the demise of the deep-sea fleet is an oversimplification.

Banks claims he does not find criticism altogether distasteful. "I'm no first-trip mess boy," he says. "All publicity is good—even the bad stuff. My name's in the paper any number of times. The membership laps it up. They figure I'm a going concern."

The nerve centre of the SIU is Banks' office on the third floor of the Montreal union hall. It's about twenty-five feet square, contains wall-to-wall beige broadloom and is liberally scattered with chrome-and-leather furniture. Banks sits behind a sixteen-foot circular Hollywood-style executive desk. "Only costs \$90," he insists, "it's made of plywood." A battery of phones and push buttons enables him to keep in touch with key personnel in his offices or at the waterfront. His three telephone-equipped union patrol cars are required to check with the office every hour.

### His Henchmen Sat and Waited

Recently, I spent a few days watching Banks at work. He's a friendly man with a broad face and gravelly voice, six feet tall and two hundred pounds. His right hand is laced with scars, the result of a knife fight with a drug-crazed Filipino seaman. A permanent lump adorns the side of his forehead, memento of a bloody fracas on the Pacific coast. He has a bullet crease on his right hip, acquired in April 1949, while driving along the Montreal waterfront in a union Buick. He was caught in a cross fire of revolver shots. This was when the SIU was locked in a life-and-death struggle with the CSU.

"I knew you were writing a story about me as soon as you did yourself," Banks told me proudly. He listed the people I had interviewed in Montreal and the questions I had asked them. "I've got ways of getting information," he said. We were seldom alone. As a rule, at least one of his henchmen—R. J. (Red) McLaughlin, Paul Gagne, Mike Sheehan or John Boyz-cum—sat quietly at the back of the room as we talked.

Banks gets up at six in the morning and hurries to his office. He contends that he has to because running a sailors' union is tougher than any other branch of labor work. "Our men are at sea most of the time. They're away from home, alone. They've got to feel that somebody loves them and is looking after them. That's where we come in."

When the seamen are ashore probably half the jobs that Banks and his aides do for them have nothing to do with their working conditions. A landlord has locked a sailor out of his room and won't give him his radio and clothes. ("I phone and explain that the reason he raised hell the night before was that he's been at sea for two months and can't hold his beer. I ask him to give the boy his stuff back and he'll leave quietly.") A sailor's wife runs away with another man and he wants to know what he can do about it. ("We can put him

"I'm no first-trip mess boy," said Banks.

"I'm in the papers. I'm a going concern."



in touch with a good lawyer.")

But attending to sailors' complaints is the union's principal job. Working conditions for seamen have improved tremendously in the past fifteen years. Under the terms of a typical lakes shipping agreement, sailors receive anywhere from \$186 a month (for a porter) to \$290 (for a cook). This is for a five-day, forty-hour working week. They are now entitled to two weeks vacation with pay, statutory holidays, extra pay for overtime and for handling such cargoes as dynamite and raw manure. The shipowner must provide seamen with comfortable bunks, clean sheets and pillow slips, dishes made of crockery or plastic, and the same quality of food as is served to the officers.

The most frequent cause of conflict is overtime pay. "Some stewards are poor organizers and can't get their work done without overtime," says Banks. "Shipowners raise hell at extra labor costs so the stewards may try to chisel our men. At nine o'clock at night, for example, a steward may suddenly remember that he's forgotten to have the next day's supply of meat removed from the freezer. So he has to put a man to work at overtime for a few hours. It'll look bad for him on paper with the head office, so he doesn't put it down, hoping the sailor will forget. The sailor doesn't forget and that's where the trouble begins."

The fact that most people who deal with him either admire or hate Hal Banks makes it difficult to piece together an objective account of his career. Banks himself says he was born in Waterloo, Iowa, in 1910. At nineteen, lack of funds forced him to quit studying engineering at the University of California and go to sea. He says that about 1930 he became interested in waterfront unionism through a meeting with Harry Lundeborg, now president of the SIU. "I was Lundeborg's trouble shooter working out of San Francisco," Banks says. "I was doing fine. I didn't want to come to Canada when I was called in 1949. But there was a job to do."

Chaos on the Canadian waterfront paved the way for Banks' entry into Canada. Within twelve months the Communist-led CSU had called sixty-six strikes and work stoppages, most of them illegal. By 1949, both the shipowners and the Trades and Labor Congress (which had expelled the CSU for its unabashed Communist policies) decided that the waterfront situation had become critical and the time had come to act.

Acting jointly, the two groups decided that the SIU should be the successor to the CSU. There were then only seven hundred SIU members in Canada but they were backed by a strong U. S. organization with a membership of seventy thousand.

Banks moved in on his job fast and hard. A period of open warfare between the CSU and the SIU ensued, marked by bloody noses, cracked skulls and gunshot wounds. "Practically everybody was a casualty," Banks says now.

But SIU seamen gave as many blows as they received. Once the CSU hung up a huge photograph of Banks in its Montreal hall on Inspector Street so that members could easily spot him. Banks walked into the hall one night, ambled up to the picture and commented: "It's lousy. I'll send you a decent one." His surprised enemies watched him walk out unscathed.

He denounced most of the officials of his own union as "deadwood" and fired them. Within a few months—thanks to the careful groundwork laid by the SIU and the TLC—he won a hundred and fifty-seven CSU crews.

Between 1949 and 1951, Banks

and the shipowners had a honeymoon. There were no strikes or lock-outs. Ships sailed on time and were kept sailing. Negotiating a contract became a simple matter.

Banks claims he was able to supply reliable crews only by making use of the much criticized Do Not Ship list. "I found all kinds of guys that should never set foot on board a ship," he says. "There were Commie agitators, epileptics, sleepwalkers, perverts, drunks and thieves. The Commies would ship anybody in their CSU. They didn't mind drunks or crooks.

They preferred them. They're easy to control since nobody else will give them a job."

By 1951, many SIU members felt that the time had come for Hal Banks to go back home to San Francisco. He had been sent to Canada with unlimited powers to set the Canadian District on its feet. He had succeeded. But between 1949 and 1951 there had been no meetings, no election of officers, no constitution. After some urging, Banks held a Canadian District convention in Montreal in January 1951. It was attended by twenty-seven dele-

gates, all picked by Banks. In spite of this the delegates went on record as favoring an autonomous democratic Canadian SIU.

There was growing alarm at Banks' strong-arm methods. Members who criticized him were put on the DNS list after being labeled as "Reds" or being accused of disloyalty to the SIU. This happened to some of the oldest SIU members. Jimmy Todd had been a member of the original SIU executive and partially responsible for bringing Banks to Canada. In June 1952, Todd was surprised to find that he had been

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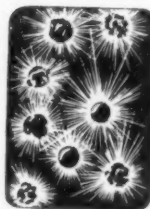
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fired and put on the DNS list for planning a protest strike among the crews of two ships. Todd denied the charge and when he called on Banks to demand an explanation, he was denied admittance. Two registered letters to Banks asking for a hearing before union members went unanswered.

Besides the placement of men unlawfully on the DNS list, Jimmy Todd's charges against Banks included failure to hold regular meetings; signing contracts with shipowners without a single union member present; firing dozens of union officials without just cause; failing to issue adequate financial statements. On October 3, 1952, two SIU international vice-presidents from New York, Paul Hall and Morris Weisberger, came to Montreal to hear the charges against Banks.

The "Todd Hearings" lasted for ten days and are recorded on a hundred and seventy-one mimeographed pages of foolscap. In many ways this is a remarkable document. Most of the time Todd was answering questions, making explanations and apologizing for minor errors in his charges. At no time, the record indicates, was any serious effort made to find out whether the charges against Banks were valid or not. Banks' role in the hearings appeared more that of an aggrieved bystander than that of the accused.

Within five minutes of the end of the hearing, international vice-president Paul Hall announced his decision to Todd: "You were wrong a hundred percent. It has been proven that Banks has handled your affairs in an honest manner... Banks was within the constitution and within the law of this union."

## Anti-Banks Propaganda

When John Droeger was tossed out of the SIU he joined forces for a time with Captain Herbert McMaster, head of the Mariners' Division of the United Mine Workers. "I hired Droeger as a labor disorganizer," McMaster says. "His job was to make life as miserable as possible for Banks."

Some of Droeger's activities have merely inconvenienced Banks but others have been fairly damaging to him. Once Droeger and Byron Ryan, who usually accompanied him on these escapades, chained and padlocked the doors of the SIU hall while a large meeting was in progress. Later one of the men had to go down a fire escape and remove the chains with a hack saw. Another Droeger trick was to sit on the banks of the Lachine Canal and toss bundles of sizzling anti-Banks propaganda aboard the ships that passed through.

Last April, on the day the Superior Court handed down a decision against Banks, Colin Gravenor, a Montreal public-relations man who for a time was associated with Banks, received a dozen beautiful red roses with the card, "Congratulations on the termination of our contract. Hal Banks." At about the same moment, Banks was opening a box of lilies and reading the black-bordered card that had accompanied it: "Deepest sympathy in your time of mourning. Colin Gravenor." Droeger says he sent both bouquets and charged them to the man whose name appeared as the sender.

Droeger has skilfully exploited

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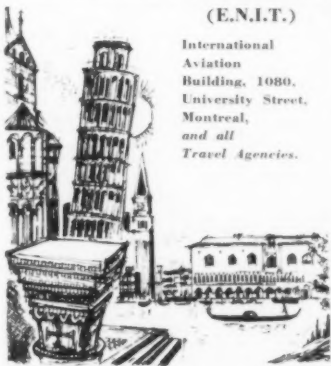
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Banks' mistakes. In October 1953, when the SS Cheticamp docked in Montreal, Banks put the entire crew on the DNS list on the flimsiest evidence. Droeger stepped in promptly and persuaded the men to picket the SIU hall with signs declaring that "An American Ex-Convict Drives Canadian Ships from the Sea." It was one of the few times in Canadian labor history that members of a union picketed their own premises.

Droeger's most successful action against Banks began in December 1953. It was all started by a brief and rather dull news item from Ottawa. Labor Minister Milton Gregg announced that Banks had been chosen as one of the Canadian delegates to an International Labor Organization conference in Geneva in February.

Droeger and his allies sprang into action. They showered Gregg with telegrams protesting the appointment of an "alien gangster" to represent Canadian workers abroad. Droeger obtained copies of Banks' criminal record and took them to Opposition Leader Drew. Drew checked the accuracy of the information and turned it over to Mrs. Ellen Fairclough (PC, Hamilton West) who heads her party's labor committee and W. M. Hamilton (PC, Notre Dame de Grâce, Montreal). Copies of Banks' record were also placed on the desks of the ministers of labor, justice, and citizenship and immigration.

Mrs. Fairclough fired the opening round in the House of Commons on February 22, 1954. Why would the Minister of Labor appoint a man as a delegate who had a criminal record both in the United States and Canada? The Opposition admitted that a mistake could have been made in December; that Banks' background was not known to the Government when the appointment was made. But by the time Banks left for Geneva in early February several government departments had full information about Banks' past.

The Geneva incident led to other questions. What was Banks doing in Canada in the first place? Immigration records show that Banks entered Canada in January 1949 as a non-immigrant. His period of stay was repeatedly extended in six-month periods by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration until May 8, 1952.

At that time, Banks made application to be "landed." This means that the immigrant fills out the proper forms and indicates his intention of becoming a citizen. If the application is accepted, he waits five years, then applies for citizenship papers.

The mystery emerging from all this is why Banks' application for landing was accepted. When Banks came to Canada the law said that no one convicted of a crime could be granted permanent status. Question 17 of Form 1000, which applicants for landing are required to fill out, reads, "Have you ever been convicted of a criminal offense?" Banks filled out Form 1000, yet the government didn't learn of his criminal record until about one year later. How could this have happened?

The explanation is that an error was made by the Queen's Printer in Ottawa. In the spring of 1952 the Department of Citizenship and Immigration's supply of Form 1000 was running out. A new batch was ordered from the Queen's Printer. Because of a typographical error question 17 was omitted from the new supply of Form 1000. By the time the department had discovered the error and had taken the faulty forms out of circulation three months had passed. Banks applied for landing during this period, using one of the faulty forms.

In spite of the noisy protests in

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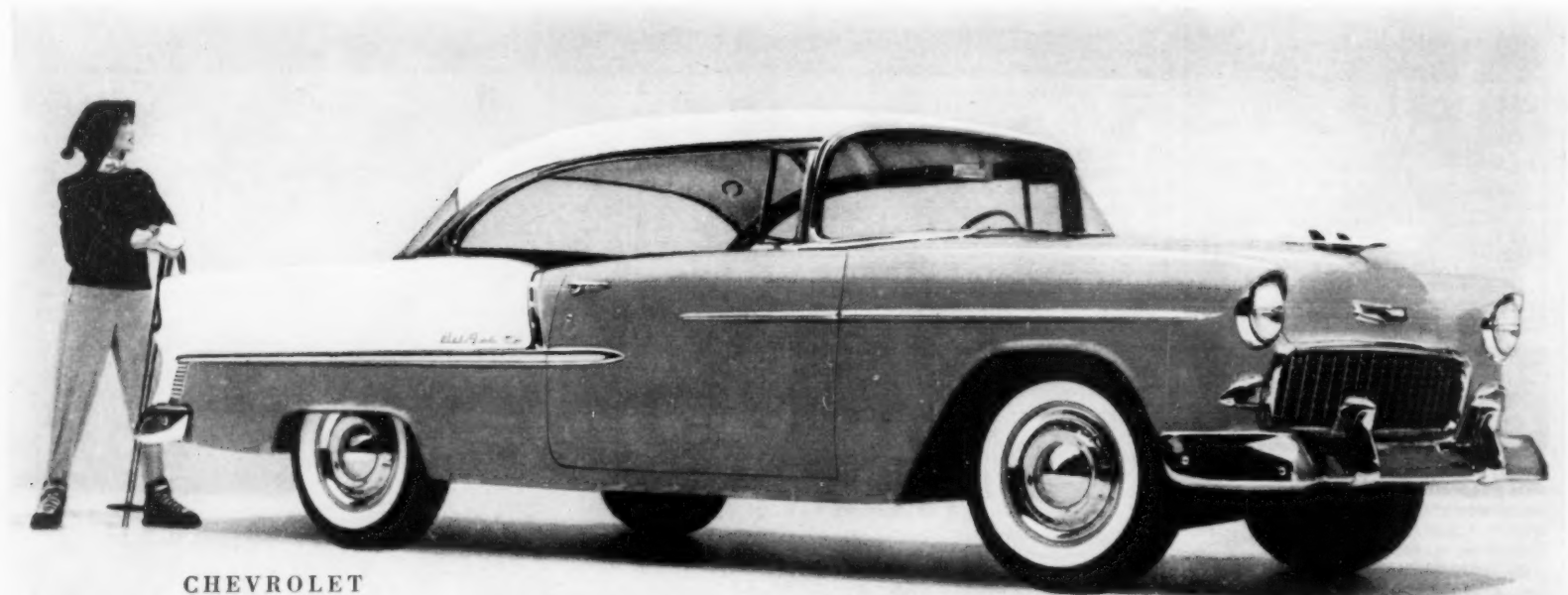
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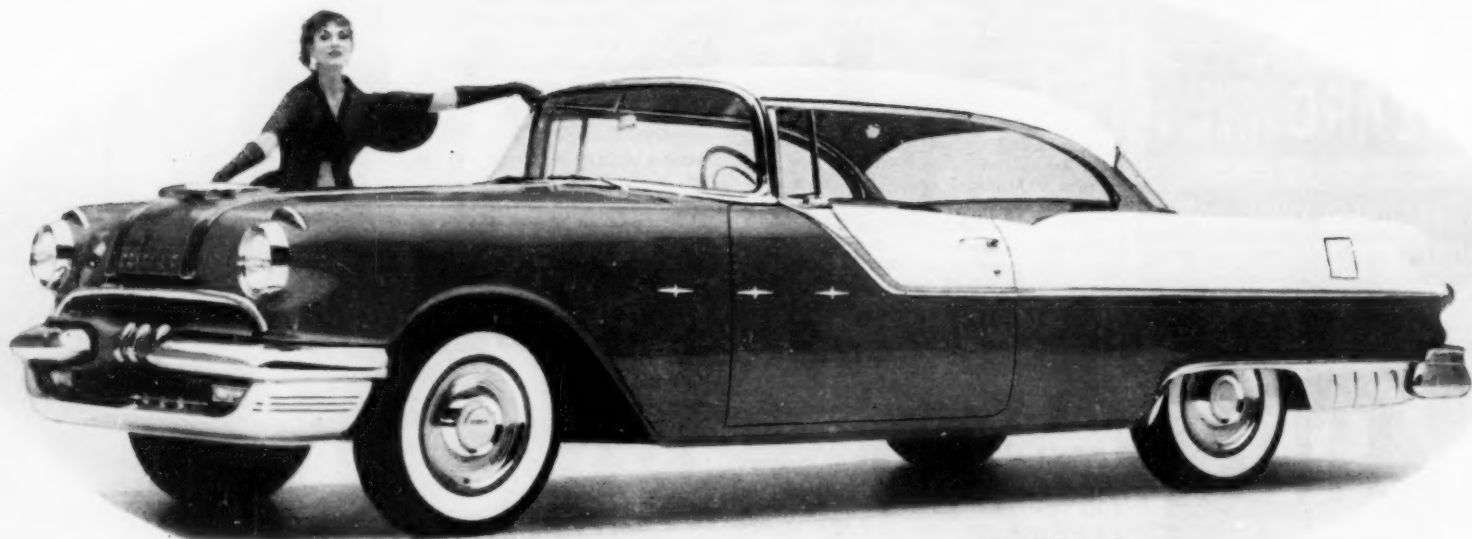
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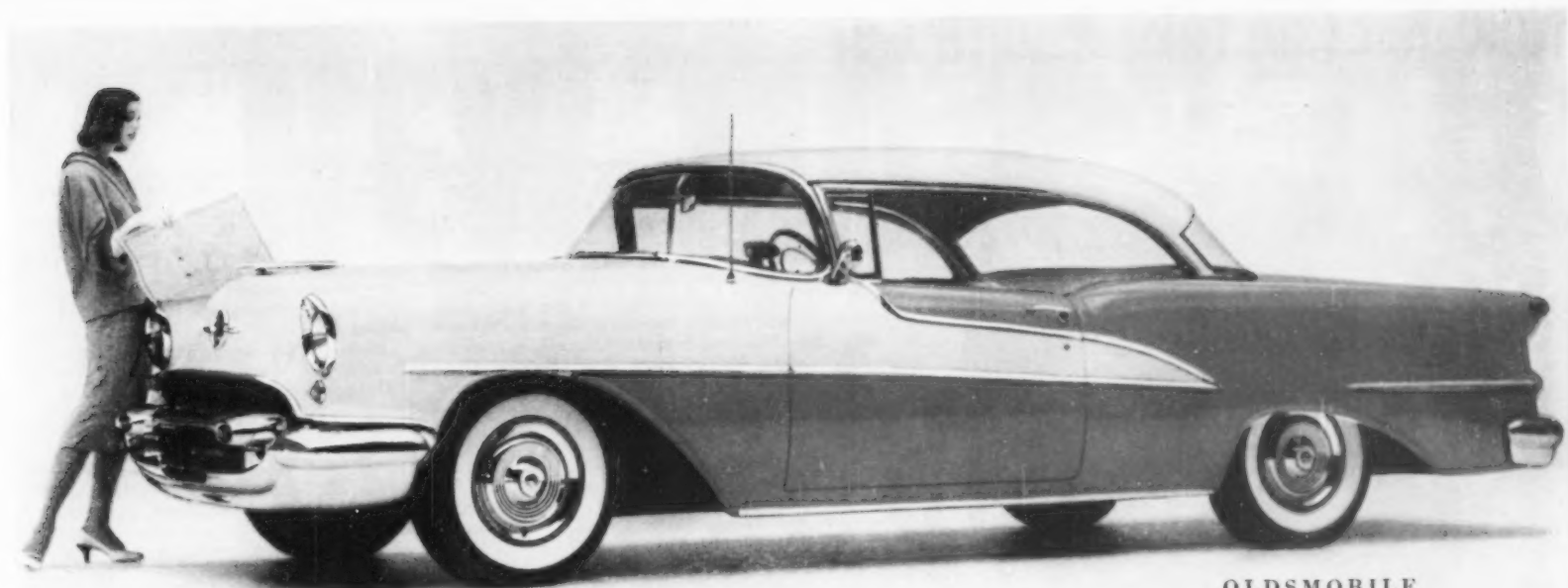


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## "By deciding who can vote Banks can make sure the vote holders are loyal to him"

Ottawa, Banks attended the ILO conference in Geneva in 1954. The grumbling persisted after his return.

Finally in June, a Department of Citizenship and Immigration board of enquiry was set up to decide if Banks was a fit person to remain in Canada. The board consisted of one man—Jean St. Onge, a veteran of the department's Montreal branch. After sifting through all the evidence available, St. Onge ordered that Banks should be deported because of his criminal convictions in the United States.

Banks appealed to the minister of the department, Walter Harris. In his last day of office, before taking over the finance ministry, Harris quashed the deportation order. He recently explained why:

"Before 1953 it was absolutely prohibited to let people into the country who had criminal convictions. Everyone agreed that this was too rigid. We revised the law to give people a second chance. If the conviction was five years ago and they are now rehabilitated, the minister can allow them into the country. If the crime is of a minor nature, then it's two years. Banks comes along. He has a criminal record but it looks a lot worse than it is. We investigated it thoroughly and we found that his appeal against deportation was sound.

"It's true that since coming to Canada he was found in possession of 36,000 smuggled cigarettes. But he wasn't selling them. It's just that Banks does things on a lavish scale. It would be unwise for a minister to deport a man for having smuggled cigarettes. If I did, I'd spend all my time listening to protests against deportation."

Harris' successor, Jack Pickersgill, says, "I wholeheartedly agree with Walter Harris' decision. I hope that a lot of questions will be asked about it."

There will be. Members of the Opposition intend to air the Banks matter again in parliament. "There are still many mysteries to this case," says George Drew. "I'm at a loss to know what's going on."

In the meantime, Banks is going ahead with his plans to make Canada his permanent home. He has married a Canadian girl and he intends applying for his naturalization papers in 1957.

In recent months, Banks has been hard at work to give the SIU a demo-

cratic look. A constitution for the Canadian District was adopted early in 1954. All officers are to be elected by the membership—all except Hal Banks, that is. He's to be retained as "advisor" and elected by the international convention of the SIU which is held every two years in the United States.

Banks' critics are cynical about the "elections." For the thirteen elective offices open in the fall of 1954, there were only fourteen candidates. The only aspirant for the most important position — secretary - treasurer — was L. J. (Red) McLaughlin. For many years McLaughlin has been Banks' closest henchman and has gone on record as preferring one-man rule of the SIU by Banks to self-government.

### A Grip on Icebreakers

There are other obvious weaknesses in the constitution. Only seven members are required to make a quorum at any meeting. Furthermore, only "book members" are permitted to vote. It should be explained that in Banks' union there are two kinds of members — "permit holders," who make up an estimated eighty percent of the membership and can't vote, and "book members" who are entitled to vote and who get the first call on all jobs. Each month, only a few permit holders are elevated to the rank of book members by Banks. Thus, it is possible for Banks to make sure that the vote holders in the SIU are personally loyal to him.

Banks is sometimes critical of labor leaders who have grown fat and complacent. "They sit on their swivel chairs while termites are eating out the seat from under them," he says. No such fate is ever likely to befall Hal Banks. He has recently formed a working alliance with the Association of Government Seafarers, Wharf and Yard Employees. This may very well mean that Banks may soon have a firm grip on Canadian government icebreakers, harbor tugs and other vessels owned by federal departments such as fisheries, mines and resources and public works. If and when this does happen, Banks will have a ready explanation for it. "You can't beat a combination of ability, brains and resourcefulness," he says cockily. ★





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## Backstage in Pakistan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

defend itself and is in all respects a poor relation of the western provinces, the stronger and wealthier West Pakistan won't even consider submitting to Bengali dominance. That is why the central Constituent Assembly of Pakistan, after seven years, was never able to draft a constitution.

One thing kept the two alien wings of Pakistan together in some kind of harmony. This was the existence of Moslem League governments in all provinces and in the national capital. Last March, this unifying influence was removed. A provincial election in East Bengal swept the Moslem League from office. Moslem Leaguers won only nine of three hundred and nine seats; a rather motley United Front of various opposition parties, including the Communists as the smallest group, won two hundred seats and formed a provincial government.

Six weeks later the United Front Government had been deposed, the provincial parliament suspended, and Premier A. K. Fazlul Huq was under house arrest. The central government in Karachi had replaced the elected government of East Bengal with its own "strong man," Major-General Iskander Mirza, who was in full charge with the title of governor.

I arrived in Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan, expecting to find a populace seething with revolt and kept down by police-state methods. I found a sleepy seedy little town where you see neither police nor soldiers in the streets. Manifest misery and poverty don't prevent the people from looking cheerful and friendly. Most astonishing of all, even the ousted politicians didn't seem to hold any violent grudge against the central government that had booted them out of office.

"We deserved it," said one of them philosophically. "We let the situation get out of hand here. Karachi didn't really have much choice but to intervene."

As he told it, here's what happened in East Bengal last year:

Everyone was fed up with the Moslem League Government, which was corrupt, inept and incompetent. However, it looked so strong with its huge parliamentary majority that all opposition parties felt they'd better band together as a United Front to beat the Moslem League.

They needn't have done this, as it turned out. The Awami League, biggest and strongest United Front party, elected every one of its hundred and forty candidates and could have elected more. Instead, it found itself merely the largest group in a motley coalition with no coherent program and no real unity. The leader of the coalition was not an Awami League man but an ancient Bengali politician, leader of a group one quarter the Awami League's size, whose name is A. K. Fazlul Huq.

Huq is a great hulking mountain of a man with a big moon face and a soft husky voice, who has been a leading figure in Bengal for fifty years. Some say he is ninety years old, but most people think he's no more than eighty-five—he admits to eighty, and his backers like to recall that this is "the same age as Winston Churchill." As First Minister of united Bengal before the war he took a leading part in smashing the nastiest of the money-lenders in Bengal and relieving the peasants of some of their crushing burden of debt. This exploit is still remembered, and is the root of his

great popularity. Gossip paints old Huq as a bit of a pirate, but one of the Robin Hood sort who robs the rich to give to the poor. Even now, old and sick and badly discredited, Huq is still a political force to be reckoned with in East Bengal.

Premier Fazlul Huq's first official act was to appoint to his cabinet one of his nephews, a man of no prominence or popular standing. This despite the fact that one of the "Twenty-one Points" of the United Front's campaign had called for an end to nepotism. Awami League leaders were furious; they

refused to enter a Huq cabinet beside his unwanted nephew. For six weeks deadlock continued, while old Fazlul Huq ran East Bengal as a one-man show.

During this six-week period Huq made some fantastic statements, some of which he said were misquoted but which got him into trouble anyway. One was at a dinner in Calcutta, where the presence of many old Indian friends made him pine aloud for the reunion of all Bengal—that is, the return of East Pakistan to India. This, in Pakistan, is high treason. Neither his own nor

any other political party supported Huq in such heretical views.

Before anything was done about this, though, another development occurred. Riots broke out in a jute mill near Dacca, when Bengali workers attacked refugees from other provinces of India. Police were on the spot, but unfortunately, so was Fazlul Huq's nephew, the unwanted cabinet minister. The police refused to fire on the mob unless the minister took the responsibility and ordered them to do so. The minister wouldn't take the responsibility. As a result, police and



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minister alike stood by and watched a furious mob tear several hundred innocent people to pieces. (Some said three thousand were killed, some said five hundred; there is no official figure.)

What with one thing and another, therefore, the central government at Karachi felt justified in removing Huq from office. The Awami League had made a grudging peace with Huq by this time and agreed to enter his cabinet—by coincidence, the Awami ministers were being sworn in at the very moment when the mob broke loose in the jute mill—but they of course

were deposed along with Huq. They were pretty indignant at the time but by the time I talked to them they had cooled off and admitted Karachi had good ground for its drastic action.

What did more than anything else to reconcile them, oddly enough, was the Governor-General's action last October, dissolving the central Constituent Assembly and appointing a new government of his own. In the eyes of Awami League politicians, the Constituent Assembly had been nothing but a nasty nest of Moslem Leaguers, with no popular support but

considerable power. Once those enemies were swept away as they themselves had been, the Awami Leaguers were content to wait quietly for the national general election which the central government has promised, and which they expect some time next winter.

**EVENTS IN KARACHI** leading up to the Governor-General's drastic action were less sensational than those in Dacca, but even more challenging to him personally.

In September the Constituent Assembly passed an act amending the

constitution to strip the Governor-General of his power to remove cabinet ministers. (He had exercised this power eighteen months before by dismissing from office an incompetent government which enjoyed, nevertheless, the confidence of the Constituent Assembly.) The Governor-General struck back a few weeks later, while Prime Minister Mohammed Ali was in Washington, by dissolving the Constituent Assembly.

Mohammed Ali hurried home from Washington, but he denies the press reports which said at the time he was bullied into accepting reappointment. He says there was never any difference of view between him and the Governor-General; they and "strong man" Iskander Mirza, now recalled from East Bengal to be Minister of the Interior in Karachi, proclaim themselves all of one mind.

General Mirza is an outspoken, engaging, eminently competent man who makes no secret of his belief that Pakistan is not ready for democracy. Although he is a general he hasn't worn a uniform for thirty years—he is less a child of the army than of the old Indian Civil Service, in which he has spent most of his adult life.

Mirza thinks it was a mistake to promise a national general election with manhood suffrage to the poverty-stricken illiterate people of Pakistan. However, the promise was made. Mirza agrees it must be kept.

Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, who used to be High Commissioner of Pakistan in Ottawa, is still the same plump, cheerful, unassuming man he was then. Though he is now ruling his country with no legislature and no popular mandate, Mohammed Ali hasn't acquired any of the mannerisms of a dictator, and he speaks of the coming general election as a matter of course. He thinks it can be held by the end of this year or early in 1956.

The parliament thus elected will enact a constitution for Pakistan, which is still operating under the British Government of India Act of 1935. This time, though, Mohammed Ali is determined that the parliament shall have a draft presented to it as a basis of discussion, instead of starting with an empty sheet as the old Constituent Assembly did. He has already abolished the separate state governments of West Pakistan and reduced the country to two units, east and west; this may help to simplify or suppress the complex of regional rivalries that frustrated previous attempts to draft a constitution.

All these political manoeuvres, of course, merely skim the surface of Pakistan's social and economic problems. This is a country where almost all the land is held by a handful of wealthy men, and almost all the people live on the edge of starvation. It's a country where the mullahs, the benighted Moslem priesthood whose political activities are the bane of all Islam, have a potent and sinister influence with the people. It's a country which has been trying for seven years to lift itself economically by its own bootstraps, and has pulled some of the straps off in the attempt.

Whether any political changes, democratic or otherwise, can bring Pakistan into the twentieth century without more violence and calamity is still a wide-open question. There is only one reassuring thing in the current situation: Whether or not it's good enough, it isn't quite as bad as it looks. ★



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# Mailbag

## Do We Need Reform In Reading?

You are to be congratulated on the service given your readers by the excellent article, I Say Your Child Can't Read, by Rudolf Flesch (Jan. 1). I taught in Ontario while the phonetic system was in use and am in a position to compare the product of this system with today's. Today a child's vocabulary is so limited he is unable to understand the most elementary English; the pathetic part is that he looks upon those who use good English as "squares." Unfortunately this lack of education is not made up in later years and the student is handicapped when he enters university.

Teachers of music have complained that it is becoming impossible to teach specialized subjects such as music history owing to the student's inability to grasp the meaning of the required textbooks. The writers of these books do not limit their vocabulary to that of Canadian scholars.

Notwithstanding these facts educators have the impertinence to call their system "progressive" instead of retrogressive as Dr. Flesch has pointed out. One is almost led to believe there is a deliberate plan to retard the progress of our children and reduce all to a mediocre level.—E. Macdonald, Vancouver.

• Thousands of readers will disagree with Flesch. My little boy (Grade 2,

age 7 and average intelligence) amazed the family one evening by reading from books he had never seen before. He read paragraphs of Flesch's article, encountering little difficulty.—Clifford E. Edwards, Inspector of Schools, Bridgetown, N.S.

• I agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Flesch. . . . My own children attended school in England and were taught the phonetic method of reading. After three years in Canada they still read by this method, with the result that my youngest child, age eight, can read better than most neighborhood children up to eleven and twelve. My eldest daughter, eleven, can read more easily than many Canadian teen-agers. I intend to encourage them to read by this method to offset the retarding influence of the method taught in school. . . . Our children are reasoning, thinking humans, not parrots.—Dennis Martin, Beamsville, Ont.

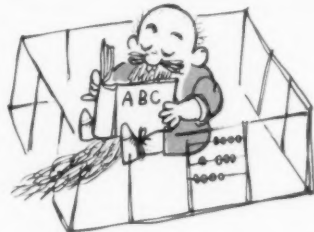
• Marian Harvie and Phyllis Todds, in their reply to Dr. Flesch, speak of English as "non-phonetic." This is plain silly! I don't suppose any language is absolutely phonetic. Welsh comes about as close to it as any I know. . . . But English is fundamentally phonetic. . . .

Another exaggeration is the statement "we have only twenty-six let-

ters to transmit about sixty different sounds." Anybody who has studied shorthand phonetics knows that there are only forty-two: seven long pure vowels, Pa, may we all go through (the) church?; six short vowels, that pen is not much good; four diphthongs, now you, my boy!; twenty-five consonants, P, B, T, D, chay, J, K, gay, F, V, ith, thee, S, Z, ish, zhee, M, N, ing, L, Ray, R, way, yay, hay, (W, Y, H).

With due allowance for slight nuances like the long A in hay and in hair, these are ALL the purely English sounds our alphabet is ever called on to represent.—Walter F. Harris, Red Deer, Alta.

• Children of pre-school age demand incident, variety, and some sort of logical sequence in the stories told them. If at school age the nauseating tripe illustrated by Dr. Flesch appeals



to them—and the Misses Harvie and Todds assure us it does—it is the most damning indictment of modern education that has yet come to my notice, and can only result in the rapid degeneracy of the national intelligence.—L. H. Neatby, Wolfville, N.S.

• I say if your child can't read, and has no physical disability, it is your fault as a parent. I speak from twenty years' experience as a teacher-librarian and a member of every B. C. curriculum committee concerned with the

## A LETTER FROM LOUIS BERCOVITZ: "I killed Harry Davis to save my life"



BERCOVITZ

IN AN ARTICLE on Montreal's vice probe (How Plante and Drapeau Licked the Montreal Underworld, Dec. 1) writer Ken Johnstone described the death of Harry Davis, a gambler and edge man.

"Davis was shot," Johnstone wrote, "by one Louis Bercovitz, who claimed that Davis refused him permission to open his own gambling house."

It is true that I shot and killed Harry Davis—in self-defense only—after Davis had ordered my death at the hands of hired imported killers; after Davis had boasted of having ordered me killed; after Davis threatened me by word of mouth; after Davis, when he discovered I was aware of his order for my death, drew his own gun in an attempt to kill me.

The evidence at my trial and at the vice probe, disclosed that a bomb was thrown and exploded at a gambling establishment on Montreal's Mansfield Street. At my trial, witnesses testified that my closest friend, Harry Sheppard, a well-known boxing manager and promoter, and I had been blamed by Davis for this bombing and that Davis had ordered the assassination of Sheppard and myself because he blamed us.

Davis could tell others that he blamed me for the bombing but that was not a legitimate reason for ordering me killed because at the instant the bomb exploded on Mansfield Street I was in the company of an associate of Davis' and two others known to him.

To remove the necessity of constantly being armed and walking in fear I decided on that afternoon of July 25, 1946, to see Davis. I wanted to find out if he had really given the order for my death. Well, I got his answer. The instant he became aware that I knew of the order Davis rose from the chair he was in and while

getting up started to draw a gun from his waistband.

That was it. I needed no more evidence. I prefer being alive to being a stickler for formalities. I drew my own gun after first grasping Davis' gun by the barrel to try to deflect it, and when Davis would not release his gun I fired several shots.

As for Davis refusing me permission to open a gambling house, Davis could not refuse anyone permission to open anything. He was only the edge man, the front. He had no official post and so could not give any official protection. He could only transmit applications, requests, grants, rejections and then collect the regular amounts he was told to collect by the crime syndicate in Montreal.

I knew every one of the heads of that syndicate, knew them intimately, had known them for years, listened to them discuss their syndicate business, had entry to most of their homes, knew their families, had them cry on my shoulder. I had often been invited to become partner in that top-edge and had always refused. Although my late brother, who passed away in New York City only three weeks before Davis, had been a lieutenant-in-chief to the man Davis succeeded as edge man and to Davis himself, I never wanted any part of the top echelon of that edge.

The same syndicate tried to kill me and has since my imprisonment been responsible for the execution of five people in Montreal. This is known—some of the facts were published in the Montreal Standard a year or more ago before the number had reached five. The last one they murdered was Frank Battaglia—just as he was released from custody after being freed from a charge of murder.



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In B. C. every child has access to the best books for children and young people. The committee on supplementary readers has always made a point of requiring plenty of poetry of the sort that appeals to the young. The repetitive primers of which Dr. Flesch complains are to the learning of reading what scales are to the study of music. In Vancouver schools, after four months in Grade 1, most children are reading and enjoying the gay and well-written books to be found in the library of

every primary classroom in the city.

Surveys among my library pupils (Grades 3 to 6) showed the two most popular books to be *Little Women* and *Treasure Island*. Studies over a period of years indicate a close co-ordination between the attitude of the home and the child's reading ability . . . If there are good books in the home, if parents are fond of reading, and if they share their interests with their children then the children will become readers. If the home library consists of movie magazines, if the children never see their parents enjoying a good book,

then in all probability the children will never read well.—Mary Elizabeth Colman, Vancouver.

● Yours for a return to common sense.—Jack Sutherland, Hanna, Alta.

● Reading consultants Marian Harvie and Phyllis Todds are wrong. Children today *do not* read better. Their lack of reading ability is one more proof that our expensive new schools are failing to teach children to think. It seems the more we pay our educators the less we get in return.—R. G. Bell, Toronto.

● The problem of teaching children to read was solved in Scandinavia during the nineteenth century by a revision of the alphabet. Some useless letters were dropped, three new ones were added and each letter assigned one clear distinct sound, always the same. As a result a child can read any word as soon as it knows the alphabet.—Arthur Jensen, Kemptville, Ont.

● Let's get back to the efficient phonic method.—John Wilford, Essex, Conn.

● Dr. Flesch has flattered our word system by comparing it with Chinese. China has used a concise style and design of lexicology which has served thousands of years. We are attempting to apply twelve-letter words to their system.—James A. Forster, Keoma, Alberta.

#### The Case for Oscar Wilde

A pat on the back for the article, *Has Oscar Wilde's Crime Been Redeemed?*, by Beverley Baxter (Dec. 15). I hope this helps restore Wilde's name to the eminence it deserves. When I tell people I am rereading Wilde they stare at me as if to say, "Why waste time on that salacious trash?" Oscar Wilde never penned a pornographic line in his life.

Wilde was the first playwright to write drama without sadism . . . His witty dialogue is a course in pure English and brilliant conversation. For me his *Picture of Dorian Gray* is the greatest novel ever written.—Lee Pritzker, Toronto.

● Into the trash can goes Dec. 15 *London Letter*. Would that its contributor were already there.—Wallis W. Scott, Windsor, Ont.

#### The Guaranteed Wage

Maclean's shows a lack of responsibility in the editorial, *The Guaranteed Wage Myth* (Dec. 15) . . . It attempts to prove that the whole of labor is asking for a guaranteed annual wage. Such is not the case; the demand for the guaranteed annual wage has arisen in mass-production industries such as the automobile industry, to meet conditions peculiar to these industries. It hopes to overcome that condition whereby the employee might be working eight months of the year or seven days a week and be unemployed for the next four months. Such a condition does not apply to "the men who deliver milk to the kitchen doors." All society is not in a position to need the guaranteed annual wage, so the consideration of it is not necessary on such a scale.—John Campbell, Windsor.

● The *Guaranteed Wage Myth* made me wonder and conclude that you are wrong. Whenever you see hopes for progress, don't back up. You are accustomed to thinking that the people must always work for finance, instead of finance working for the people.—M. W. Patterson, Lac La Biche, Alta.

● I hope your comment on workers having a vested interest in their jobs does not mean that you believe a worker should have the right to keep his job when he goes on strike. Unless it is accepted that at such a time the employer is free to hire others, if he can find them, then what we are accepting is the proposition that, once having hired a worker, an employer must meet *that* employee's demands for increased pay or else go out of business.—R. Bruce Taylor, Toronto. ★



## Miss Shopishnok's Cigarette Lighter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

less noticeable. At seven o'clock his twelve-hour day was over, and he left.

It was Sam's custom to dine at the U-Choo-It cafeteria, but on this night he was going to the Widgeon Room. Not that he could afford it, heaven knows. It was on account of the lighter.

If after he finished his meal at the U-Choo-It he pulled out the lighter and lighted a cigarette, any customer who saw him would only snort and make a coarse gesture. Whereas, at the Widgeon Room, any glance that might stray his way—for it was not the custom at the Widgeon Room for diners to sit and gape one at the other—would be one of admiration. A handsome lighter, thought Sam as he ran his fingers over the luxurious smoothness of it.

An obsequious waiter slithered across the carpeted floor as Sam entered the Widgeon Room. "One?" he said.

Sam nodded, and then his eyes twinkled with sudden mischief. "Unless you got some nice young lady wants to make it two." He nudged the waiter.

They laughed slyly.

The waiter led him to a table in the centre of the room and gave him a large menu. Sam deliberately studied the multitude of listings. "This looks good," he said at length pointing to the Marcel de la Rochambeau.

"It should look good," said the waiter. "It's been in Florida all winter. That's the manager."

How they laughed at that!

"Oh, just bring me some corn on the cob and a bottle of wine," said Sam carelessly.

After the waiter brought his dinner, Sam ate quickly. He was in a hurry to get to the part where he lighted a cigarette. He finished his corn, drained the bottle of wine, and put a cigarette between his lips. Slowly, as though it were an object of considerable weight, he lifted the cigarette lighter to the level of the cigarette. He pressed a cunning mechanism and a long flame shot forth. He inserted the tip of his cigarette into the flame and puffed languorously. Then holding the lighter by its base so that almost the whole of it was visible, he carefully lowered it to his pocket.

AS SOON AS the lighter was back in his pocket, he felt a faint tap on his shoulder. He turned and saw a woman standing behind him. She was dressed in a fashionable gown. In her hand was a small evening bag that bulged unnaturally. Her face was curiously pale; even her eyes were pale. If a single adjective could describe her, it was "lifeless."

"I couldn't help noticing your cigarette lighter," she said in a flat, unaccented voice. "May I see it?"

"Sure, sure," said Sam cordially. "Sit down, Miss."

With a breathed thank you she sat and briefly examined the proffered lighter. "Isn't it handsome?" she said, but her voice did not rise in interrogation.

Suddenly she leaned closer to him, her lips scarcely three inches from his cheek. "Hochartig is here," she said, her lips barely moving. "I had to tell you."

She rose and left silently.

"Nuts," said Sam. "She's nuts."

"Nuts like a fox, brother," said the waiter, suddenly appearing behind him. "Don't try to leave. He's seen you." The waiter moved on.

A stocky man in impeccable evening clothes approached Sam's table. His face was curved in smiles, but his eyes were hard. "What's the good word?" he said to Sam.

"Save your money," replied Sam genially.

The stocky man sat down. He called the waiter over. "Two slogs straight," he said. "And buy yourself one."

"No!" cried the waiter, his face twisting in terror. "No!"

"You got it right," said the stocky man.

The waiter left, but not in the direction of the bar.

"Nice place," said Sam conversationally.

"When the flax hits the tracks, get your sacks," replied the stocky man noncommittally. He was looking at the waiter's retreating back. Then he turned to Sam and smiled.

Sam continued. "Of course, their prices ain't exactly what you would call cheap, but when you come to a place like this, you got to expect. After all, overhead, things like that, it adds up."

The stocky man frowned.

"Well," said Sam, "I guess I'll be moving along. Got to get up early tomorrow. Another day, another dollar, you know." He looked around for the waiter.

"It's mine," said the stocky man putting his hand over the check. "The wren met the hen in the glen," he added.

"Much obliged, friend," said Sam.

He walked toward the door. Two tall men built like middleweight boxers got up from tables on each side of the room. They were dressed in evening



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"I think you have the qualifications I need, Miss Taylor — now you must meet the other member of my staff..."

clothes in which, it was obvious, they were not accustomed to dress. Lightly, swiftly, they walked toward the door.

Sam and the two men reached the door at the same instant. One stood on each side of him. At the same split second, each dealt Sam a precise blow on the temple. Sam toppled down the flight of stairs leading to the street. The two men walked leisurely down the stairs.

"Quickly, in the car," said the woman who had spoken to Sam upstairs. Her voice was still flat, toneless. With surprising strength she lifted Sam to his feet and pushed him into the open door of a black sedan waiting at the curb.

The two men on the stairs broke into a run. They reached the sidewalk as the car was pulling out. With swift, certain motions they drew guns from shoulder holsters and fired at the disappearing car, heedless of a nearby policeman who stood with arms akimbo, his very posture, if they had noticed, spelling disapproval.

Half dazed, Sam collected himself in the back seat of the sedan. The car was moving smoothly through the downtown district and presently turned into a trunk highway leading out of the city. The driver increased his speed as he left the city's traffic behind. Sam leaned forward and tapped the driver on the *medulla oblongata*. The driver paid him no heed. "Hey," said Sam. The driver looked resolutely ahead. Sam settled back in the seat and killed some time making a cat's cradle out of a spool of No. 4 white silk thread he had filched from the shop that morning.

IT SEEMED to Sam that an hour had gone by when the car swerved suddenly off the highway to a side road. This road had a black macadam surface. "Macadam is named after its inventor, a Scot named McAdam," said Sam to the driver.

The driver accepted the information calmly.

After a short drive they came to an estate surrounded by a twelve-foot wrought-iron fence. Four hooded figures who had been standing in the gateway intoning a Gregorian chant made way as the car turned in. The driver half turned his head and spoke for the first time. "They pick the damndest places to practice," he said. Sam didn't answer. "The hell with

him," he said to himself. "He ain't the only one can put on the clam act."

The car stopped in front of the portico of a high brick house. The driver got out and ran with a curious shambling trot behind the hedge. Sam finished his cat's cradle, got out of the car, and walked up on the porch. He tried the door. It was open. "Anybody home?" he called.

"Come in," boomed a voice within. Sam walked down the dark hall to a lighted doorway. Sitting at a table in a small green room were the woman from the Widgeon Room and a tall white-haired man with a lozenge-shaped scar on his forehead. They were playing rap rummy. Sam saw that the woman's eyes were red with recent crying. She left as Sam entered the room.

The white-haired man approached Sam and with a quick downward lunge, clapped manacles around his ankles.

"There's a fox in a box at the docks," he said resonantly.

"This place must have cost you a nice piece of change," said Sam.

"So be it," said the scarred man in his amazingly deep voice.

He clapped his hands. Three laconic Eurasians came in and burned the soles of Sam's feet for a spell. The scarred man dismissed them.

"Pickin' chickens is the dickens," he said.

"I heard if you soak 'em in hot water first—" Sam suggested.

"Hot water. Yes," mused the scarred man running his fingers thoughtfully over his lozenge-shaped scar. He left abruptly.

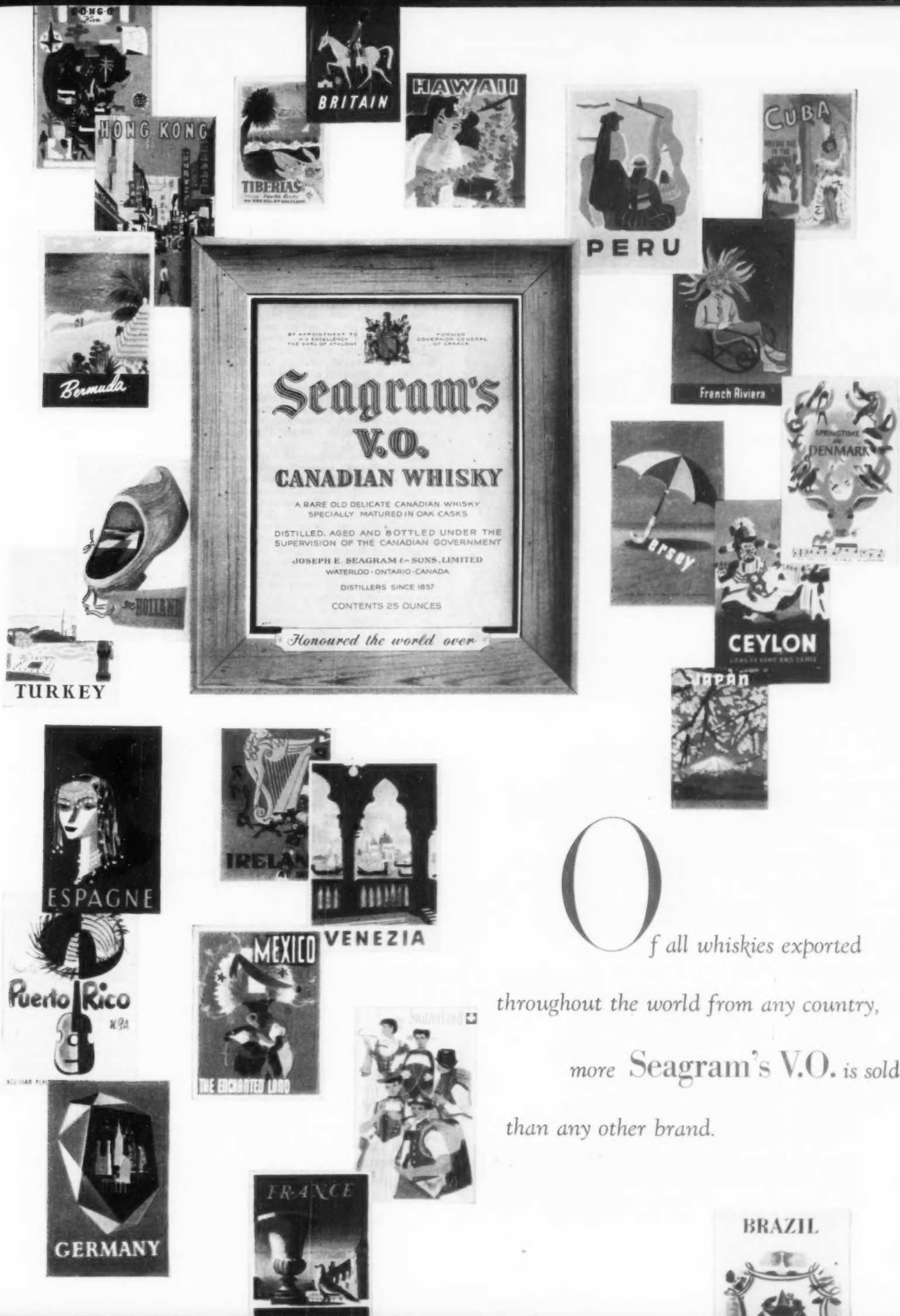
The woman appeared from behind a portiere and held a chloroformed cloth over Sam's face.

When he woke, he was on the steps of his flat. He wearily trudged to his third-floor-back dwelling and let himself in with his latchkey. He pulled down his Murphy bed. Lucky for him, the cobra in his bed had fallen asleep.

Sam hastily left his room. He walked rapidly down the street, to where the street ended on the bank of a river. He pulled the cigarette lighter from his pocket and flung it into the water. The ripples shimmered in the moonlight for a few moments; then the water was quiet. Sam turned and walked away.

"There!" he said, dusting his palms. "I'm better off without the bloody thing." ★



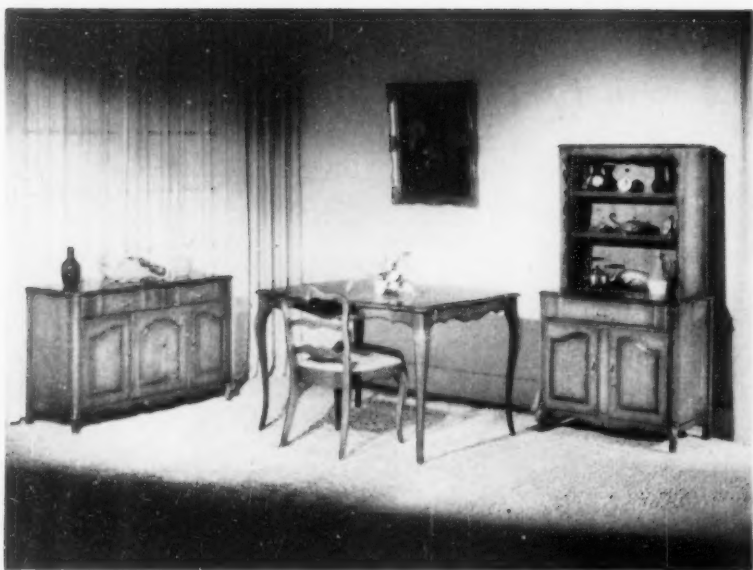


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## Smiling Cece Bennett

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

as to who's boss of B. C. Social Credit. But Bennett had established that fact on numerous other occasions, notably at the B. C. Social Credit League's 1953 convention.

Theoretically the league is an educational body, devoted to spreading the Social Credit gospel and divorced from politics. Sociocrats prefer to call their political activities a "movement" and never refer to a "party." But in practice the league is the party and at the 1953 convention there were signs that the league intended to give orders to Bennett and his MLAs.

One delegate proclaimed, "This is a grass-roots movement and we instruct the MLAs what to do." National leader Solon Low urged resolutions that would lay down government policies. Then Bennett affably but firmly took charge. The government, he said, would follow the convention's resolutions with "great interest" but they would be implemented only when "feasible and possible and the time is ripe."

A few months later L. H. Shantz, member for North Okanagan, spoke up on the then-unsettled hospital insurance issue. He thought the people should decide it for themselves by plebiscite. This was not the government's official view. Soon Shantz was relieved of his post of deputy speaker. Bennett said it was a routine shuffle to give others experience at the job but a North Okanagan Social Creditor remarked, "The Premier has at last taken action against a man who has been bucking him secretly at every turn."

In the legislature no government members buck the Premier. From time

to time Bennett whispers advice or orders to his colleagues. Sometimes he rises to answer questions directed at them. It's strictly a one-man show.

Although this undoubtedly irks some Social Crediters, most of them feel that without Bennett they wouldn't be in government. His political skill holds them together in the assembly. He's a quick-witted debater and there's probably no shrewder tactician in the legislature.

Opposition members and press-gallery reporters call Bennett an expert "kite flyer." Kite flying is the tactic of sounding out the public on a controversial issue by letting a rumor leak into print. If public reaction is unfavorable it's a simple matter to change plans, since the government hasn't committed itself.

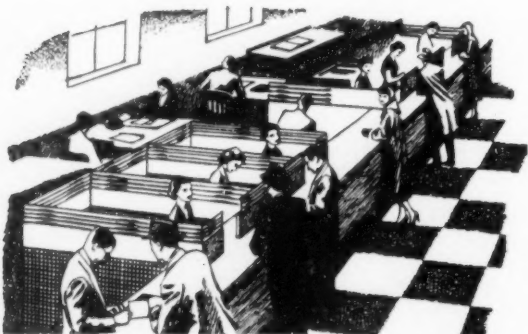
### He Mocks Rivals with a Smile

Last spring there were rumors that provincial bonuses for blind and needy old-age pensioners would be raised two and a half dollars a month. Officials of B. C.'s Senior Citizens' Association said such a small raise would be an "utter disgrace." When the budget came out, pension bonuses were raised five dollars a month.

Then the Vancouver Province told how the stapling marks on its leaflet copy of budget legislation showed that the leaflet had been pulled apart and two new pages—those pertaining to old-age pensions—inserted. To the Province this indicated that the government had changed its mind at the last minute and that the \$2.50 rumor was a "kite."

Bennett is also a master at infuriating opposition members with his sharp tongue, then mocking them with his ever-ready smile. Once, during Bennett's feud with the Coalition, former

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P. J. BLACKWELL

premier Byron Johnson was so irritated by his needling that he snapped, "Sit down, brother, you're going to listen to what I have to say." Bennett sat down, smiling innocently, and made Johnson madder than ever.

It's not surprising that Bennett knows all the legislative tricks, for no one works harder at politics. Once, in an altercation with the Coalition, he shouted angrily across the assembly floor, "I do not view politics as a game." That was an understatement. Politics is Bennett's life and his personal habits leave no chink in his political armor.

He attends the United Church regularly and doesn't smoke, drink or swear. He's an erect five foot ten with a fresh pink complexion and dark hair scarcely flecked with grey. He wears conservative grey suits, pearl-grey ties, black Homburg hats and drives a modest late-model Chevrolet. His Kelowna home, a large but old-fashioned stucco place, is hidden in seven acres of trees and meadow.

His wife prefers to be known as a neighborly small-town sort of woman rather than as a Victoria socialite. When a Kelowna girl went to hospital in Vancouver, the Premier's wife collected an autograph book of cabinet ministers' signatures for the sick child. When her daughter Anita was married in Kelowna, Mrs. Bennett carried back pieces of wedding cake for her neighbors at the Bennetts' Victoria apartment.

The Premier belongs to the ritzy Victoria Union Club and sometimes lunches there with his thirty-four-year-old attorney-general, Robert Bonner, but never joins in the club's poker games.

When the Socreds came to power a distinct drought descended on Victoria's social drinkers. Gone are governmental cocktail parties of other years. The Premier throws one or two non-alcoholic dinners yearly. He attends other parties but leaves early and if he drinks anything it's ginger ale.

However he's too good a businessman to be prim about liquor. At Christmas when passing out bonus cheques to his hardware employees, he kids his old friend and top salesman, Colin Campbell, "Remember, it's those last two drinks that get you."

This mild sort of banter is daring compared to most Bennett jokes. Last spring CCFer Randolph Harding, one of the brightest debaters in the legislature, remarked that the government couldn't make up its mind about hospital insurance.

Bennett: You're a mind reader?

Harding: I've been around long enough to read yours.

Bennett: That's how my friend has so many clean thoughts.

Usually Bennett is too absorbed in his job even for this austere type of humor. Often in the morning he phones ahead to the office to get his staff busy on a problem before he arrives, usually around nine. At lunch time he talks politics. He rests briefly after the evening meal, then plunges into paper work or speeches far into the night.

"He's one of those queer ducks who

seem to hit their stride about 10.30 or 11 p.m.," says a friend.

Such is Bennett's interest in politics that it dominates even his reading. "On a holiday maybe I'll read something lighter for a start," he says, "but I always get back to political biographies or histories of the rise and fall of movements."

He acquired this reading taste when he was eleven. His farmer father, Andrew Havelock Bennett, of Hastings, N.B., was no politician but in the summer of 1911 he, like the rest of Canada, was swept up in the furore over reciprocal trade with the U. S. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberals had been on the verge of closing such an agreement but the Conservatives raised such a rumpus that the government dissolved. The election campaign was afire with British patriotism, fear of U. S. domination and slogans like "No truck or trade with the Yankees."

Bennett Sr. took Cece, one of five children, to a Conservative political rally. The boy was exhilarated by the oratory and excitement. In the subsequent election the great Laurier's Liberals lost forty-six seats. A Maritimes lawyer named Robert L. Borden became prime minister and young Maritimer Bennett realized that no government is impregnable. Perhaps even he could be premier.

### He Married the Teacher

From then on Bennett struggled to be top man in everything he tackled. The day he was seventeen and a half (the minimum-age requirement) he enlisted as an RCAF pilot. Eight months later World War I ended. Frustrated, he went to Saint John to learn the hardware business. After two years' apprenticeship he went to Alberta, pushed a hand truck in the Marshall Wells Ltd. Edmonton warehouse, moved up to the sales staff, won a nationwide sales contest for Marshall Wells employees and, in his mid-twenties, became assistant sales manager for northern Alberta.

In his spare time he studied business management by correspondence course, became a Conservative leader in the Alberta Boys' Parliament, taught Sunday school and joined a United Church young people's group where he met Annie Elizabeth May Richards, a schoolteacher.

They were married in 1927 and that year Bennett became partner in two Alberta hardware stores. Three years later he sold out, went to the Okanagan Valley to see the cherry blossoms, saw a hardware store in Kelowna and bought the first link in his small chain.

To everyone's surprise the business flourished although Bennett seemed to be always sitting at the nearest coffee counter arguing politics. Between arguments he bought more stores, raised three children and found time to be president of the Board of Trade for two years, Red Cross Society president for three and president of the local winery for nearly a decade.

Around Kelowna as elsewhere, Bennett has few intimate friends and sometimes antagonizes even them. Pasquale Capozzi, a plump talkative



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merchant who's had the grocery store two doors down from Bennett Hardware since the Premier came to town, says, "I know him better'n anybody. He like a band leader, you know. Other fellas play the music but he's got to lead. Sometimes we argue so much we not speak for a week but we still friends."

Other neighbors think Bennett is plain obstinate. Once a local business went bankrupt. The creditors, including Bennett, were called together. A lawyer and accountant prepared to settle the technicalities but Bennett beat them to the draw. He took over the meeting without invitation and hustled legal and financial matters to conclusion in a day.

"It was all perfectly businesslike but he brought in some short cuts we'd never seen before," says accountant Reg Rutherford, a Kelowna friend. "To me that's typical of Cece's way and, to some people, it's irritating."

By 1941 Bennett had graduated from coffee-counter politics into the big time. He went to Victoria as Conservative member for South Okanagan. With an eye to the future he began to train his sons in the hardware business after school, at \$22.50 a month. Now twenty-five-year-old Russell James and twenty-two-year-old William run the business.

At Victoria his disarming appearance earned him nicknames like "the smiling cherub from South Okanagan" but one newspaperman wrote a shrewder appraisal: "Bennett is a boyish-looking chap but there is nothing immature about his mind."

### The Star of the Session

At first Bennett was an ardent supporter of coalition government. By 1946 he was just as fiercely opposed to it. If he had received a cabinet post, Bennett might have remained loyal but the outspoken young member was not a government favorite. He sometimes voted against the Coalition and he couldn't get along with Finance Minister Herbert Anscomb.

Twice, in 1946 and 1950, Bennett fought Anscomb for the B. C. Tory leadership and lost. In 1948 Bennett lost a try for a Conservative federal seat. By late 1950 it was apparent there was no future for him as a Conservative.

On the afternoon of March 15, 1951, Bennett rose in the legislature and tore into the government as never before. For more than an hour he denounced its policies in general and several ministers in particular. Then he concluded grandly, "I am officially advising you, Madam Speaker, that I now dissociate myself from the present cabinet and coalition government both in this house and throughout the province. I now sit in the legislature as an independent member."

It was the star performance of the session. No member had ever before abandoned his party so dramatically. Bennett's stock as a showman soared. The rebel couldn't actually stalk across the assembly floor because he was already sitting on the opposition side with the coalition overflow. But during the afternoon-evening recess he joined some CCF members in the back row. They pounded their desks in welcome, probably the last time a CCFer has applauded Cece Bennett.

His next move was no surprise. From time to time he had lauded Alberta Social Credit and on Dec. 6 he joined the B. C. movement.

During the Sacred election campaign of the following spring Bennett was Exhibit A. His new friends hailed him as "a man of courage" who had seen the light. B. C. was then getting



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its first taste of the evangelistic razzle-dazzle which now distinguishes all Social Credit campaigns. Candidates quoted from the Bible, sang hymns and promised to go to Victoria with a Bible in one hand and good government in the other. Nowadays the hymn, O God Our Help in Ages Past, is a sort of theme song for the Social Credit League and Sacred's toss off phrases like "Social Credit offers hope almost like the coming of Christ two thousand years ago."

Bennett does not indulge in religious rhetoric but he sings hymns lustily and, on the platform, his words tumble out with a fervor that excites his audiences. At his 1952 opening campaign speech in the rural district of Benvoulin, every seat in the school auditorium was filled and his supporters had to fetch a truckload of chairs. In the election he led the South Okanagan field by more than three thousand votes.

The over-all result was so close and sometimes so confused by the new alternative voting system (which Bennett has since abandoned) that it took four weeks to get the final count: Social Credit, 19; CCF, 18; Liberals, 6; Conservatives, 2; Labor, 1.

On July 15 the Social Crediters, in closed session and by secret ballot, chose Bennett premier-elect. That night in Victoria he sat in his Empress Hotel suite, cheeks flushed, eyes bright, as congratulatory messages poured in. Finally the telephone operator asked, "Shall I stop the incoming calls?"

"No, no, let them come," cried Bennett. "I'll tell you when I've had enough."

No lawyers were elected and Bennett was confronted with the problem of finding an attorney-general. His choice was R. W. Bonner, a lean young barrister with an excellent war record. Bonner, a former Conservative, hadn't run for election and needed a seat. So did fifty-three-year-old Einar Gunderson, a chartered accountant and Bennett's prospective minister of finance.

Both became MLAs in fall by-elections and sat on Bennett's right and left hand when the legislature opened. This prompted CCFer Randolph Harding to remind the Sacred backbenchers:

"You've got a Tory captain  
With a Tory crew.  
And if you don't look out  
You'll all be Tories too."

But the Social Crediters were counting on their Tory captain to pilot them through a rough session and he did.

Bennett was sure another election would return a strong Social Credit majority so, instead of treading cautiously and treating the enemy with respect, he taunted the Opposition at every turn, inviting a vote of non-confidence. The CCF was eager to accept the challenge but the Liberals and Conservatives, who had nothing to gain, held back. Finally they balked at a new plan for redistribution of education costs between government and municipality. The Government was defeated and Bennett grinned broadly as he left the assembly.

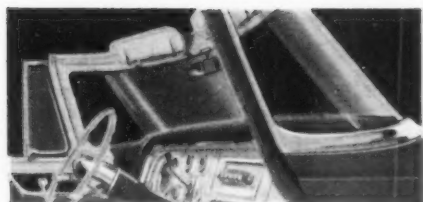
As he expected, the CCF tried to form a government but failed to win pledged support from Liberals and Conservatives. In the new election Social Credit rolled back to power with twenty-eight seats but without Tillie Rolston and Einar Gunderson. Mrs. Rolston dropped a close decision to Liberal leader Arthur Laing. Gunderson lost to a Liberal chartered accountant, P. A. Gibbs.

This was a blow for the Premier. Gunderson had consistently refused to commit himself to Social Credit theories. Before any backbenchers could



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lay claim to the finance ministry Bennett hastily arranged a fall by-election for the defeated minister. Social Credit waged a furious campaign but Liberal George Gregory, whose campaign slogan was simply "Beat Gunderson," did just that by ninety-three votes.

This bitter defeat reminded Bennett that even at the height of success nothing is sure in politics. In Kelowna friends found him more willing to listen instead of argue. In Victoria he was unusually co-operative with the Press.

Bennett took over the finance ministry himself although Gunderson helped

bring down a skilful 1954 budget. The budget increased taxation by seven million dollars and yet made some voters think they were getting a bargain. It did this by such small favors as removing sales tax on children's clothing, sales tax on restaurant meals under a dollar, cutting the amusement tax and raising the old-age pension bonus. Temporarily, at least, Social Credit waters were calm.

But from time to time there are storms, largely through the inexperience and occasional naiveness of the Social Credit MLAs. The Opposition

calls them a "second look" government because, among other things, they've had to backtrack publicly on certain issues. One was the ten-percent tax on liquor by the glass imposed in 1953. Heeding a public outcry, the government removed the tax in the 1954 session.

But in that session Speaker Tom Irwin tangled with the Press. Irwin first ruled that no press photographers with flash bulbs could cover the opening of legislature. B. C. newspapers took after him with angry front-page editorials and Irwin backed down. He

changed the ruling to two "pool" photographers, then four. In the end the leading dailies boycotted the opening altogether.

There was an awkward moment at the session opening when the Rev. Charles Parker of Peace River riding rose to move a reply to the Throne Speech, got carried away in Social Credit thoughts and called on B. C. to "put God first" and send men to Ottawa "who know the facts and have the courage of their convictions to restore to parliament the right to issue money equal to production." This was the first and, so far, the only time that Social Credit doctrine has crept into a legislature speech.

Then Mrs. Lydia Arsens, a Victoria MLA, stung by some newspaper comment, suggested newspapers be put on a point system. Starting with one hundred, they would be docked a mark each time they printed what she considered a distorted or detrimental story. It sounded like a plan for press censorship and, later, reporters pressed her for more details. Attorney-General Bonner hastened to her side and smoothly suggested that what she really meant was a self-imposed licensing system.

As long as Bennett's camp rides herd on such extremists, B. C. is with him. R. P. MacLean, editor of the Kelowna Courier, who's not a Social Creditor but predicted that party's surprise 1952 victory, says of Bennett, "He's good for at least another session after this one."

#### A Lesser Evil than CCF

Bennett's theories still bear little resemblance to Social Credit as founded by Scottish Major C. H. Douglas. Douglas envisioned Social Credit as a challenge to the power of the financial world, with government-operated banks. Bennett, as he explained to me one day last fall, likes to compare Social Credit to a car on a hilly road. Going uphill you apply the gas, he says. Going downhill you ease off the accelerator. Gas, in his metaphor, is increased or decreased purchasing power.

"But that isn't Douglas' Social Credit," I said.

"Oh yes," said the Premier. "He didn't have the businessman's viewpoint; that's the only difference."

As long as he clings to his businessman's viewpoint, B. C. business will probably string along with him as a lesser evil than the CCF. The B. C. Liberals and Conservatives are now too weak to figure in the picture.

Because he's politically acceptable to many non-Socreds, Bennett's name now comes up along with those of Alberta's Ernest Manning and national leader Solon Low when Social Crediters dream of sending a government to Ottawa. If such a government materialized in Bennett's time, Manning, who is eight years younger with several years more legislative experience, would be the favorite for leader. Still, Bennett has achieved the almost impossible before.

Publicly he doesn't talk about the national leadership. Privately he shrugs off the suggestion.

"Last Christmas I wrote 'To Prime Minister Bennett' on his Christmas present," says his friend, Pasquale Capozzi. "He just laugh."

Nevertheless, admirers like Capozzi are confident that the prime minister's job is the ultimate destiny of the smiling boss of B. C.

"He hate to lose, that fella," reflects Capozzi. "If he ever lose in politics it kill him. He be like a fish out of water. But he never lose and he never do anything wrong." ★

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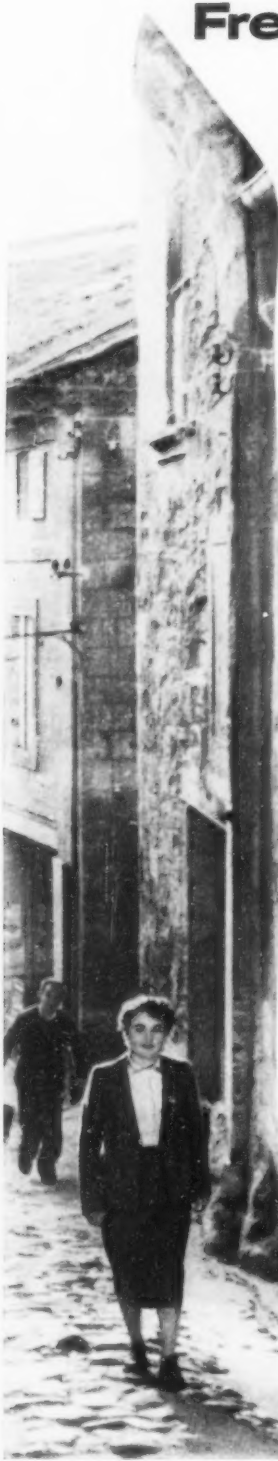
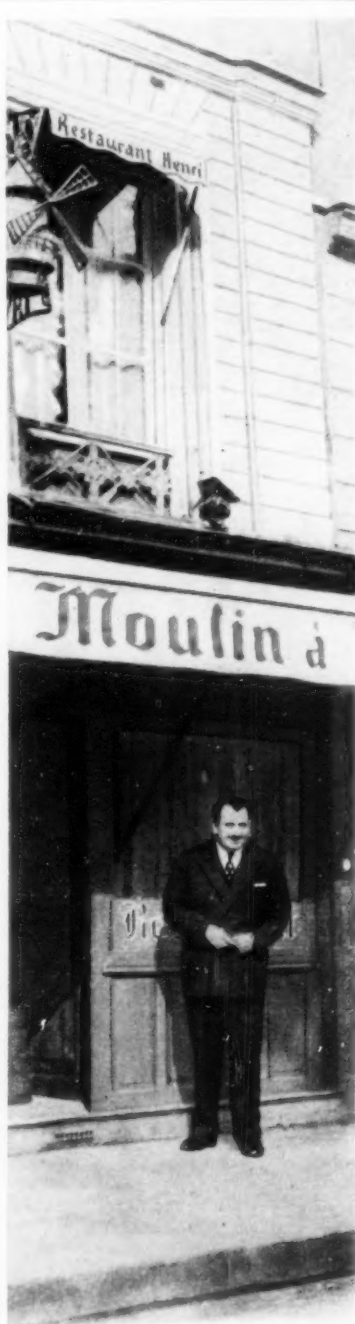
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*Nadine Bringuier*





## The Greatest Fighter Who Ever Lived

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

six inches—who took on opponents as much as ten inches taller and sixty pounds heavier than himself because he couldn't get enough fights with men his own size to keep him busy. He was so good that he could actually name the moment he'd knock out an opponent. One night in 1910 he was fighting a pug named Dewey, who weighed 205 and stood six feet two. The bout was in Cheyenne, Wyoming, a section where trains came and went irregularly. His manager was anxious to get back quickly to Los Angeles. When he consulted timetables he discovered that the only train that day left half an hour after the fight was to start.

"Why, I'm surprised you're worrying," Langford said. "That gives us lots of time." Whereupon he knocked out Dewey in a minute and forty-two seconds of the first round.

He was so good that he once knocked an opponent smack into the lap of an unfriendly writer. In San Francisco in 1908, when he weighed about 155 pounds, he fought a 210-pound bruiser named Fireman Jim Flynn who was six feet one. In the first round Langford jostled Flynn toward the ropes above the ringside seat of a west-coast sports-writer named H. M. Walker. Walker had written that Flynn ought to stop mixing with "clowns like Langford" if he wanted to prove he was a genuine threat for Jack Johnson's heavyweight crown.

"Mr. Walker," grinned Sam, "here comes your champion." And he knocked Flynn into the writer's lap.

Langford fought in an era when Negroes were in a highly anomalous position as fighters. Jack Johnson, a Negro, was the champion. And largely because of this there was a national wave of sentiment against Johnson in particular and Negroes generally. "Somebody has got to beat him," people said, and managers strove to find a "white hope" who could.

The "white hope" industry was launched in 1908 right after Johnson followed Tommy Burns to Australia and beat him to a pulp in fourteen rounds in Sydney to win the world's championship. Johnson thus became the first man to cross the "color line" established by John L. Sullivan, the first American heavyweight champion of the world, who had refused to meet Peter Jackson, an outstanding Australian Negro. For years the color line was invoked by each succeeding champion. But Johnson refused to keep what most whites regarded as "his place." As champion he was once compelled to flee to Paris after being charged with violation of the Mann Act—he was accused of transporting a white girl, Lucille Cameron, whom he later married, across a state line for immoral purposes. In Paris he bet lavish sums on race horses, wore a beret and sipped champagne through a straw, habits that swelled the sentiment against his race.

In this turbulent atmosphere, not all white hopes were worthy challengers; rather, many were products of skilful manipulation by their managers and the worked-up fervor of prejudiced fans. White hopes were usually too wary, or their handlers too discreet, to risk their reputations against Negroes of Langford's talents. Woodman told me recently that Sam "almost always" had to "do business" to get a fight with a white man. In other words, white fighters exacted promises that Langford would carry them so far.

To get fights and to keep eating, Langford had a long series of bouts with Harry Wills, Sam McVey, and Joe Jeannette, who, with the champion Johnson, were the best prize fighters in the world. During the time Johnson was champion, from 1908 until 1915, the other four tried constantly to track him down, but Johnson avoided them. "On a good night Sam is just liable to beat me or make it close," the champion said when a match with Langford was proposed in Paris in 1914, "and what's the sense of that for the kind of money we'd draw?"

They did meet, once—but that was before Johnson was champion. When Langford weighed 151 pounds in 1906 he fought fifteen brutal rounds with Johnson in Boston. Although Johnson, who weighed 186, won the fight, he resolutely refused to meet Langford again. Two years after he became champion he was cornered by Langford and Joe Woodman in the sports department of the Boston Globe, and offered \$10,000 if he'd agree to a return bout. He did, but when the two fighters were to meet at ten o'clock the next morning to sign papers for the fight, Johnson

didn't show up. The bout naturally died.

In his fights Langford invariably got the worst of physical odds. He fought fifteen times with the brawling Harry Wills, who outweighed him by almost fifty pounds and was seven inches taller—unbelievably violent clashes. Wills, who chased the heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey for a fight in the early Twenties and was bypassed in favor of Gene Tunney, who won the championship in 1926, once knocked Langford down nine times in the first four rounds of a bout in New Orleans in 1916, and then was knocked out by

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Langford in the nineteenth round.

Langford fought McVey and Jeannette fourteen times apiece and lost only two bouts to each. McVey weighed 195 and Jeannette 205. Sam broke even in two fights with Fred Fulton, who weighed 210 and who, at six feet four, was a full ten inches taller. When Langford was crowding forty in 1920 he twice knocked out a Negro named George Godfrey, who stood six feet three and weighed 240 pounds.

The phrase, pound for pound, fits naturally into any comparisons with Langford because he was so much smaller than such heavyweight champions as Johnson, Jess Willard, Dempsey and Joe Louis. He had exceptionally long arms, heavy shoulders and a deep thick torso. He started fighting as a youngster in the lightweight division at 132 pounds and when he added weight almost all of it was in his upper body. He outgrew the lightweight, welterweight (147) and middleweight (160) divisions. Most experts agree his best fighting weight was at 172.

Under his barrel build and with his long strong arms, Langford's short legs gave him a curiously gnomelike appearance. Then, as now, he had a broad flat nose, a cauliflower left ear, thick heavy lips and crisp short curly hair that fitted the broad contours of his head so tightly it looked almost like a skullcap. In the ring, as one Francisco writer put it, he resembled "a man from the Dark Ages."

Built along the general lines of a gorilla, he would come loping out of his corner, his face impassive, his black skin glinting. He fought in a crouch that made him a difficult target for taller opponents and he usually offset their superior height by working his way inside their defense, pounding solidly to the body and then hooking to the jaw. His judgment of distance was uncanny. One old-time boxing writer in Boston, William A. Hamilton, recently described this talent of Langford's:

"He would glide out in a crouch and when his opponent led he'd move just a fraction and let the blow graze his head," Hamilton recalled. "He could hit like a terror with both hands."

Langford was never able to get a fight for a world's championship in any division. Johnson refused to meet him and so did Georges Carpentier when he was the light-heavyweight champion. When Stanley Ketchell was middleweight champion his manager, the astute Willus Britt, refused repeated offers to meet Langford in California, but finally consented to a no-decision, six-round bout in Philadelphia on April 27, 1910.

Langford had instructions from Woodman to go easy, the theory being that Ketchell might then consent to a

championship bout. Newspaper reports relate that "they gave a pretty boxing exhibition, with Langford having something of a shade on points in the first three rounds. After that, Langford contented himself with blocking Ketchell's punches, without making any attempt to fight back." Woodman's plan for a return match faded forever six months later when Ketchell was shot and killed.

Langford got \$300 for fighting Ketchell. Throughout his twenty-one years in the ring his purses were small. Although one of the greatest ringmen of his time, he never drew more than \$10,000 for a fight, and reached that level only once—in London in 1909 when he knocked out Ian Hague, the English heavyweight champion, in four rounds.

"I once fought Joe Jeannette on a percentage of the house and the gate was only a few hundred dollars," he recalled recently. "One time I boxed for a Negro promoter in New Orleans. The bout drew seventy-five dollars and I got a fourth of that. Most of the time I got a couple of hundred dollars."

But prices were low too. In 1914 eggs were twenty-three cents a dozen and a man could buy a Ford runabout for \$440. Tailored suits were twenty-two dollars and newspapers were a cent apiece. Boxing was in low repute socially and few women attended fights, which were often held in smoky billiard rooms in men's clubs. In many states, boxing was illegal, although police often looked the other way.

### Why Women Stayed Home

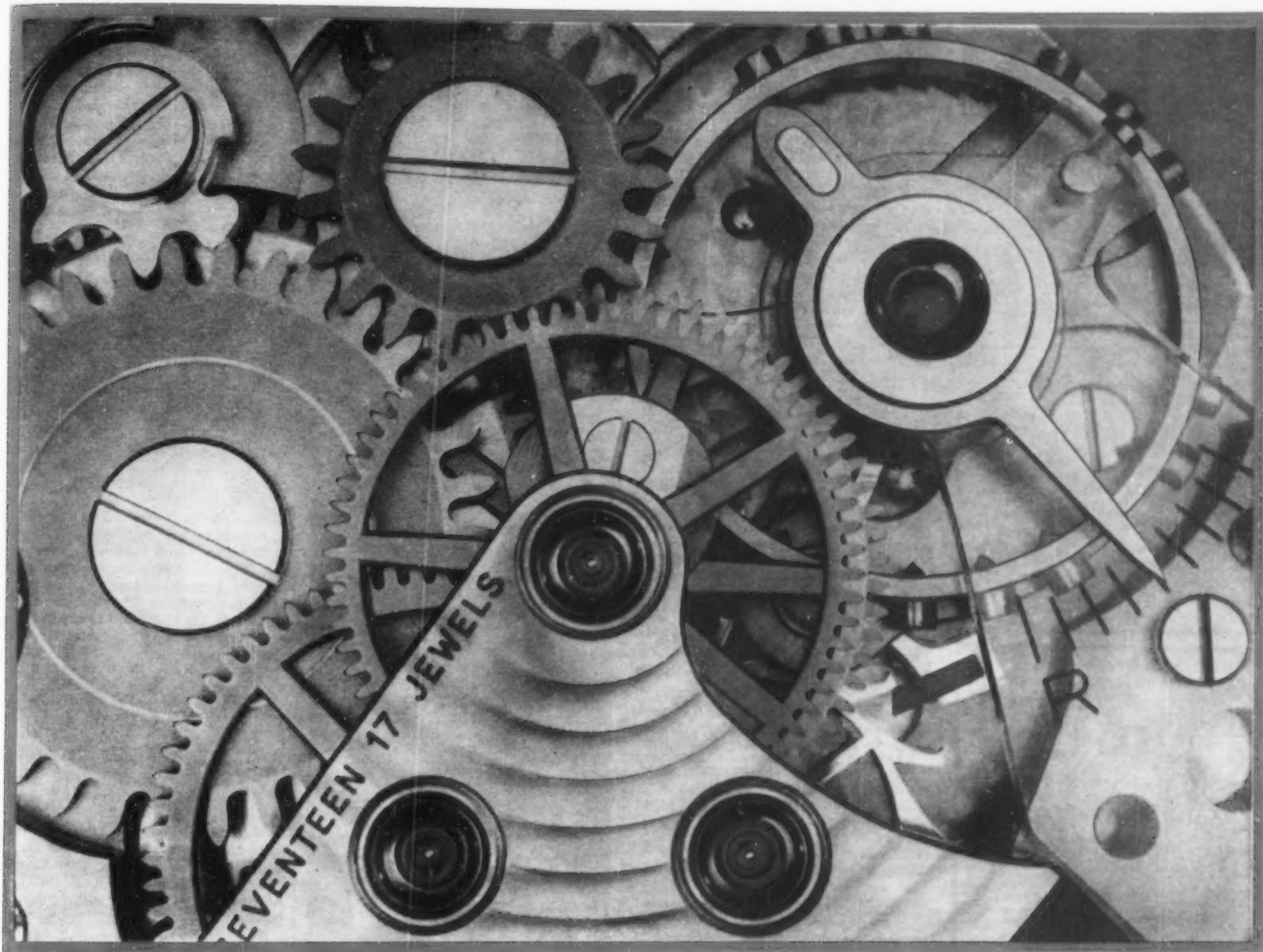
Finally in 1920 New York State adopted the Walker Law, which set up a state boxing commission. Other states followed suit and formed the National Boxing Association, legalizing boxing in the U. S.

Langford fought most of his early bouts in and around Boston, frequently at the Armoury Athletic Association where billiard tables were removed to make way for ringside chairs and the long heavy boards that served as bleacher seats. Club members and their friends attended. Membership was fifteen dollars a year and a friend could become a "temporary member" for a dollar on the day of the fight. Later, after World War I and just before Prohibition, a few emancipated women began to appear at fights, although reformers shouted that boxing was "brutal bear-baiting."

If he wasn't highly paid Langford was at least highly regarded in Boston, home of the abolitionists where a Negro could rise above the crowd. Sam spent his money on fancy clothes and feted his friends at the bars. He took a drink himself and once, before embarking for England, nearly missed the boat as







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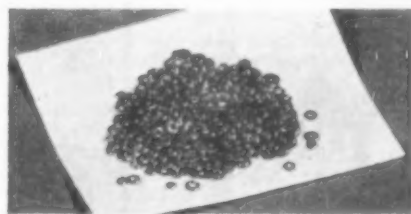
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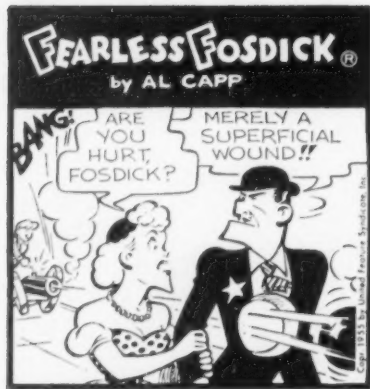


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*Time is the Art of the Swiss*





he said his raucous farewells to well-wishers who danced to the pier as the gangplank was going up.

In one of his infrequent returns to Canada he was greeted in Weymouth, N.S., as the hometown boy who made good. In the province that has the highest proportion of Negroes in Canada but doesn't always treat them too well, everybody turned out to greet him and they carried him down the street on their shoulders. At Cape Breton he was acclaimed by miners who came up from the pits to cheer the Nova Scotian who'd built a world reputation in the ring.

When Sam was nearing the end of his long career he made his only appearance in Toronto where he met Young Peter Jackson on Oct. 18, 1921. The Toronto Star carried this advance notice on Oct. 14:

Nothing is too good for Sam Langford, the King of Smoky Swat, according to local colored folk. One grand reception has been arranged for Hon. Sam by Toronto people of his race . . . After a downtown parade, King Sam Swat is going to dine somewhere but just where has not been decided. About every colored man in town who has a spare room and credit for a pair of chickens or a collection of pork chops wants to have Sam's knees under his mahogany.

On Oct. 19, the story of the fight, in which Langford knocked out Jackson in the second round, appeared under the byline of Lou E. Marsh.

A pickaninny has as much chance in a rassling match with a gorilla as Young Peter Jackson had with Sam Langford . . . They say Langford trained on pork chops. Well! if he did he done gobbled up Mistah Y P. Jackson in two bites like any other pork chop.

Langford was reportedly in his forties when he won that fight but as is the case with Jersey Joe Walcott, former heavyweight champion, and Satchel Paige, a venerable baseball pitcher, his age has always been a source of speculation. Some record books note his birth year as 1880 and others make it 1886. He once explained that his father just chopped a notch in a tree when a child was born, and that way kept track of the youngsters if not their birth dates. On other counts, however, his memory appears excellent, and he can sit by the hour in his dim upstairs room in Boston recounting the past, a smile on his broad flat features, his head tilted back, an occasional slit of the white of his right eye showing briefly through smudged glasses. He is totally blind, but cheerful. His white teeth flash as he throws back his head and laughs, and one gold tooth gleams brightly among them.

Sam's father was a sailor on a wind-jammer, he recalls, and the family lived on a farm near Weymouth. Between voyages, his father cut trees and hauled them by oxen into town where he sold them. There were four boys and three girls and Sam remembers that early in his life his father taught him a lasting lesson.

"I had an accident," he grins. "I was running with some boys and we went and borrowed some eggs. I say, we borrowed some eggs. Well, they arrested us and the bigger boys said that I gave 'em the eggs. The judge gave me a fifteen-dollar fine or fifteen days in the Digby jail.

"My father said, 'I can pay the fine but I'm not gonna. I'm gonna learn him some sense.'"

"So they put me in a cell with some other fellahs and I guess I was about ten or twelve. When I came out who should be there to meet me but the old

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man and he says, 'Sam, I guess there'll be no more stealin'.' There wasn't either."

Not long after, Sam's father sent him to town to pick up some groceries. He met some boys, got playing, and forgot all about the groceries.

"The old man gave me a lickin' and I decided I'd go somewhere. I got up in the morning, got my oxen ready and drove 'em toward the woods where I was supposed to be cuttin'. But I just tied 'em up and away I went toward Weymouth.

"I had nowhere to go, no one would take me in and I remember I slept in a chicken house. I don't remember eatin' much but I slept the next night in a hayloft and in the morning a man came along and he says, 'Do you want work?' and I said I did and then he asked me if I'd like to go to Boston. I said sure I would and he says, 'If you meet me in Yarmouth Saturday I'll take you.'"

"So I boarded a freight to Yarmouth and goes to the Grand Hotel and asks for Dr. Blodgett—the man was a doctor in Boston at the Massachusetts General Hospital—and I got him his horse from the stable and away we went to Boston on the boat."

The doctor and his family lived outside Boston. Sam drove him to the train each morning and met him at the train each evening. Through the day he worked in the stables. He used to play with the doctor's three children, two girls and a boy, and he recalls with a chuckle that they used to call him a "herrin' choker."

#### The Customer Was Wrong

He stayed with the family for three years, by which time he was "gettin' on toward fifteen or sixteen, I guess." He went to work in the brickyards in North Cambridge where he stayed a year and then he went to New Hampshire to live with his brother Charlie, who had left home ahead of him. Then he headed back for Boston where he had a sister.

"I could find a room for thirty-five or forty cents and I used to go to my sister for something to eat," he says. "Then one day I was walkin' past the old Glenbrooke Saloon and I went in and asked the man if he needed somebody to clean up. The man's name was Mike Foley—he was an Irish fellah—and he let me clean up in the morning and wash glasses and work around the place like that.

"One day Mike was out at the back and a fellah comes in and asks for a lager. So I went behind the bar and gave him a lager. He asks for another and I give him another. He asks for another and I give him another. Then he starts out.

"'You owe me fifteen cents,' I say.

"'You're a scab,' he says. 'You're not a bartender.'"

"So over the bar I came and we went to it. I knocked him down, took my fifteen cents and Mike comes runnin' out from the back and he looks and says, 'Sam, you ain't got no business bein' broke; you can make money fightin' in the amateurs. Here's a dollar. Go to Prospect Street and get yourself a license.'"

"Mike Foley got me some battered old tights and a pair of gloves and in my first fight, there's me and a Scotch fellah. I knock him out and I get a watch that I can hock for thirty dollars. I fight a couple more times and then one day Mike says, 'Sam, do you know a fellah named Joe Woodman?' I say no and Mike says this fellah's a druggist who's interested in fighters and he wants to see me. So I go, and Woodman says, 'You got no business fightin' amateurs. I know where you can get





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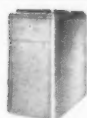


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some money. That's all I wanted to hear. I became a pro and Woodman became my manager."

The record book shows that the year was 1902, when Sam was probably somewhere between sixteen and twenty. He had four fights, all in Boston, and won them all in six rounds or less. He had twenty-six fights the next year and lost only one. Although still a lightweight (135 pounds) he fought two draws with a middleweight (160 pounds) Andy Watson, and on Dec. 8, 1903, he met Joe Gans, one of the ring's great boxers who had temporarily

given up the lightweight championship to battle in the welterweight (147 pounds) division. Gans had been fighting for ten years and he was later to regain his lightweight title. He was a strong favorite to beat the newcomer Langford.

Langford was somewhat overawed by Gans' reputation and in early rounds Gans' swift jabs and left hooks had him in difficulty. A hook staggered Langford and as Sam reeled back Gans followed with a right cross to the mouth. The blows made Langford even more wary, but by the fifth round

his confidence was returning. In the sixth he began crowding Gans and for the next nine rounds he was clearly in charge. He won the fifteen-round decision. In his next outing, two weeks later, he proved he was on his way to the top by fighting a twelve-round draw with one of the most scientific boxers in the game, Jack Blackburn, who later became Joe Louis' teacher. This pair fought four times in the next two years. The first was a no-decision six-rounder, and the next three were victories for Langford.

On April 26, 1906, Langford met the

man he was to pursue for the next ten years in a fruitless search for the world's heavyweight championship, Jack Johnson. Langford was barely more than a heavy welterweight at 151 pounds and Johnson was a tough established heavyweight, thirty-five pounds heavier and on his way to the world's championship.

In nearly fifty years since that fight, which Johnson won on a fifteen-round decision, the story has grown that Langford gave Johnson such a handful that Johnson was afraid to meet him again. But the files of the Police Gazette, a sort of boxing bible, relate that "Johnson gave Langford a terrible beating and was awarded the decision."

Sam was so upset by the defeat that in his next bout two weeks later he lost a decision to Young Peter Jackson. The same year in Rochester he knocked out Jackson in five rounds.

In the spring of 1907 he was having difficulty finding opponents. He visited a veteran Boston fight writer, Doc Almy of the Post, and asked him if he could help scare up some fights. Almy had been in touch with an English promoter, Peggy Bettinson of the London National Sporting Club, and he asked Langford if he'd like to go to England. Sam sailed early in April and spent three months in England. There he knocked out Tiger Smith in four rounds and Jeff Thorne in six. On his return on June 21 the Boston Post was distressed that he had been unable to bring back "the moving pictures that were taken of the fight" with Thorne.

"It happened," the Post's yellowed clipping reveals, "that when the pictures were developed they showed a large number of royalty occupying ringside seats. The authorities then prohibited the pictures being shown in England or taken out of the country."

#### A Different Rabbit Punch

In 1908 Langford became a Pacific Coast favorite when he knocked out Jim Barry and Jim Flynn in Los Angeles and San Francisco, respectively. His attack on Flynn was unbelievably ferocious. He broke Flynn's nose in the second round and broke his jaw in the third. When he put him away with a right uppercut Flynn was unconscious for more than twenty minutes.

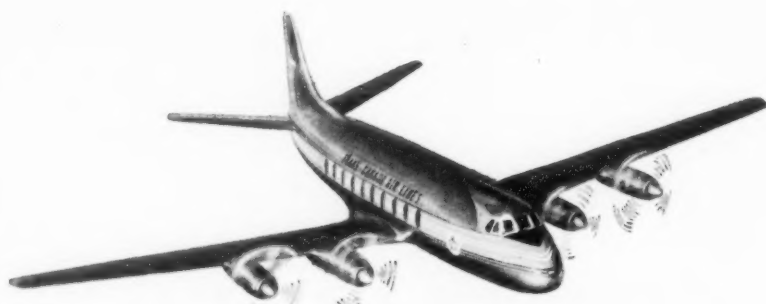
In England again he knocked out Ian (Iron) Hague, the British heavyweight champion, on Victoria Day 1909, and a year later, after his no-decision affair with the middleweight champion Stanley Ketchell in Philadelphia, Langford was summoned back to London to meet an Australian heavyweight named Bill Lang whom an Australian promoter, Hugh McIntosh, had discovered. Lang weighed 196 pounds, which made a resounding thump as they landed on the canvas in a heap in the sixth round.

Sam was dismayed because it took him six rounds to dispose of Lang; he felt he wasn't getting his usual snap into his punching. One possible explanation, he felt, were the gloves provided by McIntosh. They were white. He reasoned that against the dark background of his body the punches had been "telegraphed" to Lang. He cut open one of the gloves. It was stuffed with rabbit fur instead of horsehair, which gave the gloves the resiliency of a down-filled pillow.

"Why, Mr. McIntosh," Sam grinned at the promoter, "I never realized how many ways there were of using a rabbit punch."

McIntosh then took Sam and the American Negro, Sam McVey, to Australia. Eighteen thousand people saw their first fight in the broiling sun of Sydney on Boxing Day 1911. McVey won a twenty-round decision that was

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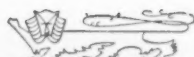


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roundly hooted. They were rematched in the same city four months later. Langford won in twenty rounds, and then repeated with another twenty-round decision in Sydney on Aug. 3. In Perth on Oct. 10 in a violent brawl, Langford knocked out McVey in eleven rounds and then, a year to the day after their first meeting in Sydney, Langford knocked him out again, this time in thirteen rounds.

The next three years, in the opinion of his manager Woodman and ring historian Nat Fleischer, were the best of Langford's long career. Fighting everywhere from New York to Paris to Denver to Buenos Aires he fought thirty times and lost only two decisions, one to Joe Jeannette and one to Harry Wills.

In the midst of his running battle with Wills, Langford reached the turning point in his career. On June 19, 1917, when he was in his early thirties, he went to Boston for a match with Fred Fulton, a towering 215-pound Kansan. Langford was out of shape—a puffy 181 pounds—and for six rounds he took a dreadful beating that eventually cost him the sight in his left eye. In the sixth he was knocked down for the third time with a left hook to the jaw. Sam climbed to his feet dazed and helpless as Fulton swarmed on him. Fulton drove both hands to Langford's eyes, nose, jaw and stomach and Langford simply rolled along the ropes.

He weathered the round and as he stumbled drunkenly to his corner his left eye was tightly closed. As the bell sounded for the start of the seventh round Sam did not rise from his stool. He sat there, tears slowly trickling down his cheeks as he signaled the referee, Matt Hinkel, that he could not continue. He never regained the sight in his left eye.

"Sam should have quit fighting then," Woodman, a voluble spry man who still handles fighters, told me recently at Stillman's Gym in New York. "I told him to quit while he still had his senses and one good eye."

"Are you telling me you're through with me?" Sam said, and I said, 'I'm telling you you should quit.' But he wouldn't quit. We parted, but he went on fighting for another six years."

Langford had nine more fights with Harry Wills and, incredibly, after being knocked out twice by Wills in Panama in 1918, he won a fifteen-round decision from him in Tulsa in 1919.

Sam continued to fight until late in 1923 when he was in his forties. He had three fights in Mexico City, then quit. He stayed in Mexico "six or seven years and then I got sick and tired of it." In San Antonio, Texas, one night he watched a fight card.

"Both my eyes were bad then but I could see a little bit," he recalls. "I knew I could lick the whole bunch put together."

He asked a promoter for a fight. The promoter agreed. The old fighter doesn't remember the name of his opponent but he remembers thinking "they're not teachin' boys to fight these days."

"When we got in there," Sam recalls, "he started swingin' that left hand and I blocked it and he swang again and I blocked it. An' then I knocked him out."

Sam adds that punch line with a grin. He grins a good deal these days, skipping lightly over the hardship he suffered after his last fight, the exhibition in San Antonio around 1929. Ten years ago a New York boxing writer, Al Laney, writing a series about old fighters, went searching for Langford in Harlem. He found him after two weeks "in a dingy hall bedroom on 139th Street down a corridor so dark you had to feel your way." Sam by

then was totally blind as well as broke.

Laney's story marked the beginning of a fund that enabled Langford to return to Boston where he lived with his sister until a year ago. Boston writers raised a few thousand dollars in a benefit boxing card. But the funds were just about dissipated when Sam's sister died a year ago.

Then Mrs. Grace Wilkins, a widow who runs a somewhat forlorn rest home in Boston, agreed to look after Sam. Ordinarily, she charges \$35 a week to look after old people but there is nothing like that in what remains of

Sam's funds. The money, she says, arrives sporadically, an occasional cheque for \$49.18 from the New York fund and an infrequent \$60 from Boston.

"Mr. Langford uses just about that much in coffee and tobacco and doughnuts," she smiled recently.

Sam is an amiable guest in the dim room on the second floor of the fifteen-room house at 136 Townsend Street—a big old house from which the paint is peeling and the shutters are hanging at odd angles. But he spends many of his dark hours worrying about money. Mrs. Wilkins, who sometimes buys him

pyjamas, underwear and tobacco, says he often expresses deep concern that he is too much of a burden.

"I asked him one time," Mrs. Wilkins says, "I asked him, 'Mr. Langford, what would you like to do now if you could do anything in the world you wanted?'"

"And he replied, 'Missus, I've been everywhere I wanted to go, I've seen everything I wanted to see, and I guess I've eaten just about everything there is to eat. Now I just want to sit here in my room and not cause you any trouble.'"

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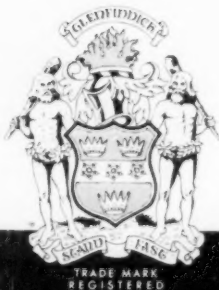


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## Women Just Have No Imagination

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

supply of love by the first school bell.

Nevertheless, a woman's attitude to her fellow humans is something that often leaves a man feeling as if he's been sitting in a slight draught. My experience has been that business women, in particular, are less understanding than men. When I started freelance writing I had a mad scramble to keep my finances straight. I often used to tell credit managers about it. They'd be fascinated. I dealt with one man for years, a little guy with a small white face and a lot of black hair, who used to sit surrounded by about two hundred women with needle-sharp pencils, white cuffs, spike heels and adding machines, and look forward to my letters like a new western story.

I used to tell him of wild financial trails, overgrown with overdue cheques, of hacking my way through second notices as brilliantly colored as orchids, and eerie bogs of carrying charges. I'd tell him of mad tropical nights with finance companies. I'd tell him I was working on an article on owls and another on life after death and would it be all right if I sent him \$80 two weeks from next Wednesday?

I'd always get a letter back from him wishing me luck and saying that he was working on a book about poison mushrooms himself and two weeks would be satisfactory.

Every now and then I'd try this on some other company with a woman credit manager. I'd get a letter back that said, "Yours of the thirteenth received about your article on owls. Please send cheque for \$87.37 by return mail."

A man can always appreciate the financial fixes another man gets in because he has enough imagination to see himself in the same fix. I remember one teller, a wide-eyed young man with straw-colored hair who, when he'd see me come in the bank, would hold my NSF cheques up over his head, like a little girl in a Sunday-school play holding up a sign "I am a tree." This was to give me time to run out and raise some money. If anybody called in the meantime, he'd tell them that I was one of their oldest and most reliable accounts and that I was good for anything.

### Her World of Blank Faces

Women, on the other hand, used to bounce my cheques so fast I became half convinced that all women in business were connected by underground tubes. Now and then I'd drop in to see them in person to ask for a bit of time. I'd tell them my kids were sick, my arches fallen, that somebody had stolen my car and that the magazines were bouncing my stuff. They'd always sit there in their starched blue smocks watching me as if they were waiting for some potatoes to come to a boil.

When I was finished they'd say: "You're two days late on this payment, Mr. Allen. Did you bring your own cheque book or do you want to use ours?"

The people of a woman's world occupy two spheres. There are the members of her family, with whose troubles she can identify herself with a compassionate imagination unattainable to a man. And there's the rest of the world, made up of a lot of things with faces. I remember one time on a motor trip I got a dose of arthritis

in my shoulder. I got into the habit of describing it as the greatest pain known to medical science to the motor-court operator in order to get a warm, quiet room with a tub.

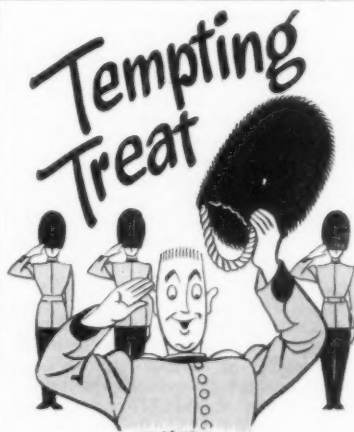
A man motor-court operator would start to wince, suggest aspirins, hot-water bottles, anti-freeze and Coca-Cola and steam baths down at the corner of First and Main and tell me about the time he had the same thing only worse and do everything he could to get me a comfortable room.

Whenever I mentioned it to a woman, she'd just keep looking at me over the desk blotter. If there's anything nerve-shattering it's to tell someone about a terrible pain in your shoulder and have her say nothing so that you have to tell her about the terrible pain all over again.

When I was through she'd just keep looking at me. It would be a minute before it would dawn on me that she was waiting to see if I'd take the cabin down behind the oil drums or go away.

### She Gets Tired of Waiting

I just mention that women have no imagination: I don't particularly criticize it. I'm not even sure that imagination is a good thing. Every now and then I'll go in to see my landlord about, say, the window blinds that need fixing. He's a nice old guy with trembling hands and an aroma about him as if he'd just finished a good cigar in an operating room. On my way I begin thinking about how I'll put it. I imagine the two of us getting into a terrible row, pounding desks with our fists, in the middle of which he drops dead, leaving me to face a manslaughter charge that will have me in jail until both my daughters are through college. He has been imagining the same sort



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of thing himself, I suppose: that he'll lose a good tenant, or that I go insane when crossed, especially about window blinds.

The upshot of it is that the two of us sit there smiling and nodding to one another, discussing Canada, the weather, the real-estate situation. I bring up the subject of window blinds so subtly that he doesn't know I mentioned them. I make little notes in a pad and when I get home I try to figure out what they are.

This man and I have talked together for three years without ever being quite sure what the other asked for or whether he got it.

Every now and then my wife will get a bit tired of waiting for something and come down with me. She'll walk into the office.

He'll say, "How do you do, Mrs. Allen? Grand morning isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," my wife says in a friendly voice. "When are you going to fix our blinds? If they're not fixed by Saturday we'll have to move. You're charging enough rent as it is. How is your wife?"

The landlord and I stiffen as if we'd been hit by a death ray. We get up and walk away in silence. He has the blinds fixed by noon.

But when you get down to it, you can't really hold it against a woman that she has no imagination. Down through the history of the human race whenever a woman got too imaginative some guy caught a train out of town that night. Woman shed her imagination for the same reason that man shed his tail: it got caught in too many creepers. It's really self-preservation. It's probably a good thing. When you consider what man has got himself into through his imagination, keeping someone without any imagination around probably isn't such a bad idea. ★

## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

those with private incomes or professional earnings, such as lawyers and journalists.

Yet the problem of semi-permanent relegation to the Opposition benches has other sides than mere finance. Take for example the case of Hugh Gaitskell who succeeded Sir Stafford Cripps as Chancellor of the Exchequer and who is being touted as the ultimate leader of the Labour Party.

I imagine that Gaitskell has a small private income, perhaps five hundred pounds a year—but this is mere assumption on my part. Having held the immensely important post of finance minister it would have been easy for him to secure first-class directorships in the City when he reverted to the rank of a private MP.

But such a move would be impossible. Undoubtedly he will be chancellor again if the socialists win the next election and he could not afford to have affiliations in the City, no matter how strictly he and his business associates maintained a complete severance of relations on his return to the Treasury.

You may think that as an observer and participant in the political arena I am not only weeping crocodile tears but being unduly confident about the coming Tory victory.

On the second point I am, quite willing to lead with my chin. It was in Maclean's that I predicted a disastrous rout of the Tories in 1945—a London Letter that caused me the greatest embarrassment when the socialists produced it here in the middle of the election. I also predicted the re-election of President Truman in his last fight, and in a British by-election last year I forecast that the Tory would increase the majority by 981. Here I was wrong. He only increased it by 979.

Therefore I now give it as my opinion that whether the Conservatives hold a general election next spring or next autumn we shall be returned to power with an increased majority.

Let us assume that this proves to be true. Can Mr. Attlee in his seventy-second year survive yet another defeat? But if he resigns shall we then see a fierce battle for the leadership fought to a finish between Hugh Gaitskell and Herbert Morrison?

You may ask, "What about Nye Bevan?" Mr. Bevan's only chance of leading the Labour Party would be if there was an industrial and financial collapse. Like the phoenix, he could rise from the ashes—but only from ashes.

The truth is that Socialism is an emotional movement. In the Victorian era the Fabians drew some of the finest minds in Britain, including Bernard Shaw, who were shocked at the inequality of life between the haves and the have-nots. It can be said indeed that trade unionism, Fabianism, the co-operative societies and the Labour Party have all attained their objective. Nor should these achievements be underestimated. There were martyrs who paid the price of sacrifice in blood, sweat and tears. There were intellectuals who had to endure the sneers and contumely of their friends. There were dreamers and bores and heroes and poseurs—in other words, just as in any political movement in the making.

Undoubtedly they quickened the pace of social reform and, in doing so, began to drain away the strength of the Liberal Party. Then came the feud between Asquith and Lloyd



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George which drew still more blood from the weakening veins of the party.

But there was another reason why Liberalism as a coherent political movement came under sentence of death. With Gladstone, Asquith and Lloyd George, the Liberal Party did its work so well that almost everyone in Britain became spiritually some kind of a Liberal.

It is the paradox of politics that when a party has completed its evangelical crusade it begins to die. The Liberal Party went to impotent death because it had converted too great a proportion

of the electorate to its doctrine.

Thus Socialism swept into second place in the party setup. It had the vigor of comparative youth, it had the confidence of inexperience, it had the mighty backing of the trade unions, it had the street-corner fanaticism of the zealot.

But not until 1945 did it achieve absolute power with no coalition with any other party. "Now," said the socialists, "we shall create the welfare state." "We shall help you," said the decimated Conservative Party, "because we have already prepared our

plans on the same lines." And this was quite true.

Then what went wrong? More than once in these letters from London I have quoted the old saying of the mining broker in Toronto: "Many a good mine has been ruined by sinking a shaft." Well that is what happened to Socialism when it came to power.

How splendid the words sounded on public platforms and street-corner rallies: "National ownership of all means of production and distribution." Hurrah! Hip-hip-hurrah! In decency the socialists bought out the owners of the

railways, the electricity plants, long-distance road transport and gas. Hurrah! Hip-hip-hurrah! Now the people would own these vital sinews of the nation's strength. No longer did the miners in the pits have to deal with a scrounging owner or a wage tyrant in the shape of a manager. The boss was out for keeps and good riddance to him. Instead of the boss there was remote control.

Socialism carried through its program, including the establishment of the welfare state. And in 1951 a grateful nation threw the socialists out of office and sent back the Tories once more.

Which brings us to the socialist dilemma of today. In foreign policy there is almost no difference between the socialists and the Tories. In matters of defense the socialists not only played their part when in power but bravely introduced peacetime conscription.

The electorate wants no more nationalization, but it would like bigger pensions and more benefits from the welfare state, and better housing.

But where is the money to come from? The taxpayer is bled to the limit, so there is no hope in that direction. The nationalized industries are struggling against the dead hand of bureaucracy, in spite of strenuous attempts to bring about increasing efficiency.

Reluctantly, sadly, the socialists have come to the conclusion that the welfare state can only be developed to its full stature if there is a vigorous and prosperous private enterprise.

Which prompts the old, old gag: "This is where we came in."

Not even a Tory like myself believes that we should have a Conservative government for ever. Two things are bad for the health of a political party: 1. Too long a period of power; 2. Too long a period of Opposition. Naturally I make an exception of Canada where permanent one-party government seems to be working fairly well.

Yet there is one move which Attlee could make if he had the courage and the vision. Let him make some such pronouncement as this:

We, the Labour Party, have won our historic struggle against prejudice and against vested interests. The street-corner days are over, just as the hunger marches will never be seen again. The welfare state has been established and the poorhouse is as finished as the debtors' prison. We socialists owe much to Liberalism which suckled Socialism in its infancy. Therefore we have decided to rename our party and reconstruct our policy in many directions. Henceforth we shall be named "The Liberal-Socialist Party."

Bevan would belch fury. There would be mass protests. The Communists would howl to the moon.

But remember this. There is no Parliamentary Liberal Party left except for a leader and a male quartet in the Commons, but there is still a big Liberal vote. No true Liberal wants to vote Tory if he can be offered a sound, respectable alternative.

Such a move cannot take place before the next general election but if the socialists go down to defeat there will be disruption, feuds, intrigues and open rebellion unless someone produces a plan.

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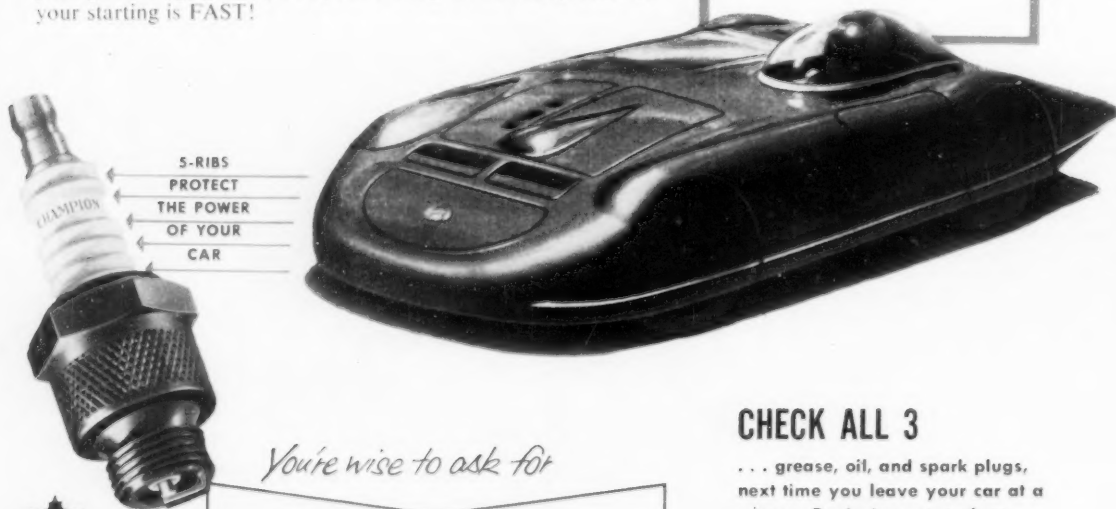
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## India and the U. S.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

needless and frivolous aggravation of this enfeebling breach between two great democracies. On both sides, but especially perhaps on the Indian side, ill feeling is being fed by behavior that can fairly be called childish and silly.

Policy disagreements alone would not create the bitterness that exists. Such warm friends as Canada and Britain also disagree with the U. S. on some of the same points, without serious damage to the friendship that binds us all together. In India there is more than disagreement. There is a consistent pattern of hostility that sometimes amounts to mean, petty persecution of Americans.

I flew to Calcutta from Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan, with a young American who is in Asia to find ways of helping Asian people with U. S. dollars. As we buckled our seat belts for the landing, I suggested that we have dinner.

"You'd better not wait for me," he said. "I'm an American. Last time I came here it took me two and a half hours to get through Customs and Immigration. But you—with your Canadian passport you'll go through in ten minutes."

He had a little better luck this time. It wasn't more than half an hour after I had got through—time enough to make a few phone calls, send two cables and read the evening papers—when he too was free to come for dinner. But since he was staying in Calcutta only six hours on his way to Hong Kong, even this delay seemed a bit more than common sense required.

### Condone Bureaucratic Bias

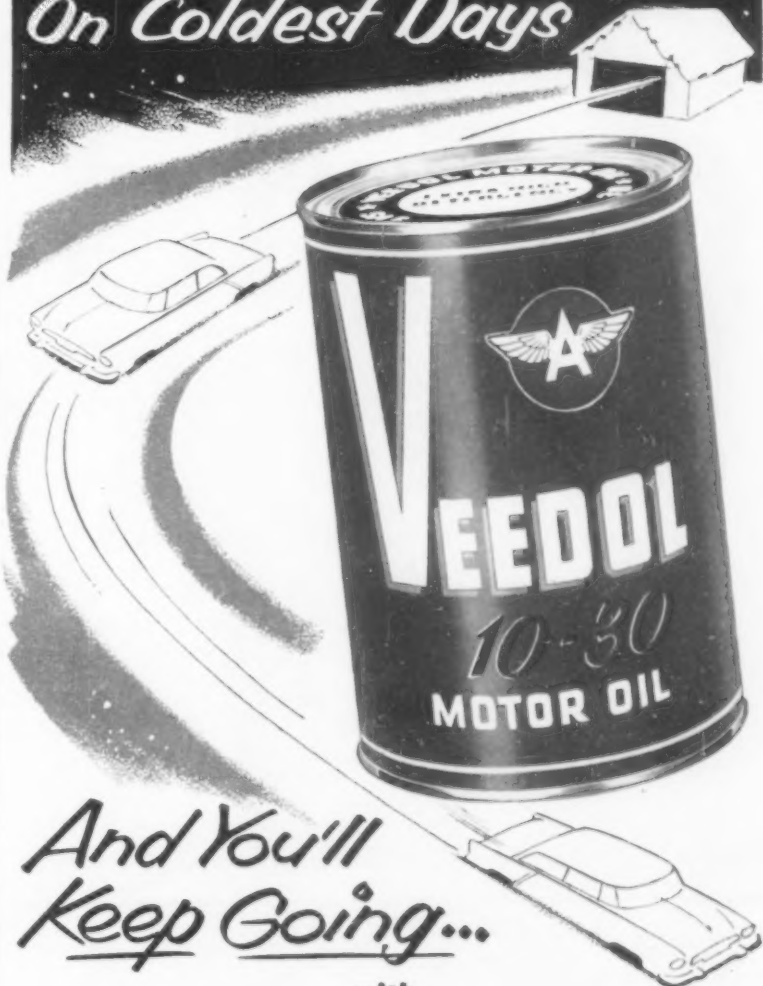
In Karachi, West Pakistan, a group of American officials chartered an airplane to take their children to a school in the hill country of northern India. Twelve children made up the entire passenger list. Every one of them carried either a diplomatic passport or a special passport, and their baggage was the sole cargo on the flight. Nevertheless it took them five hours to get through Customs and Immigration at New Delhi.

Another U. S. official in Karachi has a boy at school in the same cool northern region of India. Last July the boy wrote to his father to send some warm clothing for the fall. The father sent it. Late in August he received a communication from the Customs office in Bombay, requesting forty-five dollars for duty on the used clothing. He sent the money. By December the clothes had not yet arrived, and the boy was feeling very chilly.

Nobody imagines that this behavior of petty bureaucrats is actually commanded by the Government of India. But neither is it forbidden, although it is notorious. It's an expression at the lowest level of an attitude that permeates the Indian government all the way to the top. Most of the men around Prime Minister Nehru today have an anti-American bias.

Nehru is "infatuated," in the words of one Indian journalist, with V. K. Krishna Menon, who as India's chief delegate to the United Nations has probably annoyed the Americans more and oftener than any other Indian. Nehru wanted to have Krishna Menon in his cabinet to help him with foreign affairs, and was very much annoyed when other ministers balked. (One told a friend of mine he intended to resign if Krishna Menon entered the cabinet.) But though Nehru now seems to have

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## "Many public men say only what they think Nehru would most like to hear"

dropped his plan for promoting his friend, Krishna Menon remains a most influential voice.

Menon's anti-Americanism is chronic, habitual, and goes far beyond the confines of foreign policy. He lived for eighteen years in London where he made many close friendships in the left wing of the British Labour Party, and his view of the U. S. is very much that of Aneurin Bevan.

Among those who echo Menon's anti-American views is K. M. Panikkar, onetime ambassador to Red China and now ambassador to Egypt. Panikkar is not the power he once was in New Delhi, but he still has some weight. And around and below these well-known names are others the average Westerner has never heard of, all singing the same tune.

In many interviews with Indian officials and politicians I don't recall one who ever mentioned that U. S. dollar aid to India totaled a hundred and four millions in 1953. On the other hand, few failed to mention all the major policy disagreements between India and the U. S., usually in a way to suggest that they all sprang from American perversity or ignorance. The tone was always either bitter or patronizing, and sometimes it was both.

I asked a great many people why this attitude was so widespread in the government service. The most sardonic answer, but one of the most convincing, came from a shrewd old Indian journalist: "Many public men say not what they think, but what they think Nehru would most like to hear. If they got the idea that he'd rather hear praise of the U. S. and criticism of the USSR, they'd begin at once to talk like registered Republicans."

But why should Nehru prefer to hear them run down the U. S.?

"I think our Prime Minister is a great man and I am proud of him, but he is also the vainest and most conceited man I have ever known in my life. He wants to be a power in world affairs. He wants to be consulted, to feel he is shaping great decisions. The British know this, and play up to it. The Americans don't."

If there's any truth in this analysis, and it does seem to fit at least some of the facts, some Americans have gone out of their way to make matters worse. Partly by sheer ill luck, partly because of wounded vanities on their side too, U. S. spokesmen have often aroused needless animosity in India.

It was ill luck, for example, that a very able U. S. ambassador in India some years ago had a voluble wife who detested the country. He did his job conscientiously and well, as Indians now admit. She undid any good he had been able to do by trumpeting, on more or less public occasions, her low opinion of India and of all things and persons Indian, especially the Indian prime minister.

There have been other slights, though, not merely unlucky but official and deliberate. On several occasions, and most recently in planning the Geneva conference on Korea and Indo-China, American delegates have insisted on keeping India out of committees or councils in which India would like to have been included. Canadian and British statesmen place a high value on India's carefully cultivated ability to play a middle role between the two power blocs. Americans tend to treat India as if she were hardly distinguishable from an enemy.

One of the worst examples of the gratuitous affront came a little more than a year ago, during Vice-President Richard Nixon's visit to India and Pakistan. Vanity may have had something to do with it, too.

Nixon's stay in New Delhi was not a success. Indians say he got exactly the same treatment as their own Vice-President Radhakrishnan had got in Washington not long before. Apparently it was less glamorous than the reception Nixon had in other places like Formosa, Thailand and (later) Pakistan. Whether or not it had any effect on his judgment, Nixon gave several people the impression that he was offended at being treated as a Veep instead of as a VIP.

Just after Nixon left for Karachi Robert Trumbull, the able and respected correspondent of the New York Times in New Delhi, also flew to Karachi. Trumbull then wrote an interpretive story for his paper which named no source, but which the Government of India instantly took to be an interview with Vice-President Nixon. It was written in careful moderate language, but it could be boiled down without undue exaggeration into a harsh sentence:

*United States policy is to isolate India and undermine Nehru.*

In any case, that was New Delhi's interpretation of the story, and it came as a shock. Nixon and Nehru had had an hour's conversation the week before, and although Nixon hadn't said much he had left behind the impression of general agreement with the views Nehru expounded. The Karachi interview was a painful letdown.

### Aid a Pretext for Enmity

It came just at the moment when the new program of U. S. military aid to Pakistan was being worked out. Washington had been assuring New Delhi that in providing arms and munitions to Pakistan the U. S. was not doing anything unfriendly to India. The Indians hadn't believed this anyway, but after the Nixon incident they regarded it as deliberate hypocrisy.

To many Americans living in India the military aid to Pakistan seems unwise. Its defenders say it is merely another link in the globe-encircling chain of U. S. allies against the Communist bloc. Pakistan is a firmly friendly nation, they say, that isn't afraid to stand up and be counted among anti-Communist powers; the treaty itself provides that these U. S. arms mustn't be used against India or any other country friendly to the U. S.

Still, the aid program was offered at a time when India and Pakistan had agreed after six years of bickering to start plans for a plebiscite in Kashmir. Kashmir is a onetime princely state that now is claimed by both countries, and in 1947 was a cause of open war between them. India has held most of it since the cease-fire; Pakistan has been urging a plebiscite among its Moslem population which India has found repeated pretexts to stall off. For various complex reasons the Kashmir dispute lies at the root of every major issue between India and Pakistan, and its settlement is essential to a stable peace on the Indian subcontinent. U. S. military aid gave India a pretext for breaking off the Kashmir negotiations, which now are back where they were five years ago.

It also gave ample pretext for Indian



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hostility toward the U. S. The hostility had existed before—some people think it contributed to the U. S. decision to arm Pakistan—but it certainly became more intense and more widespread. One journalist of pro-Western views explained the Indian reaction thus:

"Rightly or wrongly we are not afraid of Red China. China is far away across the Himalayas, and we don't think she is threatening us. But the United States is threatening our security by arming our enemy. So the U. S. is a danger to us and China is not; that's how it looks to us."

Of course the U. S. agreement with Pakistan stipulates that the arms shall not be used for aggressive purposes, but Indians brush that aside:

"Americans are so naïve as to think that because they told the Pakistani not to use the arms against India, the Pakistani won't do it. But the U. S. has no troops in Pakistan to stop them from doing it. The tribesmen will be across our border before the Americans even know it, and then they will hold a post mortem in Washington and decide that Pakistan shouldn't have done it."

In spite of these plausible arguments, though, and in spite of the fact the U. S. intends to give Pakistan as much military aid as her army and her economy can absorb, it's pretty hard to believe that India is afraid of Pakistan. Indians outnumber Pakistani about five to one, and this proportion is roughly maintained in their armed forces. India has considerable resources of heavy industry, Pakistan has next to none. India has a stable, fairly efficient government; Pakistan has not. There is some ground to fear an irresponsible outburst by a Paki-

stani government trying to divert attention from social and economic ills at home, but this danger existed anyway.

Although no settlement in Kashmir is yet in sight, and both sides say this is essential to peace, the atmosphere in both countries has improved noticeably. Any gesture of friendship is prominently displayed in the Press. Prime Minister Mohammed Ali of Pakistan has in his living room a large, personally inscribed portrait of Prime Minister Nehru. At a recent press conference Nehru was asked to comment on some act or utterance by Pakistan; he answered: "I have nothing to say about Pakistan except to wish her well."

Not long ago Ghulam Mohammed, Governor-General of Pakistan, paid a brief visit to the Indian city of Lucknow which had been his home for many years before partition. He spoke of Lucknow and of his old friends there with great warmth and feeling, and his remarks appeared on the front pages of all the leading newspapers in both countries.

Pakistan's leading opposition party, which has an excellent chance of winning a general election whenever Pakistan holds one, is committed to a platform of friendship and co-operation with India as the first aim of Pakistan's foreign policy.

These things strengthen the hope that even military aid to Pakistan, though admittedly the sorest of all the real policy issues between India and the U. S., might be smoothed over by resolute good will and good nature on both sides. As for the other policy issues, Indian comment on them is markedly milder than it used to be.

One, for example, is the recognition of Red China and the support of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. When I interviewed Prime Minister Nehru in New Delhi four years ago he spent some time decrying the Formosa policy of the U. S. and arguing that the U. S. should recognize the Communist regime, even though the Korean War was then in full swing. This time, though it would be too strong to say his views had changed, he certainly presented them with different emphasis.

This time he talked more about the coastal islands, those small Nationalist strongholds that lie just off the China coast and are used as bases for Chiang's air attacks on the Communist-held mainland. Nehru thought China could not tolerate such a threat to her security, and would have to dislodge Chiang's forces from these nearby bases. (The new U. S. defense pact with Chiang pointedly omits any guarantee to protect these coastal islands.)

Nehru went on: "I am not speaking now of Formosa—that is a very big question—but these little islands are a real threat to China and are actually being used for attacks here and now."

When he called Formosa "a very big question," did he mean it was a problem with no easy solution? What did he think could or should be done about Formosa?

"It's not for me to suggest a solution," Nehru said. "Both sides say that Formosa is rightfully a part of China—that is not only Chinese Communist doctrine, it's American doctrine. Of course it started with the Cairo Declaration during the war, but it's been repeated often enough since then, and even since the Communists came to power on the mainland."

"However," he added, "I certainly would not wish to see Formosa captured by war, or become the cause of a war."

But what alternative did he see? It was obviously impossible to hand over Chiang Kai-shek and his six hundred



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thousand soldiers to the Communists without a fight. Was there any alternative to considering Formosa a part of China? Could it become independent?

"I don't know what the solution is," Nehru replied, "but I would say this: Any solution to a problem as big as that must come about step by step. The first step should be to stop the fighting there. Then we might find a way of going on to another step."

Obviously, this is very close to President Eisenhower's view of the Formosa problem. Since he reimposed the order to the U. S. Seventh Fleet to "neutralize" the Formosa Strait and prevent attacks in either direction, he has brought about precisely the ceasefire that Prime Minister Nehru recommended.

I asked Nehru about his opposition to the Southeast Asia Defense Organization, set up by U. S. initiative at the Manila Conference last summer. Partly because of India's hostility to the whole project the only Asian nations in the pact are Thailand, the Philippines and—belatedly and not very enthusiastically—Pakistan.

Nehru said: "I am convinced that China has no aggressive intentions, no aims at conquest outside her own borders. She has a colossal internal problem. When I visited China they talked to me of three or even four Five-Year Plans merely to lay the foundations of a socialist state. After that, they thought they might be able to start to build. These people are not seeking unnecessary external problems. They're not an insecure government."

"I'm quite convinced they have no designs of aggression on neighboring states unless they think those states are being used, or are going to be used, as bases for an attack on China."

#### A Quote from Ernie Bevin

Was that his real objection to the Southeast Asia Defense Pact, then, that it might plant this suspicion in the Chinese mind?

"Exactly. I think we must remember that China has some reason to fear attack. We hear prominent people in the United States—I don't say the American Government, but people who could easily be mistaken for spokesmen of the American Government—proclaiming their intention of hitting China a mortal blow. The American Government is certainly nursing the enemies of China, Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, and giving them supplies and weapons with which to attack China."

"When I was there they told me a great deal, and with full details, about the attacks Chiang is making on the Chinese mainland. Not only bombing attacks, but parachuting ammunition and weapons and wireless sets to his agents on the ground. These things are actually going on. The regime on Formosa is an actual threat to China—of course the regime in China is also a threat to Formosa, but I'm trying to put this as it appears to the Chinese. They have reason to think they're in danger."

He thought that was why China felt it necessary to keep ten million men under arms. Didn't he think there was any possibility that this huge army might be an aggressive threat?

"I'll tell you a story," Nehru said. "At the first Colombo Conference in 1950 the then Foreign Secretary of Britain, the late Ernie Bevin, was talking about Russia. He said: 'We made a serious mistake with Soviet Russia after the 1917 revolution. We behaved in a way that convinced the Russians we were their enemies. We made them feel beleaguered, encircled. Now we have to reckon with the

psychology that our attitude created.

"I hope we're not going to make the same mistake with China," Ernie Bevin said."

It's a familiar point of view, especially in India, but I was struck by the Prime Minister's tone. He spoke without heat, calmly and reflectively, with none of the indignation he sometimes reveals when he talks about world affairs. As he said (not quite accurately) at the beginning of the interview, "I don't criticize what other governments say or do unless it's something directly affecting India."

A shrewd European diplomat suggested a reason for the mild attitude of Nehru, much milder than that of the average Indian you meet, toward such policy questions as the Southeast Asia Defense Organization: "I think Nehru realizes at the back of his mind that he might be wrong in his judgment of China's intentions, and the United States might be right. In that case, of course, India would have cause to be thankful that some defense preparations had been made. He can never say this publicly, of course, because it would damage his cherished policy of

'non-alignment,' but I'm quite sure the feeling is there."

From an Indian elder statesman I heard a strong confirming opinion: "Nehru was more disturbed by his visit to Red China than he has indicated in public. Two of his cabinet ministers told me the Prime Minister came back much cooler toward the Chinese Communists than before."

"It was partly because he'd got no satisfactory assurances from Premier Chou En-lai about the activities of the overseas Chinese. As you know, there are twelve million Chinese in various



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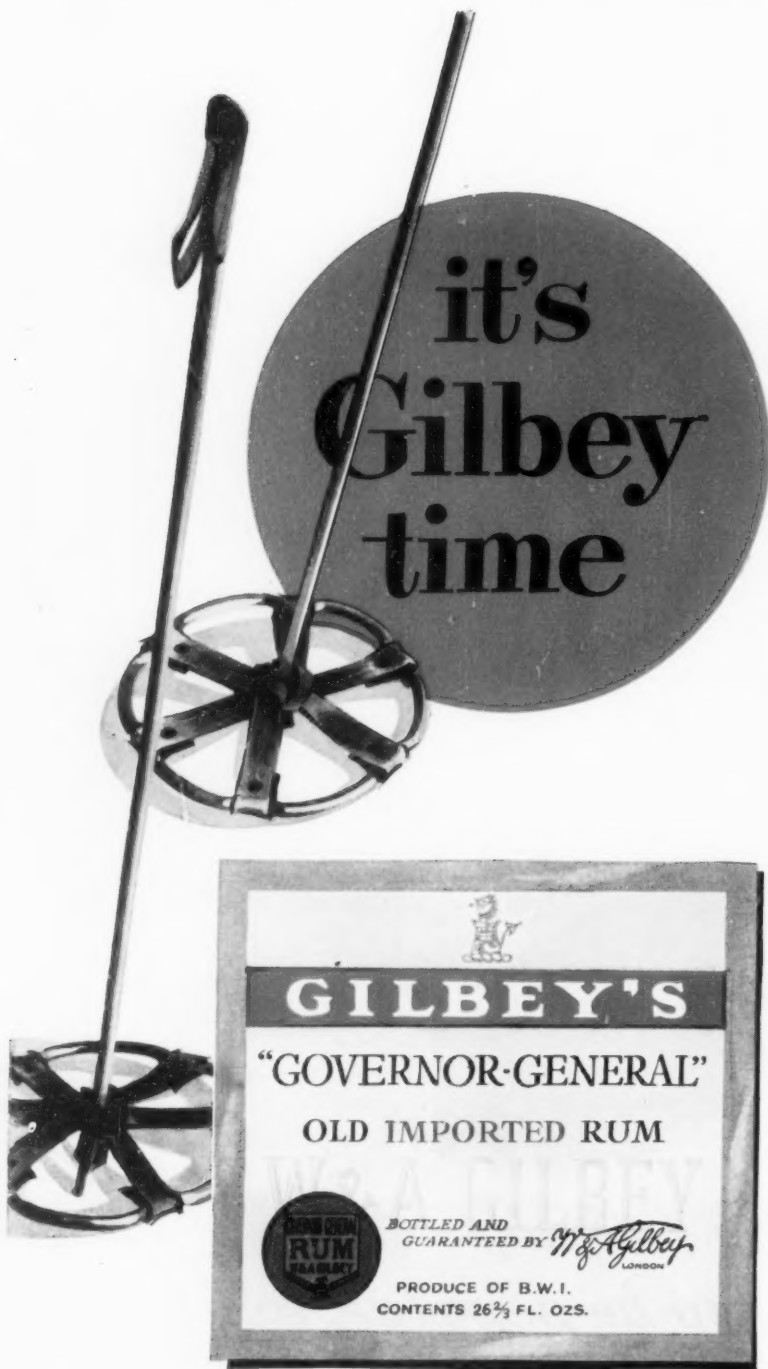
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## "To Indian eyes, U. S. foreign policy is like a mansion built on quicksand"

countries of south and southeast Asia, and they could be a serious political threat. Nehru had counted on getting some firm agreement with Chou En-lai to restrain them. All he got was a meaningless platitude—Chou said they were either loyal naturalized citizens who'd cut off their ties with China, or else they were loyal Chinese who took no part in local politics. Nehru knew, of course, that this was nonsense, and it bothers him.

"The other thing that cooled him off was more flattering to China but no less serious to India. Nehru was more than impressed, he was alarmed by the industrial progress of Communist China. He thought China was going ahead faster than India, and it gave him quite a scare."

But if these sobering second thoughts have come to the Indian Prime Minister, they certainly have not come to the average Indian politician or journalist. Among them there's still a strong sympathy for the new China, not as a Communist power but as an Asian one.

"We feel proud," an intelligent, conservative Indian economist said, "to see an Asian nation holding her own as a great power in the world. We ourselves were so long under European dominance that we had almost come to believe Europeans were all-powerful, and it gave us a thrill to see an Asian country like ourselves standing on her own feet."

"Also, we think the present government of China is China's last chance. After a century of weakness and disorder she has at last got a strong central government, but if this one fails then China is doomed for a long time to come. When we see the United States trying to overthrow that government and put China back into weakness and chaos, that seems to us really a wicked policy."

Americans find this attitude pretty hard to take, after all the American blood shed in Korea for no American interest except the general one of collective security. They find it hard that they should be regarded as wicked aggressors by people to whom they have freely given massive amounts of aid, without asking anything in return. And Indians, even the most intelligent, seem to be singularly obtuse about realizing this natural American reaction.

The Eastern Economist, one of the best periodicals in India, made a shrewd observation in a recent issue:

The point that India needs to come to an understanding with the United States should be as obvious as the point that India has to come to an understanding with the People's Republic of China. Why is it then that, while Indian opinion is so ready to recognize the latter point, it is so unready to recognize the former? This is a question to which observers both here and abroad have been slow to find an explanation. In India itself the point is not even entertained; unconsciously, for the most part, it is by-passed. We consider ourselves to be supremely realistic in regard to the People's Republic of China. We argue that the People's Republic of China is a fact and a momentous one, and therefore it cannot be ignored. Nobody seems to be concerned about the equally indisputable proposition that the United States is a fact and, for the present, an even more momentous one.

But if India tends to turn a blind

eye to the fact of American power, Indians can fairly charge that Americans have the same blindness to the strength and status of India.

To Indian eyes, American foreign policy looks like a mansion built not merely on sand but on quicksand. Its farthest eastern bastion is ex-enemy Japan, a beaten and dispirited country where no one has any solution to an economic problem increasingly desperate, or any suggestion how Japan can get on without massive American aid.

Recently, under U. S. urging, Japan has launched a rather half-hearted rearmament program. It is a somewhat specious invasion of the postwar Japanese constitution which the U. S. itself dictated, and which forbids Japan to have any armed forces. It is also regarded by the average Japanese as a mere attempt to recruit American mercenaries. As a result, even though unemployment in Japan is serious and growing, there has been a disappointing response to the call of the National Defense Force.

### Outshine the Motley Crew

The next American allies on the eastern rim of Asia are two outright pensioners, Syngman Rhee in Korea and Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa. Then, after passing the tiny and virtually defenseless British colony of Hong Kong, we come to the fantastic mess in Indo-China—where the best Uncle Sam can hope for is another pensioner, and the worst is a bloodless and legal Communist victory.

The Philippines, a shaky and struggling democracy; Thailand, an ancient, corrupt and complacent dictatorship; Pakistan, racked by a political crisis that now seems almost chronic—these complete the tally of America's Far Eastern allies.

Indians may be pardoned for believing that their country is more important than all this motley crew put together. India is the only country in all Asia which is both stable and free; it is bigger and stronger and healthier than all the rest of the continent outside the Bamboo Curtain. To talk about a Free Asia without India is obvious nonsense, they feel.

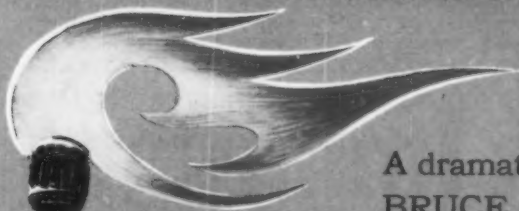
Indians are hurt as well as annoyed when their policy of "non-alignment" is mocked or damned as "neutrality." They aren't neutral, they insist; they are for freedom and against Communism. But they do believe it's important that some nation or group of nations stay outside the two great power blocs as long as possible, to act as go-betweens if the opportunity should arise. Once or twice, as for example in Indo-China, the opportunity has arisen already. Why, Indians ask, should they be execrated if they value this unique, detached position somewhat more highly than an obscure and soon-to-be-forgotten vote at United Nations?

Canadian observers, friendly as they are to both India and the U. S., find it painfully easy to see both sides of the argument. Most of them think both parties are wrong in several ways. But even more strongly they think that nothing of real importance, no fundamental conflict of interest or intent, divides these two great democracies. If only both Washington and New Delhi could be convinced of this and stop scolding each other, the cause of freedom would be strengthened all over the world. ★



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## There's Still a Lot of Leacock in Orillia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

advised people seeking further information to call seven-three-eight-three. That was the phone number of Wilbur Cramp's committee rooms."

MacIsaac was returned by a narrow margin, 2,250 votes to Cramp's 1,940.

But while it's true Orillia has retained some of the flavor Leacock loved

to sample, there is less evidence that the people themselves have retained an interest in the creator of Mariposa. The big, rawboned editor of the Daily Packet and Times, Farmer Tissington, has given front-page headlines to the Leacock shrine undertaking, and has written editorially about the town council's attitude toward it. But he doubts that more than fifty percent of the populace ever heard of Leacock. Mayor MacIsaac places the percentage even lower. Librarian Mary Sheridan, an effervescent girl who is the secretary of the Orillia Historical Society, says

that when the annual Stephen Leacock Award dinner (at which the Leacock Medal is presented to the Canadian humorist deemed most humorous by the Canadian Authors' Association) is held in Orillia "out-of-towners are quite interested, but we have a job selling tickets in town."

Similarly, out-of-towners visit Miss Sheridan more frequently than Orillians at the public library to enquire about the bronze bust of Leacock that stands in the downstairs reading room. Done by Elizabeth Wyn Wood, the larger-than-life-size bust is mounted on a high

white-birch-and-glass stand that contains drawers and trays laden with Leacock pictures, letters, clippings, manuscripts and early editions.

It is the opinion of Griffith Bingham, an Orillia lawyer, that Leacock's picture of the town attracted more attention after the writer's death than during his lifetime. Bingham's father, Horace E. Bingham, was an undertaker on whom Leacock modeled Golgotha Gingham, one of the more prominent characters in Sunshine Sketches. Older Orillia residents say the Bingham family was greatly annoyed by the Leacock caricature but Griffith Bingham, the lawyer, dissents. "I recall that my father may have been a little concerned by Bingham's preoccupation with—ah—business," he said recently, "but that was all."

"I'm not sure that I've ever read the book," Bingham continued. "It's my impression that it became popular long after it was written."

A man who is endeavoring to keep Sunshine Sketches high on the popularity lists is Eric (Bud) Bacon, who runs Bacon's drugstore on Orillia's main street, Mississaga Street. Each summer, when tourists swell Orillia's official 12,796 population by another 15,000 as they pour into about 3,000 cottages that line neighboring lakes—Simcoe, Couchiching, Bass, Sparrow and St. George's—the druggist gives over a window for two weeks to the book's display.

"We've been averaging a sale of three hundred and fifty books for the past several summers," says Bacon, a booming, bustling, friendly man. "I plug any Canadian books I can lay hand to. I refuse to stock that pulp stuff. It isn't fit for our kids to read, those comic books and pulp magazines. Now that Leacock book's wonderful stuff. Too much satire for kids, of course, but they'll grow to it with decent stuff as long as I stock a book in this place."

Bacon's drugstore, like the rest of the business firms crowded tightly into three blocks on Mississaga Street, stays open until nine o'clock Friday night and all day Saturday. Those two are the big shopping days in Orillia. The sons and daughters of the people who used to watch Leacock's trains roar through have apparently switched their allegiance to the brightly lighted main drag on Friday night, for they line both sides of the crowded streets—parked in their cars watching the pageant of shoppers. Mississaga Street is built on a hill that rises gently from Lake Couchiching and reaches a crown halfway up the street before gently dipping down again.

One of the town's more remarkable buildings is the red-brick Opera House which is a combined movie theatre and town hall, housing the municipal offices and including the council chamber and the mayor's office. Somewhat incongruously, the words Orillia Town Hall are etched in the ancient red-stone facing of the entrance over a painted placard. This announces that it is the Opera House, the Friendly Family Theatre. The movies, which run to double features, are shown on the building's second floor.

Because it's a tourist centre in summer, with a trading area embracing thirty thousand people, Orillia has a number of large modern restaurants closely bunched on the main stem. There are twenty-two chain stores but none of suburbia's ubiquitous giants—the supermarkets. Nor are there any drinking houses, which went out with local option in 1908.

Leacock wrote at length about Josh Smith's hotel, which in real life was called the Daly House and was owned by Big Jim Smith. But that building

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is gone, as are the other outlets of the era, the Orillia House, the American Hotel, the Simcoe House, the Grand Central Hotel, Fralick's Hotel and the Queen's Hotel. A hotel called the Orillia House stands today, but on a different location. Four years ago a government liquor store, for packaged goods, and a government brewers' warehouse were legalized and established in Orillia.

Until then, Orillians with a thirst crossed the Narrows, a stream that joins Lake Simcoe and Lake Couchiching, on a three-mile drive to the little town of Atherley which, as one Orillia native observed dryly recently, "had the good sense to put down in Ontario County, which is wet." There, two hotels serve licensed beer.

The method by which Orillians, living in Simcoe County, acquired spirituous liquors was considerably more inconvenient — it involved a round-trip drive of fifty miles to Barrie. A man with no car could usually find a taxi driver to help him out. The man gave the driver a signed government liquor slip, the price of the purchase and fifty cents for his trouble. When the driver had enough orders — and enough half dollars — to make the trip worthwhile, he'd take off for Barrie and return with a load of liquor.

#### The Belle Sails No More

Leacock, who enjoyed a convivial glass, found the whole process painful and once told a McGill friend it was one of the few things about returning to Orillia, where he spent his summers, that distressed him.

He loved fishing and used to go out alone in a sailboat on Couchiching, disdaining a motor boat "because they always get there," to fish for lake trout. Neighboring Lake Simcoe, on the north shore of which Orillia is located, is well stocked with lake trout, black bass, pickerel and perch, and anglers find Couchiching fair to good for muskie fishing. Marine excursions, like that of Leacock's fictitious Knights of Pythias, on which the Mariposa Belle sank in four feet of water, are no more. In fact, none of the three steamers that used to ply the lakes for Sunday school picnics and for sight-seers — the Sconsec, the Islay and the Enterprise (which was the Mariposa Belle) — are used on Simcoe or Couchiching these days. They've been replaced by privately owned motor boats and sailboats, and only the occasional motor launch serves for sight-seeing.

Similarly, there's been a marked change in Orillia's industrial complex. Its extent was a few lumber mills when Leacock was a young man; today the town employs about twenty-two hundred people in thirty-eight factories that turn out such products as baby carriages and wood-filter screens, mackinaw clothing and air-conditioning systems, mild steel castings and motor boats, fluorescent lighting reflectors and septic tanks. All of them are humming in a manner that would draw the full approval of Leacock, the economist.

Leacock the humanitarian would also approve a facet of Orillia life with which thousands of people in Ontario immediately associate the town's name — the Ontario Hospital School, a training centre for mentally retarded children that has twenty-four hundred patients and a long waiting list. Its sprawling red-brick buildings are on the town's southern outskirts just off Highway No. 11, and its towering red chimney is one of the most familiar landmarks to people speeding north to Huntsville, Algonquin Park or North Bay.

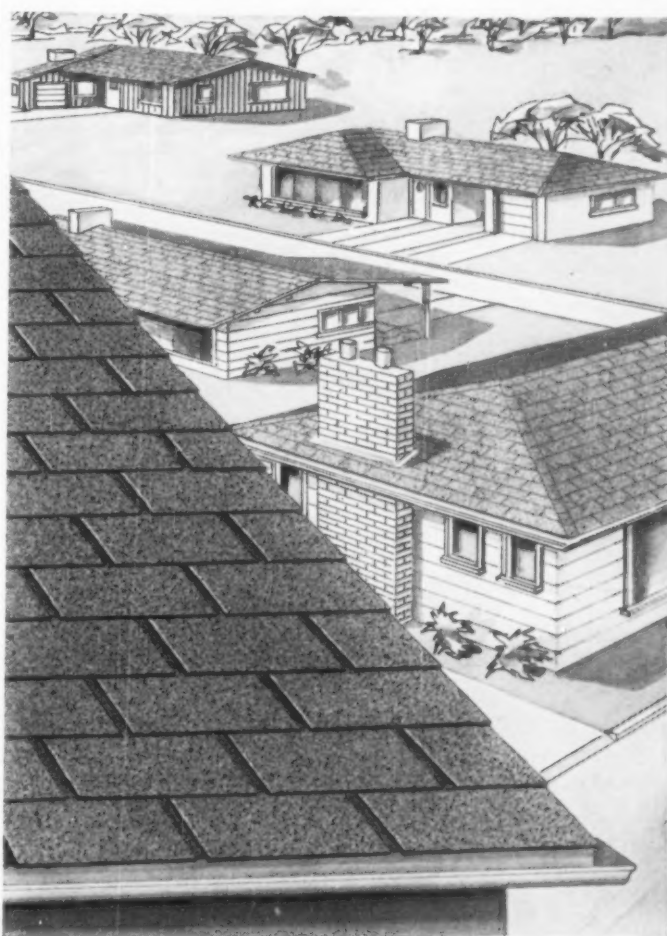
As a local celebrity, however, Lea-

cock is still outranked by a man named Samuel de Champlain, just as he was during his lifetime. Orillia's pride, then and now, is the \$34,000 Champlain monument, thirty-six feet high topped by the twelve-foot figure of Champlain. It stands in beautiful Couchiching Beach Park, less than a mile from the centre of town, amid hundreds of big old maple trees overhanging a wide expanse of rolling lawns.

The idea for such a monument to the first white man to see the present site of Orillia (Champlain spent a winter there with a band of Hurons in 1615) was

presented to the Canadian Club in 1912 by C. H. Hale, now a spare, sparkling-eyed, retired newspaper editor who was eighty last December. Because of World War I and subsequent soaring costs it wasn't completed until 1925. It was designed by Vernon March of Farnborough, England, who designed the national war memorial at Ottawa, and it weighs more than a hundred tons. Champlain, done in bronze, stands plumed hat in hand on a pedestal of Benedict stone on two sides of which are life-size figures in bronze, representing commerce and religion.

"It is one of the finest examples of bronze statuary in existence," says white-haired Harold Hale, "and I regard it as a great credit to Orillia. This was a go-ahead little town long before we conceived the idea of a monument however; our Canadian Club, for example, was the first town Canadian Club on the continent when we formed it in 1905. One of our frequent speakers was Stephen Leacock. In 1908 we built the biggest town YMCA in the world, although we didn't know it at the time. A year or so later one of our board members



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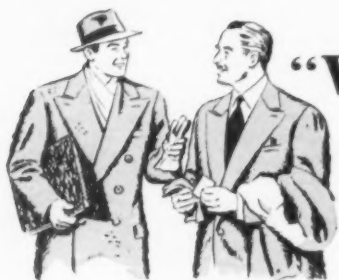
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was in Springfield, Mass., the American YMCA headquarters, and he saw a picture of our building. Under the picture was the notation, 'The Biggest Town Y in the World.' Why, in that era the Presbyterian Church wanted a Sunday school building. The merchants in this town, remarkably public-spirited men like John Northway, Thomas Mulcahy, Hubert Cook, J. B. Tudhope, a prince among merchant princes, and T. A. Main, simply put their hands in their pockets and built a sixty-thousand-dollar building. Then they put in it the seventh largest organ in Canada, a magnificent affair with seventy-eight stops."

Hale helped found the Orillia Board of Trade in 1898 and was an executive officer for fifty-one years. He recalls that his friend Leacock played virtually no part in the community life. "His public relations were largely cricket, which he loved to play and which we played often," Hale smiles in recollection. "Of course, he was off at McGill for long stretches every year."

"The Board of Trade had seventy-nine charter members," he recalls, "and I am the lone survivor. Stephen was not a member, nor would he join that first year when we got up to a hundred members. There again, I am the only survivor. I was born the same year as Sir Winston Churchill, Arthur Meighen, Herbert Hoover and, I am proud to say, I am one day older than the late Mackenzie King would have been."

Hale was editor of the Packet and Times, largely, he says, "because my father and uncle established it. Although we ran a Conservative paper, most of my friends were Liberals. I prevailed upon them, during the time of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to invite a vigorous Conservative, George T. Denison, for thirty years the chief magistrate of Toronto, to speak to the Canadian Club. In his speech Denison excoriated Laurier's reciprocity treaty, and his words carried to papers across the country. Right here in Orillia, George Denison fired the shots that turned Laurier out."

Hale recalls that Leacock participated in politics only once—in 1911 when he stumped East Simcoe on behalf of Conservative W. H. Bennett. "He spoke at every little crossroads and was magnificent," Hale relates. "Whenever Stephen was making a political speech he was deadly earnest; he never cracked a joke. It was strange; in our little community here we had one of the country's greatest orators, often speaking to a handful of people in a farmyard."

Leacock's eloquence must have helped; Bennett was elected in a traditional Liberal riding.

Leacock was always fascinated by Orillia's history, if not by its politics, for this was the land of the Midland martyrs, dating back to Canada's earliest records. It goes back to Champlain and his fifteen French companions who led a band of Huron Indians against the Iroquois nearly 350 years ago. The Iroquois retaliated with a series of raids which by 1649 had virtually wiped out the Hurons. The whole area, which stretches west to the shores of Georgian Bay and is called Huronia, was the land on which a tiny band of Jesuit missionaries brought Christianity to this country.

When the Jesuits were driven out by the Iroquois in 1649, the country returned to its wild state and gradually Ojibway Indians drifted in and stayed for a hundred years and more. Following Wolfe's triumph on the Plains of Abraham, title to all of New France, including the Huronia wilderness, passed from the French to the English.

Alexander Henry was the first

Englishman to visit Huronia, in 1764. Thirty years later Governor John Graves Simcoe of Upper Canada paid a visit and recommended to the British government that a military post be established at Penetanguishene, thirty miles northwest of Orillia's present site. Orillia was taken over by English immigrants during the next fifteen years, and they developed it into a lumbering centre. They called their town Newtown. Then the name was changed to Orillia, from the Spanish word *orilla*, meaning bank or shore, probably by a British town official who had been in the Spanish peninsula. This, at any rate, is the opinion of the former British ambassador to Spain, Sir Mortimer Duran. Orillia was incorporated as a village in 1867 and became a town eight years later when its population had grown to 2,000.

It was about then that the Leacocks arrived, when Stephen was six. His father emigrated from England in 1875 and settled on a farm where, as Stephen used to say, "by great diligence he was just able to pay the hired hands and raise enough grain to seed the next year's crop."

These were wild and roisterous times, according to editor Hale. "Lumbermen came down from the bush after months of hard work, got roaring drunk, fell in the gutters and were rolled in the bars for whatever pay they had left."

#### Les Frost's a Local Boy

This was an era in which Orillia won great distinction in international sports. It was the time of Jake Gaudaur, one of the world's great oarsmen who whipped the famed Ned Hanlan for the American championship in 1887 at Pullman, Ill., and then won from him again in 1890 at Duluth. In 1894, against the greatest scullers in the world, Gaudaur set a world's record for three miles with one turn at Austin, Texas, winning by more than two hundred yards in nineteen minutes, one and a half seconds, a time that has never been bettered.

Another of Orillia's immortal athletes was Walter Knox, a star in events from sprinting to shot-putting. In 1909 at San Francisco he equalled the world's 100 yards record of 9 3/5 seconds. He won the all-round professional championship of the U. S. in 1913. The following year in London he won the championship of the British Isles.

In its production of men like Leacock and Gaudaur and Knox, Orillia has changed from the days in which the humorist wrote about it. But he'd still find it had native-born heroes—one of them Leslie Frost, the Conservative premier of Ontario who was born in Orillia and now lives in Lindsay. It's unlikely that the reserved and careful Frost would offer much material for Leacock but for today's Orillia he offers a quiet source of pride.

"He's the current local boy who made good and his popularity is incredible," sighs the mayor, John MacIsaac, who is also president of the East Simcoe Liberal Association. "This area always goes Liberal in a federal election, but Frost wins for the Conservatives every time provincially. Just the mention of his name automatically elects anybody the Conservatives choose to run around here. The old women love him, the businessmen admire him and, doggone it, I even like him. A shrine for Leacock! Say, you canvass for a shrine for Les Frost around here and you'd have all the money you'd need by tomorrow." ★

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**MARCH ISSUE**

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## A Hotel Named Bess

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

but won't sell him an ounce of straight alcohol. Far from defeat, Kluskyens got twenty prescriptions from twenty doctors and bought enough alcohol from a druggist to send one hundred and fifty Baked Alaskas to the table in flames.

For the same dinner, he created a scale model of the Bessborough in sugar, complete with a cellophane river, and bridges bearing wheeled automobiles.

Unabashed by the fact that most of his fellow citizens prefer well-done beef-steak with French fries to his inspired creations, Kluskyens will zoom into the culinary stratosphere when he wants to flatter an educated palate. He and the chef, Louis Chatvare, may casually produce breast of chicken Eugénie under glass—a triple-threat dish of ham, chicken and rich cream sauce.

Or he may unwind his bolo punch, *côtelettes d'agneau en robe de chambre*; roughly, lamb chops in dressing gowns. This is prepared by taking a grilled lamb chop, smothering it with *ragoût à la reine* (a cousin to chicken à la king), then wrapping the whole in puff pastry to be baked in the oven. This dish was once served to Donald Gordon, the CNR president, and he ate it like a lamb.

Other cosmopolitans who have tested the virtuosity of the Bessborough kitchen range from the world-famous tenor and gourmet Lauritz Melchior and the French diplomat Comte Serge de Fleury to Arthur Treacher, the fastidious English-born comedian, and the indestructible Sally Rand.

This determination to give Saskatoon a cuisine that any Ritz would be proud of wins a curious reaction from the citizenry. They boast about it, but won't eat it themselves. Thus the main dining room occasionally offers the unsuspecting guest one of the few feudal experiences to be found in Canada—the chance to eat alone on sparkling linen in a seventy-five-foot paneled chamber under a massive beamed ceiling, with as many as six uniformed servitors awaiting an up-raised finger. This can happen any week night, while on the ground floor the cheerfully noisy self-serve cafeteria is jammed. During the recent full house for the provincial Liberal convention, the candidates for the vacant leadership and interested cabinet ministers from Ottawa could be seen weaving through the cafeteria crowds bearing loaded trays. The habit is so general that a first-time guest who gets into the elevator and asks to be let off at the dining room will plummet straight to the cafeteria at the street level.

Sometimes, too, some of Bernard Kluskyens' brainstorm backfire. After a formal dinner one night a local businessman phoned manager Finlay and complained of feeling unwell. Finlay asked him what he ate.

The diner admitted to eating quite a bit of "that white baloney." Finlay said he'd check.

Chef Chatvare drew himself up indignantly at the mention of baloney in his kitchen. The stuff turned out to be *galantine de capon*, a fearfully rich item compounded of jellied chicken and exotic pastes which, being cooked in a cloth, faintly resembles sausage.

Even the dining-room staff is at times refreshingly unsophisticated. A recent visitor playing proud host at a small luncheon party ordered the food for the whole table. The waiter wrote it all down carefully, departed, then returned to ask politely: "Separate checks, sir?"

Even this small *faux pas* would have been most welcome to the five hundred mayors, wives and children who were unlucky enough to arrive for their convention at the Bessborough on the eve of the national rail strike in August 1950. The CNR hotel gamely admitted them, with only a skeleton elevator crew on duty. The mayors carried their own bags; there was no ice for cocktails; and the wives had to make the beds with the same linen every day.

Fred Mendl, whose Intercontinental Packing Company is another Saskatoon pride, came to the rescue by serving the delegates free meals twice a day in the cafeteria of his plant. Millionaire Mendl carved great haunches of beef himself and heaped the mayors' plates.

One time when the hush of the Bessborough's main dining room is shattered is on New Year's Eve. Over the years the hotel has encouraged local families to dine out that night with their children and the affair has grown into a traditional festival. Between seven hundred and eight hundred dinners are served, a lot of them to the one-spoon brigade in a phalanx of high chairs. Everybody dresses in his best, especially the little girls who waltz ceremoniously with fathers and older brothers.

### That Coveted Convention Cash

The Bessborough repays Saskatoon's affection in the most tangible manner possible—by bringing a big roll of spending money into the city each year. Just how much is spent by tourists, traveling businessmen and casual visitors is impossible to estimate, but last year the 10,549 delegates who attended the Bessborough's thirty-six conventions probably left behind more than a million dollars. The statisticians of the Tourist and Convention Associations figure that, on the average, a convention lasts four days and each delegate spends about twenty-seven dollars a day. The official CNR view is, "For every dollar the hotel makes from conventions, businessmen in the city make ten."

The Bessborough claims it's making Saskatoon the biggest convention centre west of Toronto. Eight conventions were already booked the day the hotel opened in 1935, and last year it played host to such diverse groups as the Northwestern Conference of Scientists Studying the Diseases in Nature Communicable to Man and the provincial Liberal convention. The fifteen hundred Liberal delegates and visitors spilled over to fill several other city hotels. Early this year the Bess had twenty-eight firm bookings for 1955 conventions, seven had already signed for 1956 and five for 1957.

Paradoxically, no group of Saskatonians loves the Bess more than the proprietors of the other twenty local hotels that nominally compete with it. This wasn't so in the early days when some of them grumbled that the government was pouring tax money into building a hotel that would rob them of their livelihood. But once the convention crowds started rolling into Saskatoon these grumbles ended. Also, the Bess didn't open a beer parlor, leaving this lucrative sideline to the lesser houses. (Saskatchewan has no cocktail bars.)

Every second Wednesday now, the local hotelmen eat lunch at the Bessborough and discuss their mutual problems—such as the task of accommodating the Young Lutherans, who stormed into town a few years ago, fifty-five hundred strong. Bob Pitt, who was managing the Bess then, had some of them billeted as far as fifty miles away.



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Duraclean Co.,

PUSH VALVE... OUT COMES LATHER!



"The Bess is the best thing that ever  
happened to the city," says Harry  
Haskamp, the husky young owner of  
the Senator and Western hotels.

Of course, the most unusual thing  
about the Bessborough is why it is  
there at all. How does it happen that  
a prairie city that even now ranks only  
fifteenth among Canada's population  
centres has for twenty years had one  
of the country's few top-flight hotels?

The answer lies partly in the fierce  
parochialism that exists in the more  
isolated western centres, and partly  
in the federal government's acceptance  
of responsibility in "opening up the  
west." Although served by both of  
the national railway systems, Saska-  
toon is a CNR town. The Bessborough  
and the CNR station stand at opposite  
ends of 21st Street, two solid stone  
bulwarks for the heart of the city.

In 1927 the Saskatoon Board of  
Trade first petitioned Sir Henry Thorn-  
ton, then president of the CNR, to  
build a hotel on the banks of the  
South Saskatchewan fitting for the city  
that called itself variously the Queen  
of the North and the Hub City.  
The motive was perhaps more for-  
cibly stated by CNR executive W.  
McLarnon last October: he claimed  
that the Board of Trade had petitioned  
the federal government for a CNR  
hotel to match the CPR's hotel in  
Regina. "Thus Saskatoon has at least  
a moral responsibility in the successful  
operation of the hotel," he added.

In any case, Thornton wired the good  
news to G. W. Norman, then mayor,  
on May 15, 1928, that the CNR would  
undertake the project.

Then began a series of delays, re-  
sumptions of work, and more troubles  
that had Saskatoon boosters leaping  
from despair to joy and back again.  
Actually seven years elapsed from the  
date of Thornton's original okay to the  
official opening of the hotel.

In May 1930 work stopped and the  
footings were redesigned when the  
contractor struck quicksand. Then,  
as the Depression deepened, all work  
ceased in March 1932. That year the  
CNR lost—exclusive of interest on  
government loans—exactly \$61,006,-  
919. The expenditure on the Bess  
that year had been \$450,072, almost  
a lifesaver in the city's black unemploy-  
ment picture.

With little else to do, the citizens  
argued about a name for the French  
Renaissance pile. Mayor J. E. Hair  
came up with "the Bessborough," the  
CNR agreed, and in August 1932 at  
the city's request the ground floor was  
opened for a day to accommodate a  
civic reception to Lord Bessborough,  
then Governor-General. Apart from a  
Shriners' ball in February 1934, there  
was hardly a footfall on the Bess's  
gloomy miles of hardwood until June  
1935 when the CNR scraped up enough  
funds for furnishings, furniture and  
equipment. The Bess finally opened  
for business on Dec. 10, 1935. H. B.  
Boreham described the event in the  
CNR magazine:

It was Carnival night in Saskatoon  
and the citizens turned out *en masse*  
to give thanks to the Gods of For-  
tune who provided them with a hotel  
of which any city on the continent  
would be proud...

Len Hilliard, veteran local photog-  
rapher, was walking toward the hotel  
that night to take shots of the official  
opening dinner. By chance, he noticed  
the hotel, a blazing mountain of light,  
reflected completely in the shiny hub  
cap of a parked car nearby. One  
thousand guests packed the hotel and  
the noise of their revelry could be heard  
blocks away. In the rounded hub cap,  
the hotel assumed a tipsy lean.

Hilliard quickly snapped the reflec-

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know it for a fact... there's a *man*  
about, with a taste for a truly *man's*  
ale. A zestful and mellow ale...  
an ale with hearty old-time flavour...  
an ale with a fine masculine tang.  
If you've a *man's* taste in ales, you'll  
enjoy Labatt's IPA. Have an IPA soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

tion and rushed a print to the Star-Phoenix. It was spread right across the top of a page under the caption, SASKATOON GOES TO TOWN. Not all of the interested parties, in a city that was founded as a temperance colony by escapees from the Sodom of Toronto, approved of Hilliard's initiative.

For weeks, as they got acquainted with the jewel they had so long desired, the citizens of Saskatoon, shedding their high rubbers and mackinaws under Leon V. Solon's lobby mural of Champlain's First View of the Chau-

dière Falls—and sometimes not shedding them at all—tramped all over the CNR's investment of \$3,700,000.

They poked into the kitchens where six ranges can each roast twelve turkeys at a time and into the laundry where twenty-three girls process 235,000 pieces a month, ironing sheets without starch at one hundred and ten pounds pressure to get that stiffness that is the luxury of a hotel bed. (As it happens, the Bessborough has several regular customers, including the manager, who insist that their sheets be not changed daily.)

The early visitors solemnly inspected Saskatoon's first black-and-silver elevator doors, rode up to the top floors to inspect the sample rooms especially designed for commercial travelers, rode down to marvel at the engine room where the hotel makes its own power and its own ice: a ton a day; one and a half tons in July. Larry Stay, the chief engineer, keeps the place so spic and span that you could eat garniture mushrooms *bouquetière* off the generators.

His most unusual request came when Gail Patrick, a temperamental Holly-

wood star now in eclipse, was in Saskatoon entertaining in a war-bonds drive. A few minutes after her arrival she called down from her room for distilled water. Room service, figuring she was looking at the muddy river from her window, tried to tell her the tap water was pure as pure. She wanted *distilled* water. Stay, a former locomotive fireman, got busy in the basement and in twenty minutes flat distilled water *à la Bessborough* was delivered to the actress. No one ever found out what she did with the stuff.

In the barber shop to welcome the first crowds was Stan McDonald. He's still there. He's cut Jimmy Gardiner's hair so often that he practically knows every strand of it. He's posed patiently, scissors aloft, while John Fisher, the CBC's roving reporter, had his photo taken in the chair and listened while the Earl of Stair grumbled that the heat of the Bess was too much for him after the austere halls of his Scottish castle.

One day W. A. Mather, who's since risen to the presidency of the CPR, dashed in for a shave and a shampoo. He had them, then discovered that he didn't have a cent in his pockets. It all worked out all right because the superintendent of the CPR's Saskatoon division was living right upstairs in CNR comfort.

With the Bessborough in operation Saskatoon was happy but the CNR was soon something less than ecstatic. Hotelmen estimate that a non-licensed hotel, like the Bessborough, needs to be eighty-five percent full all the time to make "a reasonable profit." Over the past five years the Bess has averaged only seventy-two percent. From its investment of \$3,700,000, the CNR made a net profit between 1936 and 1953 of only \$1,052,983—about \$58,500 a year. If the same capital had been invested in five-percent corporation bonds it would have returned more than three times as much.

This sad story was related last October when the CNR and the city fathers sat down to work out money problems upon the expiry of the Bessborough's long tax freedom.

In the first place, the twenty-five year period had been uncommonly generous—between ten and fifteen years of exemption was a more normal inducement in similar circumstances. As a crown corporation, of course, the CNR is protected against taxation by the BNA Act but for years now the practice has been that where a crown property is revenue-producing a flat sum is agreed upon between the crown and the city concerned in lieu of taxes. The Bessborough has now agreed to pay the city \$30,000 a year.

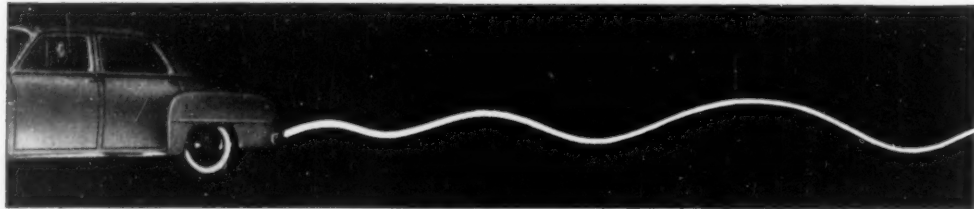
But no sordid tiff over money can mar the love affair between Saskatoon and its Bess. It has become an integral part of the city's way of life.

Each year the co-eds of the University of Saskatchewan throw a big affair at the hotel and their invitations go out in the name of "the Belles of the Bess." When the huge gym was built out on the campus the university officials decided that in future they'd hold the Convocation Ball in their own quarters. But the first time they tried it, it fell flat. What was the use, the girls wailed, breaking their budgets for dreamy gowns to dance in a gym. It's back under the chandeliers of the Bess now—and nobody's said a word about the time some of the freshmen took a Shetland pony up in the elevator.

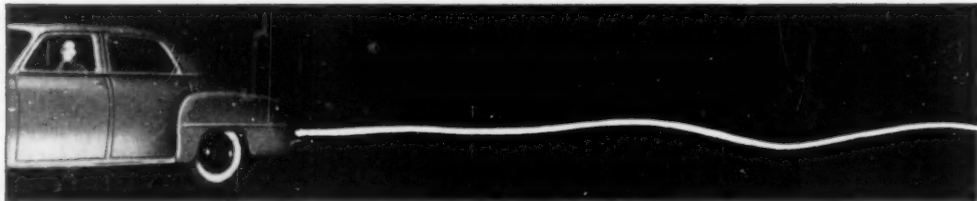
As Ken Gronsdahl, the bustling young Board of Trade executive, says, "The Bess gives the city its only really high-class tone." Eric Knowles, the mercurial editor of the Star-Phoenix puts it even more succinctly: "It made the town," he says. ★

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PARTS DIVISION  
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA,  
LIMITED



## What's Happened to the Bankers?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the borrower having to put up securities or persuade a friend to endorse his note. As recently as 1947 only \$133 millions in bank loans were thus unsecured.

The banks are loosening up in large business loans too. Last year the Imperial Bank of Canada let Gunnar Mines Ltd. have \$5,500,000 for a mining development, the first loan of the kind ever granted in Canada.

But Canadian banks have probably changed most of all in the way they compete with one another. When the Bank of Toronto and the Dominion Bank were recently merged, thus becoming the fourth largest bank in Canada (The Royal Bank of Canada, the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce are ahead of the field), a joint statement by the two banks said in part: "The bank's larger coverage will create greater competition in Canadian banking and should result in better service to business and to the public."

A spirit of friendliness usually shows in the bank's dealings with depositors but not when banks start competing for the accounts of new firms opening in Canada, for building sites for new branches and to get in on the ground floor of newly developed areas of Canada. F. G. Cleminson of the Toronto-Dominion Bank says, "It's a dog fight. No other business in Canada is as fiercely competitive as banking."

### When the Tip-Off Comes

Every bank exchanges correspondence with banks in various parts of the world, so when some U. S., British or German manufacturer is thinking about establishing a Canadian plant he will mention it to his banker who in turn will tip off a bank in Canada. The prospect may also mention his plans to a member of his board of trade or chamber of commerce; boards of trade and chambers of commerce in Canada soon hear of it and a Canadian bank will be told. British and European manufacturers often make their preliminary enquiries about Canada at Canada House in London, or at the offices maintained in London by the B. C. or Ontario governments. The banks have friends at those places too—and also at the European offices of the CPR and CNR.

With all these stems of the financial grapevine throbbing with such information, two or three or more banks usually know when an outside businessman is about to take a look at Canada. When he or his representative arrives in Canada, the banks try to grab him, keep him away from rivals, get him started with an account. If all this involves a bit of skulduggery, it's merely a part of the business. Even outmanoeuvred rivals understand, because they figure it will be their turn next.

Every bank has its business-development department where enterprising men plot ways to beat other banks to new business. This writer was cheerfully regaled by employees of several banks with stories of how coups have been engineered. No names are ever mentioned, not even bank names, but the stories are repeated in such faithful detail that it's hard to believe they're not true.

Take the case of the British oil company that was said to be interested in the Alberta fields. When several Canadian banks heard of this their contact

men were quickly alerted. The representatives of three banks were on hand when a plane carrying a deputation of two British businessmen arrived at the Edmonton air port. The bankers were jockeying for position when they saw their quarry swept from their clutches by a fourth bank representative who had got on the plane at Montreal and cemented his relations with the two Britons all the way across the country. He got their business.

A foreign investor coming to Hamilton two years ago was met by a bank representative and escorted to the hotel suite the visitor had reserved. As they entered the door the banker noticed a slip of paper fall to the floor. It was a phone message. And he recognized the number as that of a rival bank. He bent down smartly, gathered up the message and put it in his pocket. Then he did some quick thinking. If other banks were that hot on the trail, the visitor had to be moved, quickly and secretly.

He strode to the window and said: "Not much of a view—just another city street; and it may be noisy. I would be very glad if you would be our guest at the General Brock in Niagara Falls. We have a suite for you there, looking out on the Falls. It's less than forty miles from here by an excellent highway, so you could come into Hamilton each day. You've never seen the Falls? Then that settles it. Here, let me call for a boy to get your things. No, I'll take care of this cancellation. You just make yourself comfortable in the car." After settling with the hotel he made a phone call to the General Brock and to his immense relief was able to get a suite looking at the Falls.

To bankers nowadays, getting in on the ground floor means literally getting there first with a new branch to serve a residential or business community, and this means hot competition for bank sites.

"There was a time when we acted like gentlemen about building banks," one banker said recently. "When a rival put up a sign saying that he would build on such and such a site we would respect the notice and leave that area to him. But not now." In recent years any bank advertising its intentions in this way would be apt to find a cluster of rival bank branches around it—all fighting for the business the original builder hoped to get himself.

An example of this rivalry was seen at Oakville, Ont., in 1953 when the Canadian Bank of Commerce was building a branch in a new district created by the coming of the big Ford Motor Co. plant. A signboard on the lot said the opening would be in early October. Across the street a block of stores was going up. As time went on, the Commerce people grew uneasy about one of the stores—the one directly across from their new branch. They asked the builders what it was; they said a grocery store. As the block neared completion, the store across the road was looking less and less like a grocery store and more and more like a bank.

Then the local paper innocently announced that the Bank of Montreal would open in the new block of shops during the first week in September. This happened in July.

The day after the news was out the Bank of Commerce wheeled one of its trailers onto a lot beside its partly completed building. According to the Bank Act, any bank premises must be permanent; the trailer would not do as it stood. But bankers are resourceful. Commerce officials took the wheels off the trailer and set it on a cement-block foundation. They wired it and put in running water.

While these frantic preparations



**In 1804**

**Mister Lemon Hart first imported and blended the RUM which is today a household word.**

have a  
**Good Rum**  
for your money

**LEMON HART RUM**

*Britain's Finest Imported*



"THAT'S THE NEW LABATT '50' LABEL REMINDS HIM OF THE TIME HE CELEBRATED WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP"



John Labatt III, challenged by his brother to brew an ale to celebrate his 50th Anniversary, produced a great favourite—"50". A lighter, smoother ale.

"50" just naturally goes with celebration... its lighter, smoother flavour, its golden brightness and body all have a way of adding to the happy memories. Plan to have Labatt's Anniversary '50' on hand for your next Special Event! And why not make everyday thirst a cause for celebration too! Have a '50' soon.

*The swing is definitely to Labatt's*



## See for yourself

Look into your silverware. Does its care give you a clear reflection of yourself? Your silverware should reflect your own good taste. Polish your silver with SILVO and you'll see for yourself.

Silvo cleans as it polishes

"Heritage" pattern by 1847 Rogers Bros.

## 7 REASONS WHY:

- It tastes so good
- It's always welcome
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- Serve it with canapes
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"74" Canadian Sherry

is welcome all ways

Bright's  
fine  
Canadian Wines

For your free copy of the 30-page full-color booklet "Bright and Sherry Recipes," write Bright's Wine, London, Ontario.

were going on, the Bank of Montreal was feverishly trying to get enough furnishings and other equipment into its new premises to open for business. Day and night the race went on. Crowds gathered. As each new piece of equipment arrived for either bank, cheers went up. Floodlights lit the scene of battle. The Bank of Commerce opened in its trailer at 10.35 the next morning. The Bank of Montreal opened at eleven.

In the new towns in the north the scramble for business is just as keen as in older towns like Oakville which are burgeoning because of giant new industries.

Banking on the frontier isn't new. In the Yukon banks were doing business in tents in 1898. But today such services are much more common because of the banks' race to keep up with mining development. Imperial Bank of Canada representatives reached Seven Islands, Que., in the winter of 1949 without even a tent. They rented floor space in a barber shop to start business; now Imperial has a staff of eighteen in a new building of its own, catering to business from the Labrador iron fields. From another new branch at Shefferville, Que., Imperial sends a snowmobile into nearby mining camps.

The Bank of Montreal was first into Kitimat in northwest B. C. One man started out from Vancouver in December 1951 by boat. He was equipped with safe, counters, stationery, money, and everything to start a branch bank. The rigors of mid-winter travel forced him to leave most of his supplies at points along the way; but he arrived at the prefabricated building which was to be the new branch (minus water, heat or electricity the day he got there) with the money, a handful of pens and a case of ink. He opened for business the next day.

### Is Banking Dull?

Three years ago last December the Canadian Bank of Commerce opened in Uranium City, Sask. One clerk, with the usual supplies for branch banking, started from Fort Smith in a two-seater plane. Clerk and pilot took off on a Monday and were not heard of again until the next Friday. They had been forced down by bad weather on Monday and spent the night in sleeping bags in twenty-below-zero weather. Tuesday morning it cleared, but the battery had died.

Rations were running low on Friday when a rescue plane spotted the helpless craft. J. Evans, the clerk, later observed: "When I first went into the bank a friend remarked pityingly, 'You're in for a pretty dull life.'"

Banks have opened branches in all kinds of cabins, sheds and other flimsy structures in the north, usually with only one or two clerks to guard the money. But the only northern bank robbery so far reported was at Kemano, in the Alcan country of B. C., where a camp worker broke into the new branch of the Royal Bank of Canada.

But it was not to steal money. The culprit was thirsty and was after the clerk's bottle of after-shave lotion. He confessed when he sobered up and offered to pay for the lotion.

What's the reason for all the changes in Canadian banking in the last few years? Why are the banks streamlining their methods, shedding their austerity and competing so strenuously with one another. Maybe the answer is to be found in a recent statement by James Muir, chairman and president of the Royal Bank of Canada, who said: "It cannot be denied that the cold, formal and unimaginative attitude of previous generations of bankers did much to antagonize many people and make most

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## FALSE TEETH

That Loosen  
Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do you live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

PUSH VALVE... OUT COMES LATHER!

**AERO SHAVE**

Lather Bomb

NO BRUSH, NO RAZOR CLOG!

**AERO SHAVE**

KEEP YOUR RANGE -clean-

**Kleenoff**

removes hard baked-on grease with ease

**Kleenoff**

MADE IN BRITAIN

**Rheumatic PAINS?**

Just dab on Sloan's where the pain is—feel the warm comforting glow as it relaxes taut aching muscles, soothing and dispersing the pain.

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**

60c & \$1.20 at all Drug Counters



feel ill at ease in their dealings with the banks. Enlightenment is the whole story. We have had to learn that we are here to serve the many, and that without the many we couldn't survive. It is our policy today to let everyone know we need their good will and can provide valuable services in return."

The antagonism Muir speaks of was most apparent during the Thirties. Besides an indifference to public good will in those days, the banks had a psychological strike against them because they had nothing but money. People could peer into the tellers' cages and see it—stacks of it. And more in the vaults—piles of tight little bundles of tens, twenties and even fifties and hundreds. Although he realized that it was not the bank's money, a man couldn't help having bitter thoughts on seeing such wealth while he was drawing out the last ten bucks that stood between him and hunger.

The CCF had many sympathetic ears when it made the chartered banks one of its chief whipping boys in the early Thirties. J. S. Woodsworth, then leader of the CCF, called the banks

undivided profits. The "take" would have been more than two million dollars—thirty times as much as the banks were then paying in taxes in Alberta. Aberhart's "Tax the banks; it costs them nothing!" rang through the foothills.

The banks fought back and late in 1937 the Supreme Court of Canada ruled the Alberta act was unconstitutional. When Alberta carried the fight to the judicial committee of the Privy Council the Supreme Court's decision was upheld.

But all this skirmishing, and the criticism from the CCF, convinced the banks that if their ledgers were in good shape their public relations was bad. In the Thirties the Bank of Montreal and the Royal Bank of Canada began to take a bigger interest in this phase of their business. The Bank of Montreal hired a Montreal newspaperman, Munro Brown, and the Royal pepped up its advertising with an advertising-agency executive, J. C. Nelson.

Then the Canadian Bankers' Association hired Vernon Knowles from the Toronto Star at \$20,000 a year to advise all chartered banks on how to get along better with the public.

One of the first things he did was to tell the banks to get those astronomical figures off their windows—Reserves, so many millions; Capital, so many millions. Such a display would not win a man who wasn't sure where last month's rent was coming from. Knowles also cautioned against having too much money in plain view in the banks. Tellers didn't need great piles of bills at their elbows; the money could be kept under the counter, and people would not feel the bank was flaunting its wealth.

To one bank president he said: "Your banks are like Dickensian counting houses. They are gloomy and forbidding. All that grillwork and frosted glass is not as protective as you think, it impresses no one and offends many. Your furnishings should be such that customer and clerk can reach out and shake hands." Knowles also urged all banks to follow the lead of the Royal and Montreal and engage professional advertising men. It took a few years, but eventually they all fell in line.

By 1945 the banks were spending \$400,000 a year on advertising. In 1950 the Canadian Bank of Commerce dumbfounded not only its rivals but all national advertisers by offering Canadian writers one thousand dollars for a six-hundred-word fiction story. The stories chosen were published in magazine advertising space paid for by the bank. The bank's only identification was its signature at the bottom of the page.

Last year the banks spent two millions on advertising. Some ads have been mildly startling. One shows a small boy gleefully attacking a large piece of cake. It's the Imperial Bank of Canada saying that you can have your cake and eat it too, if you maintain a savings account. Under the words "Pink or Blue" an expectant mother is seen tying the last little frill to a basinette. It's the Royal pointing out that the new baby is bound to mean extra expenses—parents ought to prepare by opening a savings account.

Other banks are running similar ads, all of which would have caused a banker of the previous generation to throw a fit on his deep-piled rug. It doesn't mean that the banks have renounced dignity. As J. C. Nelson of the Royal says, "The banks are still dignified—but their standard of dignity has changed."

The banks have taken other steps to encourage savings. The Bank of Nova Scotia last year devised a combination of savings and life insurance. Anyone



MACLEAN'S

"financial pirates who tyrannize the Canadian people." The Liberal Opposition during the Bennett Government was willing to join in the chorus.

"The chartered banks are ruthless in their policies," roared Ian Mackenzie, the Liberal member from Vancouver Centre. His colleague from Parry Sound, Ont., Arthur Slaght, cried, "The banks hold a monopoly which is almost a racket in the lending of money."

The CCF blamed banks for the boom-and-bust cycles, charging that banks loosened credit to the danger point during good times and prolonged depressions by withholding credit in bad times. Nationalization of the banks was an early CCF war cry. It is still officially a plank in the party's platform, but during the past three or four years it has not been emphasized.

While the CCF was swinging freely in the 1930s at anything resembling a chartered bank, the Alberta Social Credit government of William Aberhart was also threatening to land a blow.

In 1937 Aberhart decided the banks would have to help provide some of the social security he had promised the people. The Bank Taxation Act, passed by the legislature, proposed to levy a half-of-one-percent tax on the banks' total paid-up capital and a tax of one percent on all reserves and

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## LEASE of LIFE in EASTMAN COLOR



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KAY WALSH

with  
DENHOLM ELLIOTT—ADRIENNE CORRI



Robert Donat returns to the screen in his greatest role since "Mr. Chips". As a selfless man in a selfish world he finds his "Lease of Life" in the telling of the truth.



movies to watch for  
GLYNIS JOHNS DONALD SINDEN  
ANNE CRAWFORD  
MARGARET RUTHERFORD  
in "MAD ABOUT MEN"  
Color by Technicolor

CORNELL BORCHERS  
YVONNE MITCHELL  
ARMIN DAHLIN ALEXANDER KNOX  
in

"THE DIVIDED HEART"

DIRK BOGARDE DONALD SINDEN  
VIRGINIA MCKENNA  
EARL CAMERON  
in  
"SIMBA"  
Eastman Color

COMING SOON TO YOUR  
LOCAL THEATRE

between six and forty-six may open a savings account, setting a fifty-months goal of from one hundred to a thousand dollars to be deposited in monthly installments of between two and twenty dollars. The regular two-percent interest is paid and if the depositor dies before fifty months are up, the Canada Life Assurance Co., by arrangement with the bank, pays the beneficiary the full amount of the target sum.

The reason banks strive to promote saving is simple—that's the money they lend. The banks pay two percent to get it and receive up to six percent for lending it out. (In certain cases of personal loans made without normal bankable security the interest rate is higher at one major bank, at least.) Many people think bankers can lend unlimited amounts of such money but they can't. The federal Bank Act makes them withhold at least eight percent of depositors' money in banknotes and deposits with the Bank of Canada—the government's bank. Actually, the banks withhold ten percent—to meet their depositors' withdrawal demands.

Besides this ten percent, earning nothing, the banks invest in short-term government securities which often earn little more than the two-percent interest paid depositors. Right now, there are \$5,200 millions in Canadian bank accounts. And the banks have out on loan \$4,232 millions. The inspector general of banks, working under the minister of finance, receives complete statements each month from each chartered bank showing what is happening to depositors' money. His auditors visit each bank at least once a year to make a personal check.

### Who Pays for the Gold Leaf?

The spread between the depositors' two percent and the banks' six percent isn't all gravy for the banks. It costs about one and a half percent to run the banks; that's everything from wages to gold leaf for the head-office ceiling. And all loans don't bring the maximum six percent. According to amount and risk, the rate can be anywhere between four and a half percent and six.

A breakdown of bank-loan distribution in July last year showed that of \$4,182 millions then outstanding, industry had borrowed \$1,001 millions, personal loans amounted to \$663 millions, retailers had been granted \$629 millions, grain dealers and exporters \$382 millions, governments of all levels \$204 millions, farmers \$333 millions, contractors \$188 millions. Hospitals, school boards, churches, public utilities, mining, forest and fishing enterprises, and more than thirty other borrowers had accounted for the rest.

Another loan category came into the picture last year with the passage of the National Housing Act (1954). This act replaced a former NHA, passed in 1944, under which mortgage companies and other conventional mortgagees had loaned money for new housing, backed by the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, a crown corporation. The new act gave this function to the banks. Although such lending was then withdrawn from other lending organizations, as far as crown guarantees were concerned, the field is still open to them if they wish to make loans without government backing. Few mortgage companies are doing this. They prefer the conventional mortgage business—loans on buildings already in existence.

Under the 1954 National Housing Act chartered banks may lend a prospective home builder a maximum of \$12,800, repayable in monthly installments of \$6.11 for each \$1,000 borrowed, within twenty-five years from

the time the loan is granted. Those are the bare bones of the deal. When the act was first suggested the banks were balky. Canadian banks had never made loans on real estate and they didn't want to start.

The government insisted and the bankers' public-relations counselors reminded them that there was a lot of good will to be gained by helping the family man. On April 1 last year the Bank of Montreal granted the first loan for home building to a North Vancouver couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Logan. Since then the Canadian banks have made 2,800 similar loans.

In recent years the banks have also been looking more kindly on their employees. At one time four hundred dollars a year was starting salary for a junior bank clerk in Canada. A teller or accountant could hope for fifteen hundred after ten or fifteen years. The relationship between manager and staff was something like that of the seigneur and field worker. In some banks an employee had to have the manager's consent to get married.

Now, a bank employee can get married any time he likes, and tell the manager about it afterwards. He doesn't have to put on his jacket before entering the manager's office and he may even call him by his first name.

Starting salaries for a high-school graduate range from \$1,500 in small centres to \$1,700 in cities. There is a yearly increase, on merit, that will give a youth as much as \$3,200 in the cities after five years, and \$3,000 in other areas. A branch managership brings from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year plus free living quarters. Sixty percent of all bank employees are women. Few try to make a career of it, so the male employees are competing against only forty percent of the staff for advancement. From junior clerk to branch manager in twelve years is not beyond a good man's chances.

Besides higher wages there are sickness and accident benefits, pensions, sick leave and holidays with pay and some banks pay extra for overtime. Some pay part of a clerk's club fees if he belongs to a recreational or cultural group.

It was once a rule (though not always enforced) that a teller victimized by a forger or bad-check artist had to make good from his own funds. That rule no longer applies. Such cases are decided on individually; if the bank is satisfied the teller took all prescribed precautions before handing over the money, the bank assumes the loss. If it is found that the clerk was negligent he may be asked to make up the amount—if he can pay. If it is a large amount the bank will pay it, but the clerk's advancement may be blocked.

Clerks are not expected to defend their cash with guns. Firearms have been removed from the banks, except perhaps for a revolver in the manager's office. The banks have decided it is better to let the bandit have his loot than place employees in a position where they feel obliged to duel with gunmen, and perhaps catch customers in the cross fire. Instead of guns, all branches—even in small communities—can register an alarm in the nearest police station merely by the teller pressing his foot on a pedal below the counter.

For clerk and customer alike the banks seem willing to do anything to show that your best friend is your banker. Some day they may even do something about that man ahead of you who dumps a bale of cheques and a couple of small ledgers on the teller's counter, launching her on a twenty-minute auditing job, when all you want is to cash a five-dollar cheque and get back to the office ahead of the boss. ★

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## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

### Wait! This Money Isn't Real

ANY time an artist starts making drawings of money and then trying to get people to engrave it, he is really asking for trouble. This is to assure everybody, then, that Peter Whalley, our most uninhibited artist, had only the best of intentions in redesigning the controversial new Canadian bank notes. His aims are artistic, not financial.

"The present designers are out of their field," Whalley declares. "They ought to be employed putting the British North America Act on the head of a pin."

Whalley claims that his new notes, besides being more artistic than the present ones, are also truer to the Canadian spirit and that they more accurately interpret the Canadian scene. His twenty-dollar bill, which got crowded off our cover, is shown below. No use clipping it out. It's too small to spend.

Whalley has been drawing all sorts of wacky things for us (including those memorable Christmas cards in

our Dec. 15 issue) for about seven years now. He's a Brockville boy, thirty-three years old, who studied art in Halifax. During the war he shipped out on tramp steamers.

He moved to Montreal after that but he now lives in a hundred-year-old log cabin in the tiny Laurentian village of Morin Heights, with his wife, two daughters and small spaniel. Here he paints, plays the English flute and draws cartoons. When he gets a long-distance call from a magazine, the whole village goes into a flutter trying to locate him.

No one would take Whalley for a funny man. His face has a lugubrious quality and his manner is shy. Some years ago when he won the medal of the Toronto Art Directors' Club for some Maclean's cartoons he arrived at the banquet to receive it but kept in the shadows, gloomily nursing a drink. Nobody knew who he was until his name was called. Then he stepped forward, looking rather like one of his own cartoons. ★



A flute player, Whalley looks like his cartoons.

Perils of drawing pictures of money, even in fun, are illustrated above by Peter Whalley who was careful to make the sizes different. At right is one of the new and much-discussed twenty-dollar bills. Whalley's own version is shown below — adapted to the Canadian scene. The other denominations appear on our cover.



Style  
641

In keeping with a fine tradition, this popular Hartt style features selected Aniline Calf, trim and neat in appearance with triple sole.



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AS THE TCA North Star lowered in toward Dorval early one winter evening two Montreal-bound businessmen in adjoining seats watched the lights slide by the cabin window. "That's Lachine down there," one explained to the other. "You know—when Jacques Cartier got there he thought he was in China."

"Yeah?" said the other thoughtfully. "He sure goofed."

• • •

A while ago a newspaper in a southwestern Ontario town reported that a man's grey fedora hat has been found in a bagful of mail collected from local postboxes. If anybody who read the story has been wondering how a man could possibly drop his hat into a mailbox without knowing it the truth is that he probably couldn't. The explanation subsequently supplied us by a Parade spy in the post office is even more remarkable. It was the route man's own hat that fell off his head into his mailbag while he was scooping letters from a post box. And he didn't have a clue where he'd mislaid it until he saw the item in the paper.

• • •

Civic morals go all to heck in old Bytown, as chronicled in an Ottawa Journal headline: Ottawa City Council Disrobes.

• • •

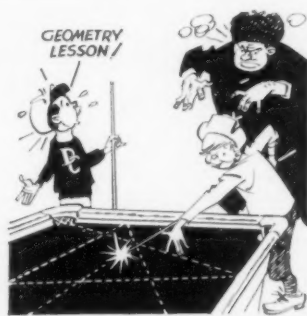
The elderly usher in the little PEI village church passed the collection plate with great seriousness, fixing the occupants of each pew with a probing gaze as he awaited the plate's return. His face registered concern from the moment he saw one young teen-ager pass the plate without making any contribution. His troubled look steadily deepened as the plate



reached the rear of the church and passed back to him along the final row. There he hesitated a moment, then darted up the aisle again to the pew where the young lad sat and reached over to thrust the plate under his nose a second time. The non-giver got to his feet, stared steadily back at the determined collection taker and slowly turned his pockets inside out for the whole congregation to see.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A fellow who used to teach school in Dawson Creek, B.C., tells us that the teachers used to take turns making occasional tours of the local pool halls and juke-box joints during class hours on the lookout for errant pupils. One day when it was his turn



to play truant officer our informant found a husky Grade 12 lad in the pool hall and demanded to know what was the idea. "Well sir," said the youth, "it so happens I've just been to the doctor to see about these spots I've got and he says I got the measles so I thought I'd better come down here where the light isn't bright enough to hurt my eyes."

Turned out he did have measles, too, though the treatment may not have been precisely what the doctor ordered.


• • •

We have every sympathy for the visiting minister who preached a temperance sermon in Woodstock, Ont., only to have the choir respond with the anthem, O Taste and See. But we have very little for the minister in Moose Jaw, Sask., who sat down in his home study to compose a sermon entitled Fire and Water without a thought for the consequences. He hadn't finished before the house caught fire, of course; and after the firemen arrived there was even more damage by water, naturally.

• • •

The Toronto motorist was in and out of so many gas stations on his trip home from Vancouver that he doesn't remember just where this happened, but he swears it did. Drove into one of those big gleaming super-service emporiums, asked for four dollars worth of gas, handed over the money and headed for the washroom. Returning he found the whole staff giving his car the works—two men under the hood, one cleaning windows, a fourth checking tires. The way they bowed from the waist as he drove off made him feel like a king, until he discovered they'd forgotten to put in any gas.





## One crossroad short of a good time

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In the stillness you can hear the orchestra playing for the costume party. But you won't be there. You were stopped one crossroad short of a good time.

Whose fault was the collision? Not yours, of course. You had the right of way. Not the other driver's, either. He couldn't see you coming around the curve as he pulled out onto the highway.

The fault belongs to the road—the road

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